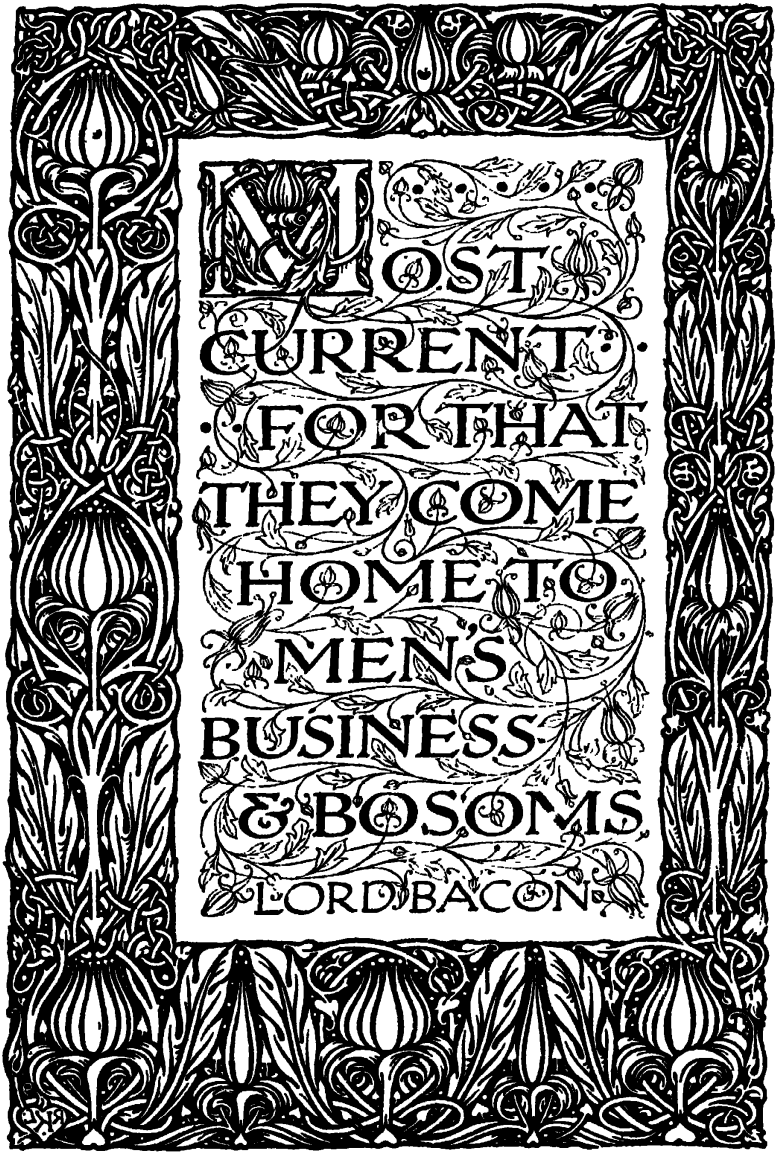

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FOR THAT
THEY COME
HOME TO
MENS
BUSINESS
& BOSOMS
LORD BACON

THE SPECTATOR

By JOSEPH ADDISON RICHARD STEELE & Others

VOL. 4

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TO

Mr. *METHUEN.*

SIR,

IT is with very great Pleasure I take an Opportunity of publishing the Gratitude I owe You, for the Place You allow me in your Friendship and Familiarity. I will not acknowledge to You that I have often had You in my Thoughts, when I have endeavoured to Draw, in some Parts of these Discourses, the Character of a Good-natured, Honest and Accomplished Gentleman. But such Representations give my Reader an Idea of a Person blameless only, or only laudable for such Perfections as extend no farther than to his own private Advantage and Reputation.

But when I speak of You, I Celebrate One who has had the Happiness of possessing also those Qualities which make a Man useful to Society, and of having had Opportunities of Exerting them in the most conspicuous Manner.

The Great Part You had, as *British* Embassador, in Procuring and Cultivating the Advantageous Commerce between the Courts of *England* and *Portugal*, has purchased You the lasting Esteem of all who understand the Interest of either Nation.

Those Personal Excellencies which are over-rated by the ordinary World, and too much neglected by Wise Men, You have applied with the justest Skill and Judgment. The most graceful Address in Horsemanship, in the Use of the Sword, and in Dancing, has been employed by You as lower Arts, and as they have occasionally served to cover, or introduce the Talents of a skilful Minister.

But your Abilities have not appeared only in one Nation. When it was your Province to Act as Her Majesty's Minister at the Court of *Savoy*, at that time encamped, You accompanied that Gallant Prince thro' all the Vicissitudes of His Fortune, and shared, by His

Side, the Dangers of that Glorious Day in which He recovered His Capital. As far as it regards Personal Qualities, You attained, in that one Hour, the highest Military Reputation. The Behaviour of our Minister in the Action, and the Good Offices done the Vanquished in the Name of the Queen of *England*, gave both the Conqueror and the Captive the most lively Examples of the Courage and Generosity of the Nation He represented.

Your Friends and Companions in your Absence frequently talk these Things of You, and You cannot hide from us, (by the most discreet Silence in any Thing which regards your self) that the frank Entertainment we have at your Table, your easie Condescension in little Incidents of Mirth and Diversion, and general Complacency of Manners, are far from being the greatest Obligations we have to You. I do assure You there is not one of your Friends has a Greater Sense of your Merit in general, and of the Favours You every Day do us, than,

SIR,

Your most Obedient, and
most Humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. VII.

No. 474.
[STEELE.] Wednesday, September 3, 1712. No. 474. Wednesday, Sept. 3, 1712.

Asperitas agrestis & inconcinna.—Hor.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

BEING of the Number of those that have lately retired from the Center of Business and Pleasure, my Uneasiness in the Country where I am, arises rather from the Society than the Solitude of it. To be obliged to receive and return Visits from and to a Circle of Neighbours, who through Diversity of Age or Inclinations, can neither be entertaining or serviceable to us, is a vile Loss of Time, and a Slavery from which a Man should deliver himself, if possible. For why must I lose the remaining Part of my Life, because they have thrown away the former Part of theirs? It is to me an unsupportable Affliction, to be tormented with the Narrations of a Set of People, who are warm in their Expressions, of the quick Relish of that Pleasure which their Dogs and Horses have a more delicate Taste of. I do also in my Heart detest and abhor that damnable Doctrine and Position of the Necessity of a Bumper, though to one's own Toast; for though 'tis pretended that these deep Politicians are used only to inspire Gaiety, they certainly drown that Chearfulness which would survive a moderate Circulation. If at these Meetings it were left to every Stranger either to fill his Glass according to his own Inclination, or to make his Retreat when he finds he has been sufficiently obedient to that of others, these Entertainments would be governed with more good Sense, and consequently with more good Breeding, than at present they are. Indeed where

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any of the Guests are known to measure their Fame or Pleasure by their Glass, proper Exhortations might be used to these to push their Fortunes in this Sort of Reputation; but where 'tis unseasonably insisted on to a modest Stranger, this Drench may be said to be swallowed with the same Necessity, as if it had been tendered in the Horn for that Purpose, with this aggravating Circumstance, that it distresses the Entertainer's Guest in the same Degree as it relieves his Horses.

To attend without Impatience an Account of five-barr'd Gates, double Ditches and Precipices, and to survey the Orator with desiring Eyes, is to me extremely difficult, but absolutely necessary, to be upon tolerable Terms with him: But then the occasional Burstings out into Laughter, is of all other Accomplishments the most requisite. I confess at present I have not the Command of these Convulsions, as is necessary to be good Company; therefore I beg you would publish this Letter, and let me be known all at once for a queer Fellow, and avoided. It is monstrous to me, that we, who are given to Reading and calm Conversation, should ever be visited by these Roarers: But they think themselves, as Neighbours, may come into our Rooms with the same Right that they and their Dogs hunt in our Grounds.

Your Institution of Clubs I have always admir'd, in which you constantly endeavoured the Union of the metaphorically Defunct, that is, such as are neither serviceable to the busy and enterprizing Part of Mankind, nor entertaining to the Retir'd and Speculative. There should certainly therefore in each County be established a Club of the Persons whose Conversations I have described, who for their own private, as also the publick Emolument, should exclude, and be excluded all other Society. Their Attire should be the same with their Huntsmen's, and none should be admitted into this green Conversation-Piece, except he had broke his Collar-bone thrice. A broken Rib or two might also admit a Man without the least Opposition. The President must necessarily have broken his Neck, and have been taken up dead once

or

or twice: For the more Maims this Brotherhood shall have met with, the easier will their Conversation flow and keep up; and when any one of these vigorous Invalids had finished his Narration of the Collar-bone, this naturally would introduce the History of the Ribs. Besides, the different Circumstances of their Falls and Fractures would help to prolong and diversify their Relations. There should also be another Club of such Men, who have not succeeded so well in maiming themselves, but are however in the constant Pursuit of these Accomplishments. I would by no Means be suspected by what I have said to traduce in general the Body of Fox-hunters; for whilst I look upon a reasonable Creature full Speed after a Pack of Dogs, by Way of Pleasure, and not of Business, I shall always make honourable Mention of it.

But the most irksome Conversation of all others I have met with in the Neighbourhood, has been among two or three of your Travellers, who have overlooked Men and Manners, and have passed thro' *France* and *Italy* with the same Observation that the Carriers and Stage-Coachmen do through *Great-Britain*; that is, their Stops and Stages have been regulated according to the Liquor they have met with in their Passage. They indeed remember the Names of Abundance of Places, with the particular Fineries of certain Churches: But their distinguishing Mark is certain Prettinesses of foreign Languages, the Meaning of which they could have better express'd in their own. The Entertainment of these fine Observers *Shakespear* has described to consist

> *In talking of the* Alps *and* Apennines,
> *The* Pyrenæn, *and the River* Po.

And then concludes with a Sigh,

> *Now this is worshipful Society.*

I would not be thought in all this to hate such honest Creatures as Dogs; I am only unhappy that I cannot partake in their Diversions. But I love them so well, as Dogs, that I often go with my Pockets stuffed with Bread to dispense my Favours, or make my Way through them

at

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at Neighbours' Houses. There is in particular a young Hound of great Expectation, Vivacity, and Enterprize, that attends my Flights where-ever he spies me. This Creature observes my Countenance, and behaves himself accordingly. His Mirth, his Frolick, and Joy upon the Sight of me has been observed, and I have been gravely desired not to encourage him so much, for it spoils his Parts; but I think he shews them sufficiently in the several Boundings, Friskings, and Scourings, when he makes his Court to me: But I foresee in a little time he and I must keep Company with one another only, for we are fit for no other in these Parts. Having inform'd you how I do pass my Time in the Country where I am, I must proceed to tell you how I would pass it, had I such a Fortune as would put me above the Observance of Ceremony and Custom.

My Scheme of a Country Life then should be as follows. As I am happy in three or four very agreeable Friends, these I would constantly have with me; and the Freedom we took with one another at School and the University, we would maintain and exert upon all Occasions with great Courage. There should be certain Hours of the Day to be employ'd in Reading, during which Time it should be impossible for any one of us to enter the other's Chamber, unless by Storm. After this we would communicate the Trash or Treasure we had met with, with our own Reflections upon the Matter; the Justness of which we would controvert with good humour'd Warmth, and never spare one another out of that complaisant Spirit of Conversation, which makes others affirm and deny the same Matter in a Quarter of an Hour. If any of the neighbouring Gentlemen, not of our Turn, should take it in their Heads to visit me, I should look upon these Persons in the same Degree Enemies to my particular State of Happiness, as ever the *French* were to that of the Publick, and I would be at an annual Expence in Spies to observe their Motions. Whenever I should be surprized with a Visit, as I hate Drinking, I would be brisk in swilling Bumpers, upon this Maxim, That it is better to trouble others with my Impertinence, than to be troubled my self with theirs. The Necessity of an

Infirmary

Infirmary makes me resolved to fall into that Project; and as we should be but Five, the Terrors of an involuntary Separation, which our Number cannot so well admit of, would make us exert our selves, in Opposition to all the Particulars mentioned in your Institution of that equitable Confinement. This my Way of Life I know would subject me to the Imputation of a morose, covetous, and singular Fellow. These and all other hard Words, with all Manner of insipid Jests, and all other Reproach, would be Matter of Mirth to me and my Friends: Besides, I would destroy the Application of the Epithets Morose and Covetous, by a yearly Relief of my undeservedly necessitous Neighbours, and by treating my Friends and Domesticks with an Humanity that should express the Obligation to lie rather on my Side; and as for the Word Singular, I was always of Opinion every Man must be so, to be what one would desire him.

Your very humble Servant,

J. R.'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

About two Years ago I was called upon by the younger Part of a Country Family, by my Mother's Side related to me, to visit Mr. *Campbell*, the dumb Man; for they told me that That was chiefly what brought them to Town, having heard Wonders of him in *Essex*. I, who always wanted Faith in Matters of that Kind, was not easily prevailed on to go; but lest they should take it ill, I went with them; when, to my Surprize, Mr. *Campbell* related all their past Life, (in short, had he not been prevented, such a Discovery would have come out, as would have ruined the next Design of their coming to Town, *viz.* buying Wedding-Cloaths). Our Names—though he never heard of us before—and we endeavoured to conceal—were as familiar to him as to our selves. To be sure *Mr.* SPECTATOR, he is a very learned and wise Man. Being impatient to know my Fortune, having paid my Respects in a family *Jacobus*, he told me (after his Manner) among several other Things, that in a Year and nine Months I should fall ill of a new Fever, be given over by my Physicians, but should with much

Difficulty

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Difficulty recover: That the first Time I took the Air afterwards, I should be address'd to by a young Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune, good Sense, and a generous Spirit. *Mr.* SPECTATOR, he is the purest Man in the World, for all he said is come to pass, and I am the happiest She in *Kent*. I have been in Quest of Mr. *Campbell* these three Months, and cannot find him out. Now hearing you are a dumb Man too, I thought you might correspond, and be able to tell me something; for I think my self highly oblig'd to make his Fortune as he has mine. 'Tis very possible your Worship, who has Spies all over this Town, can inform me how to send to him: If you can, I beseech you be as speedy as possible, and you will highly oblige

Your constant Reader and Admirer,
Dulcibella Thankley.'

Ordered, That the Inspector I employ about Wonders, enquire at the *Golden-Lion*, opposite to the *Half-Moon* Tavern in *Drury-Lane*, into the Merit of this silent Sage, and report accordingly. T

No. 475.
[ADDISON.] Thursday, September 4.

— Quae res in se neque consilium neque modum
Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes. Ter.

IT is an old Observation, which has been made of Politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their Sovereign, than promote his real Service, That they accommodate their Counsels to his Inclinations, and advise him to such Actions only as his Heart is naturally set upon. The Privy-councellor of one in Love must observe the same Conduct, unless he would forfeit the Friendship of the Person who desires his Advice. I have known several odd Cases of this Nature. *Hipparchus* was going to marry a common Woman, but being resolved to do nothing without the Advice of his Friend *Philander*, he consulted him upon the Occasion. *Philander* told him his Mind freely, and represented his Mistress to him in such strong Colours, that

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that the next Morning he received a Challenge for his Pains, and before Twelve a Clock was run through the Body by the Man who had asked his Advice. *Celia* was more prudent on the like Occasion; she desired *Leonilla* to give her Opinion freely upon a young Fellow who made his Addresses to her. *Leonilla*, to oblige her, told her with great Frankness, that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless —— *Celia*, foreseeing what a Character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a Fortnight. The Truth of it is, a Woman seldom asks Advice before she has bought her Wedding-Cloaths. When she has made her own Choice, for Form's Sake, she sends a *Congé d'élire* to her Friends.

If we look into the secret Springs and Motives that set People at Work in these Occasions, and put them upon asking Advice, which they never intend to take, I look upon it to be none of the least That they are incapable of keeping a Secret which is so very pleasing to them. A Girl longs to tell her Confident, that she hopes to be married in a little Time, and, in order to talk of the pretty Fellow that dwells so much in her Thoughts, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to in a Case of so much Difficulty. Why else should *Melissa*, who had not a Thousand Pound in the World, go into every Quarter of the Town to ask her Acquaintance whether they would advise her to take *Tom Townly*, that made his Addresses to her with an Estate of Five Thousand a Year? 'Tis very pleasant, on this Occasion, to hear the Lady propose her Doubts, and to see the Pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a Practice that is in Use among the vainer Part of our own Sex, who will often ask a Friend's Advice, in relation to a Fortune whom they are never likely to come at. WILL HONEYCOMB, who is now on the Verge of Threescore, took me aside not long since, and asked me in his most serious Look, Whether I would advise him to marry my Lady *Betty Single*, who, by the Way, is one of the greatest Fortunes about Town. I stared him full in the Face upon so strange a Question; upon which he immediately gave me an Inventory of her

Jewels

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Jewels and Estate, adding, that he was resolved to do nothing in a Matter of such consequence without my Approbation. Finding he would have an Answer, I told him, if he could get the Lady's Consent, he had mine. This is about the Tenth Match which, to my Knowledge, WILL has consulted his Friends upon, without ever opening his Mind to the Party herself.

I have been engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which comes to me from some notable young Female Scribe, who, by the Contents of it, seems to have carried Matters so far, that she is ripe for asking Advice; but as I would not lose her Good-will, nor forfeit the Reputation which I have with her for Wisdom, I shall only communicate the Letter to the Publick, without returning any Answer to it.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

Now, Sir, the Thing is this: Mr. *Shapely* is the prettiest Gentleman about Town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like an Angel. His Mouth is made I don't know how, but 'tis the prettiest that I ever saw in my Life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite Deal of Wit. If you did but see how he rolls his Stockings! He has a thousand pretty Fancies, and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good Scholar, and can talk *Latin* as fast as *English*. I wish you could but see him dance. Now you must understand poor Mr. *Shapely* has no Estate; but how can he help that, you know? And yet my Friends are so unreasonable as to be always teizing me about him, because he has no Estate. But, I am sure, he has that that is better than an Estate; for he is a good-natured, ingenious, modest, civil, tall, well-bred, handsome Man, and I am obliged to him for his Civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you that he has black Eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had Tears in them. And yet my Friends are so unreasonable, that they would have me be uncivil to him. I have a good Portion which they cannot hinder me of, and I shall be Fourteen on the 29th Day of *August* next, and am therefore willing to settle in the World as soon as I can, and so is Mr. *Shapely*. But every Body I advise with

with here is poor Mr. *Shapely*'s Enemy. I desire therefore you will give me your Advice, for I know you are a wise Man, and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance, and am, No. 475. Thursday, Sept. 4, 1712.

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

B. D.

He loves your *Spectators* mightily.' C

No. 476.
[ADDISON.] Friday, September 5.

——*Lucidus ordo.* Hor.

AMONG my daily Papers which I bestow on the Publick, there are some which are written with Regularity and Method, and others that run out into the Wildness of those Compositions which go by the Name of *Essays*. As for the first, I have the whole Scheme of the Discourse in my Mind before I set Pen to Paper. In the other Kind of Writing, it is sufficient that I have several Thoughts on a Subject, without troubling my self to range them in such Order, that they may seem to grow out of one another, and be disposed under the proper Heads. *Seneca* and *Montaigne* are Patterns for Writing in this last Kind, as *Tully* and *Aristotle* excel in the other. When I read an Author of Genius who writes without Method, I fancy my self in a Wood that abounds with a great many noble Objects, rising among one another in the greatest Confusion and Disorder. When I read a methodical discourse, I am in a regular Plantation, and can place my self in its several Centers, so as to take a View of all the Lines and Walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole Day together, and every Moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done you will have but a confused imperfect Notion of the Place: In the other, your Eye commands the whole Prospect, and gives you such

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such an Idea of it as is not easily worn out of the Memory.

Irregularity and Want of Method are only supportable in Men of great Learning or Genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore chuse to throw down their Pearls in Heaps before the Reader, rather than be at the Pains of stringing them.

Method is of Advantage to a Work, both in respect to the Writer and the Reader. In regard to the first, it is a great Help to his Invention. When a Man has plann'd his Discourse, he finds a great many Thoughts rising out of every Head, that do not offer themselves upon the general Survey of a Subject. His Thoughts are at the same Time more intelligible, and better discover their Drift and Meaning, when they are placed in their proper Lights, and follow one another in a regular Series, than when they are thrown together without Order and Connexion. There is always an Obscurity in Confusion, and the same Sentence that wou'd have enlightened the Reader in one Part of a Discourse, perplexes him in another. For the same Reason likewise every Thought in a methodical Discourse shews it self in its greatest Beauty, as the several Figures in a Piece of Painting receive new Grace from their Disposition in the Picture. The Advantages of a Reader from a methodical Discourse, are correspondent with those of the Writer. He comprehends every Thing easily, takes it in with Pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary Conversation than in Writing, provided a Man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand Coffee-house Debates every Day, am very sensible of this Want of Method in the Thoughts of my honest Countrymen. There is not one Dispute in ten which is managed in those Schools of Politicks, where, after the three first Sentences, the Question is not entirely lost. Our Disputants put me in Mind of the Cuttle Fish, that when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the Water about him till he becomes invisible. The Man who does not know how to methodize his Thoughts, has always, to borrow a Phrase from the Dispensary, *a barren Superfluity*

fluity of Words; the Fruit is lost amidst the Exuberance of Leaves.

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Tom Puzzle is one of the most eminent immethodical Disputants of any that has fallen under my Observation. *Tom* has read enough to make him very impertinent; his Knowledge is sufficient to raise Doubts, but not to clear them. It is Pity that he has so much Learning, or that he has not a great Deal more. With these Qualifications *Tom* sets up for a Free-thinker, finds a great many Things to blame in the Constitution of his Country, and gives shrewd Intimations that he does not believe another World. In short, *Puzzle* is an Atheist as much as his Parts will give him Leave. He has got about half a Dozen common-place Topicks, into which he never fails to turn the Conversation, whatever was the Occasion of it: Tho' the Matter in Debate be about *Doway* or *Denain*, it is ten to one but half his Discourse runs upon the Unreasonableness of Bigottry and Priestcraft. This makes Mr. *Puzzle* the Admiration of all those who have less Sense than himself, and the Contempt of all those who have more. There is none in Town whom *Tom* dreads so much as my Friend *Will Dry*. *Will*, who is acquainted with *Tom*'s Logick, when he finds him running off the Question, cuts him short with a *What then? We allow all this to be true, but what is it to our present Purpose?* I have known *Tom* eloquent Half an Hour together, and triumphing as he thought, in the Superiority of the Argument, when he has been nonplus'd on a sudden by Mr. *Dry*'s desiring him to tell the Company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, *Dry* is a Man of a clear methodical Head but few Words, and gains the same Advantage over *Puzzle*, that a small Body of regular Troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined Militia.

C

No. 477. Saturday, Sept. 6, 1712.

No. 477. [ADDISON.] Saturday, September 6.

——— An me ludit amabilis
Insania? Audire & videor pios
Errare per lucos, amoenae
Quos & aquae subeunt & aurae.—Hor.

Sir,

HAVING lately read your Essay on the Pleasures of the Imagination, I was so taken with your Thoughts upon some of our *English* Gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a Letter upon that Subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon as an Humorist in Gardening. I have several Acres about my House, which I call my Garden, and which a skillful Gardener would not know what to call. It is a Confusion of Kitchin and Parterre, Orchard and Flower Garden, which lie so mixt and interwoven with one another, that if a Foreigner who had seen nothing of our Country should be conveyed into my Garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural Wilderness, and one of the uncultivated Parts of our Country. My Flowers grow up in several Parts of the Garden in the greatest Luxuriancy and Profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its Rarity, that if I meet with any one in a Field which pleases me, I give it a Place in my Garden. By this Means, when a Stranger walks with me, he is surprized to see several large Spots of Ground covered with ten thousand different Colours, and has often singled out Flowers that he might have met with under a common Hedge, in a Field, or in a Meadow, as some of the greatest Beauties of the Place. The only Method I observe in this Particular, is to range in the same Quarter the Products of the same Season, that they may make their Appearance together and compose a Picture of the greatest Variety. There is the same Irregularity in my Plantations, which run into as great a Wildness as their Natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoyce in the Soil, and am pleased when I am walking in a Labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next Tree I shall meet with is an Apple or an Oak, an Elm or a Pear-tree. My Kitchin has likewise its particular

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ticular Quarters assigned it; for besides the wholsome Luxury which that Place abounds with, I have always thought a Kitchin-garden a more pleasant Sight than the finest Orangerie, or artificial Green-house. I love to see every Thing in its Perfection, and am more pleased to survey my Rows of Colworts and Cabbages, with a thousand nameless Pot-herbs, springing up in their full Fragrancy and Verdure, than to see the tender Plants of Foreign Countries kept alive by artificial Heats, or withering in an Air and Soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit, that there is a Fountain rising in the upper Part of my Garden, which forms a little wandring Rill, and administers to the Pleasure as well as the Plenty of the Place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my Plantations, and have taken particular Care to let it run in the same Manner as it would do in an open Field, so that it generally passes through Banks of Violets and Primroses, Plats of Willow, or other Plants, that seem to be of its own producing. There is another Circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my Neighbours call me, very whimsical: As my Garden invites into it all the Birds of the Country, by offering them the Conveniency of Springs and Shades, Solitude and Shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their Nests in the Spring, or drive them from their usual Haunts in Fruit-time. I value my Garden more for being full of Blackbirds than Cherries, and very frankly give them Fruit for their Songs. By this Means I have always the Musick of the Season in its perfection, and am highly delighted to see the Jay or the Thrush hopping about my Walks, and shooting before my Eye across the several little Glades and Alleys that I pass through. I think there are as many Kinds of Gardening as of Poetry: Your Makers of Parterres and Flower-Gardens, are Epigrammatists and Sonneteers in this Art, Contrivers of Bowers and Grottos, Treillages and Cascades, are Romance Writers. *Wise* and *London* are our heroick Poets; and if, as a Critick, I may single out any Passage of their Works to commend, I shall take Notice of that Part in the upper Garden at *Kensington*, which was at first nothing but a Gravel-Pit. I must have been a fine Genius for Gardening, that could have thought

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thought of forming such an unsightly Hollow into so beautiful an *Area*, and to have hit the Eye with so uncommon and agreeable a Scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular Spot of Ground the greater Effect, they have made a very pleasing Contrast; for as on one Side of the Walk you see this hollow Basin, with its several little Plantations lying so conveniently under the Eye of the Beholder; on the other Side of it there appears a seeming Mount, made up of Trees rising one higher than another in Proportion as they approach the Center. A Spectator, who has not heard this Account of it, would think this Circular Mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow Space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this Garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for my self, you will find, by the Account which I have already given you, that my Compositions in Gardening are altogether after the *Pindarick* Manner, and run into the beautiful Wildness of Nature, without affecting the nicer Elegancies of Art. What I am now going to mention will, perhaps, deserve your Attention more than any Thing I have yet said. I find that in the Discourse which I spoke of at the Beginning of my Letter, you are against filling an *English* Garden with Ever-Greens; and indeed I am so far of your Opinion, that I can by no Means think the Verdure of an Ever-Green comparable to that which shoots out annually, and cloaths our Trees in the Summer Season. But I have often wondered that those who are like my self, and love to live in Gardens have never thought of contriving a *Winter Garden*, which should consist of such Trees only as never cast their Leaves. We have very often little Snatches of Sunshine and fair Weather in the most uncomfortable Parts of the Year, and have frequently several Days in *November* and *January* that are as agreeable as any in the finest Months. At such Times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater Pleasure, than to walk in such a *Winter Garden* as I have proposed. In the Summer Season the whole Country blooms, and is a Kind of Garden, for which Reason we are not so sensible

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sensible of those Beauties that at this Time may be every-where met with; but when Nature is in her Desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably chearful in a Spot of Ground which is covered with Trees that smile amidst all the Rigours of Winter, and give us a View of the most gay Season in the Midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged my self in this Thought, that I have set apart a whole Acre of Ground for the executing of it. The Walls are covered with Ivy instead of Vines. The Laurel, the Hornbeam, and the Holly, with many other Trees and Plants of the same Nature, grow so thick in it, that you cannot imagine a more lively Scene. The glowing Redness of the Berries, with which they are hung at this Time, vies with the Verdure of their Leaves, and are apt to inspire the Heart of the Beholder with that vernal Delight which you have somewhere taken Notice of in your former Papers. It is very pleasant, at the same Time, to see the several Kinds of Birds retiring into this little green Spot, and enjoying themselves among the Branches and Foliage, when my great Garden, which I have before-mentioned to you, does not afford a single Leaf for their Shelter.

You must know, Sir, that I look upon the Pleasure which we take in a Garden, as one of the most innocent delights in humane Life. A Garden was the Habitation of our first Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the Mind with Calmness and Tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent Passions at Rest. It gives us a great Insight into the Contrivance and Wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable Subjects for Meditation. I cannot but think the very Complacency and Satisfaction which a Man takes in these Works of Nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous Habit of Mind. For all which Reasons I hope you will pardon the length of my present Letter,

I am,

C

No. 478. Monday, Sept. 8, 1712.

No. 478. [STEELE.]

Monday, September 8.

——————Usus
Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus & norma——

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

IT happened lately, that a Friend of mine, who had many things to buy for his Family, wou'd oblige me to walk with him to the Shops. He was very nice in his Way, and fond of having every thing shewn, which at first made me very uneasy; but as his Humour still continu'd, the things which I had been staring at along with him began to fill my Head, and led me into a Set of amusing Thoughts concerning them.

I fancy'd it must be very surprizing to any one who enters into a Detail of Fashions, to consider how far the Vanity of Mankind has laid it self out in Dress, what a prodigious Number of People it maintains, and what a Circulation of Money it occasions. Providence in this Case makes use of the Folly which we will not give up, and it becomes instrumental to the Support of those who are willing to labour. Hence it is that Fringe-Makers, Lace-Men, Tire-Women, and a Number of other Trades, which would be useless in a simple State of Nature, draw their Subsistence; tho' it is seldom seen that such as these are extremely rich, because their original Fault of being founded upon Vanity, keeps them poor by the light Inconstancy of its Nature. The Variableness of Fashion turns the Stream of Business, which flows from it now into one Channel, and anon into another; so that different Sets of People sink or flourish in their Turns by it.

From the Shops we retir'd to the Tavern where I found my Friend express so much Satisfaction for the Bargains he had made, that my moral Reflections (if I had told them) might have pass'd for a Reproof; so I chose rather to fall in with him, and let the Discourse run upon the Use of Fashions.

Here we remembred how much Man is govern'd by his Senses, how lively he is struck by the Objects which appear to him in an agreeable Manner, how much Cloaths

contribute

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contribute to make us agreeable Objects, and how much we owe it to our selves that we should appear so.

We considered Man as belonging to Societies; Societies as form'd of different Ranks, and different Ranks distinguished by Habits, that all proper Duty or Respect might attend their Appearance.

We took Notice of several Advantages which are met with in the Occurrences of Conversation. How the bashful Man has been sometimes so rais'd, as to express himself with an Air of Freedom, when he imagines that his Habit introduces him to Company with a becoming Manner: And again, how a Fool in fine Cloaths shall be suddenly heard with Attention, 'till he has betrayed himself; whereas a Man of Sense appearing with a Dress of Negligence, shall be but coldly received 'till he be prov'd by Time, and established in a Character. Such Things as these we cou'd recollect to have happen'd to our own Knowledge so very often, that we concluded the Author had his Reasons, who advises his Son to go in Dress rather above his Fortune than under it.

At last the Subject seem'd so considerable, that it was proposed to have a Repository builded for Fashions, as there are Chambers for Medals and other Rarities. The building may be shap'd as that which stands among the Pyramids, in the Form of a Woman's Head. This may be rais'd upon Pillars, whose Ornaments shall bear a just Relation to the Design. Thus there may be an Imitation of Fringe carv'd in the Base, a Sort of Appearance of Lace in the Frieze, and a Representation of curling Locks, with Bows of Riban sloping over them, may fill up the Work of the Cornish. The Inside may be divided into two Apartments, appropriated to each Sex. The Apartments may be fill'd with Shelves, on which Boxes are to stand as regularly as Books in a Library. These are to have Folding-Doors, which being open'd, you are to behold a Baby dress'd out in some Fashion which has flourish'd, and standing upon a Pedestal, where the Time of its Reign is mark'd down. For its further Regulation let it be order'd, that every one who invents a Fashion shall bring in his Box, whose Front he may at Pleasure have

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have either work'd or painted with some amorous or gay Device, that, like Books with gilded Leaves and Covers, it may the sooner draw the Eyes of the Beholders. And to the End that these may be preserv'd with all due Care, let there be a Keeper appointed, who shall be a Gentleman qualify'd with a competent Knowledge in Cloaths; so that by this Means the Place will be a comfortable Support for some Beau who has spent his Estate in dressing.

The Reasons offer'd by which we expected to gain the Approbation of the Publick, were as follows.

First, That every one who is considerable enough to be a Mode, and has any Imperfection of Nature or Chance, which it is possible to hide by the Advantage of Cloaths, may, by coming to this Repository, be furnish'd her self, and furnish all who are under the same Misfortunes with the most agreeable Manner of concealing it; and that on the other Side, every one who has any Beauty in Face or Shape, may also be furnish'd with the most agreeable Manner of shewing it.

Secondly, That whereas some of our young Gentlemen who travel, give us great Reason to suspect that they only go abroad to make or improve a Fancy for Dress, a Project of this Nature may be a Means to keep them at home, which is in Effect the keeping of so much Money in the Kingdom. And perhaps the Ballance of Fashion in *Europe*, which now leans upon the Side of *France*, may be so alter'd for the Future, that it may become as common with *Frenchmen* to come to *England*, for their finishing Stroke of Breeding, as it has been for *Englishmen* to go to *France* for it.

Thirdly, Whereas several great Scholars, who might have been otherwise useful to the World, have spent their Time in studying to describe the Dresses of the Ancients from dark Hints, which they are fain to interpret and support with much Learning, it will from henceforth happen that they shall be freed from the Trouble, and the World from useless Volumes. This Project will be a Registry to which Posterity may have Recourse for the clearing such obscure Passages as tend that Way in Authors, and therefore we shall not

for

for the future submit our selves to the learning of Etymology, which might perswade the Age to come, that the Farthingal was worn for Cheapness, or the Furbeloe for Warmth.

Fourthly, Whereas they who are old themselves, have often a way of railing at the Extravagance of Youth, and the whole Age in which their Children live; it is hoped that this ill Humour will be much suppress'd, when we can have recourse to the Fashions of their Times, produce them in our Vindication, and be able to shew that it might have been as expensive in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time only to wash and quill a Ruff, as it is now to buy Cravats or Neck-Handkerchiefs.

We desire also to have it taken Notice of, That because we would shew a particular Respect to Foreigners, which may induce them to perfect their Breeding here in a Knowledge which is very proper for pretty Gentlemen, we have conceived the Motto for the House in the learned Language. There is to be a Picture over the Door, with a Looking-Glass and a Dressing-Chair in the Middle of it: Then on one Side are to be seen, above one another, Patch-Boxes, Pin-Cushions, and little Bottles; on the other, Powder-Bags, Puffs, Combs, and Brushes; beyond these, Swords with fine Knots, whose Points are hidden, and Fans almost closed, with the Handles downward, are to stand out interchangeably from the Sides, till they meet at the Top, and form a Semicircle over the rest of the Figures: Beneath all, the Writting is to run in this pretty sounding Manner:

Adeste, O quotquot sunt, Veneres, Gratiae, Cupidines,
En vobis adsunt in promptu
Faces, vincula, spicula,
Hinc eligite, sumite, regite.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

A B.

The Proposal of my Correspondent I cannot but look upon

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upon as an ingenious Method of placing Persons (whose Parts make them ambitious to exert themselves in frivolous Things) in a Rank by themselves. In order to this, I would propose, That there be a Board of Directors of the fashionable Society; and because it is a Matter of too much Weight for a private Man to determine alone, I should be highly obliged to my Correspondents if they would give in Lists of Persons qualified for this Trust. If the chief Coffee-houses, the Conversations of which Places are carry'd on by Persons, each of whom has his little Number of Followers and Admirers, would name from among themselves two or three to be inserted, they should be put up with great Faithfulness. Old Beaus are to be presented in the first Place; but as that Sect, with Relation to Dress, is almost extinct, it will, I fear, be absolutely necessary to take in all Time-Servers, properly so deem'd; that is, such as, without any Conviction of Conscience, or View of Interest, change with the World, and that meerly from a Terror of being out of Fashion. Such also, who from Facility of Temper, and too much Obsequiousness, are vitious against their Will, and follow Leaders whom they do not approve, for Want of Courage to go their own Way, are capable Persons for this Superintendency. Those who are loth to grow old, or would do any Thing contrary to the course and order of Things, out of Fondness to be in Fashion, are proper Candidates. To conclude, those who are in Fashion without apparent Merit, must be suppos'd to have latent Qualities, which would appear in a Post of Direction, and therefore are to be regarded in forming these Lists. Any who shall be pleas'd, according to these, or what further Qualifications may occur to himself, to send a List, is desired to do it within fourteen Days after this Date.

N. B. *The Place of the Physician to this Society, according to the last mentioned Qualification, is already engaged.* T

Tuesday

No. 479.
[STEELE.]

Tuesday, September 9.

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Tuesday,
Sept. 9,
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——*Dare jura mariti.*—Hor.

MANY are the Epistles I every Day receive from Husbands, who complain of Vanity, Pride, but above all Ill-nature, in their Wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their Letters that the Cause of their Uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married Condition unhappy, but from Want of Judgment or Temper in the Man. The Truth is, we generally make Love in a Stile, and with Sentiments very unfit for ordinary Life: They are half Theatrical, half Romantick. By this Means we raise our Imaginations to what is not to be expected in humane Life; and because we did not beforehand think of the Creature we were enamoured of as subject to Dishumour, Age, Sickness, Impatience, or Sullenness, but altogether considered her as the Object of Joy, humane Nature it self is often imputed to her as her particular Imperfection or Defect.

I take it to be a Rule proper to be observed in all Occurrences of Life, but more especially in the domestick or matrimonial Part of it, to preserve always a Disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering Things in their right Light, and as Nature has formed them, and not as our own Fancies or Appetites would have them. He then who took a young Lady to his Bed, with no other Consideration than the Expectation of Scenes of Dalliance, and thought of her (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the Gratification of Desire; as that Desire flags, will, without her Fault, think her Charms and her Merit abated: From hence must follow Indifference, Dislike, Peevishness, and Rage. But the Man who brings his Reason to support his Passion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the Calamities of humane Life both in Body and Mind, and even at the best, what must bring upon him new Cares and new Relations; such a Lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his Mind to the Nature of his Circumstances. This latter Person will be prepared to be a Father, a Friend

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Friend, an Advocate, a Steward for People yet unborn, and has proper Affections ready for every Incident in the Marriage-State. Such a Man can hear the Cries of Children with Pity instead of Anger; and when they run over his Head, he is not disturbed at their Noise, but is glad of their Mirth and Health. *Tom Trusty* has told me, that he thinks it doubles his Attention to the most intricate Affair he is about, to hear his Children, for whom all his Cares are applied, make a Noise in the next Room: On the other Side, *Will Sparkish* cannot put on his Perriwig, or adjust his Cravat at the Glass, for the Noise of those damn'd Nurses and squalling Brats; and then ends with a gallant Reflection upon the Comforts of Matrimony, runs out of the Hearing, and drives to the Chocolate-House.

According as the Husband is disposed in himself, every Circumstance of his Life is to give him Torment or Pleasure. When the Affection is well placed, and supported by the Considerations of Duty, Honour, and Friendship, which are in the highest Degree engaged in this Alliance, there can nothing rise in the common Course of Life, or from the Blows or Favours of Fortune, in which a Man will not find Matters of some Delight unknown to a single Condition.

He that sincerely loves his Wife and Family, and studies to improve that Affection in himself, conceives Pleasure from the most indifferent Things; while the married Man, who has not bid Adieu to the Fashions and false Gallantries of the Town, is perplexed with every Thing around him. In both these Cases Man cannot, indeed, make a sillier Figure, than in reciting such Pleasures and Pains to the Rest of the World; but I speak of them only, as they sit upon those who are involved in them. As I visit all Sorts of People, I cannot indeed but smile, when the good Lady tells her Husband what extraordinary Things the Child spoke since he went out. No longer than Yesterday I was prevailed with to go home with a fond Husband; and his Wife told him, that his Son, of his own Head, when the Clock in the Parlour struck Two, said, Pappa would come to Dinner presently. While the Father has him in a Rapture in his

his Arms, and is drowning him with Kisses, the Wife tells me he is but just Four Years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his Observation of Two a Clock. I was called upon, by Looks upon the Child, and then at me, to say something; and I told the Father, that this Remark of the Infant of his coming home, and joining the Time with it, was a certain Indication that he would be a great Historian and Chronologer. They are neither of them Fools, yet received my Complement with great Acknowledgement of my Prescience. I fared very well at Dinner, and heard many other notable Sayings of their Heir, which would have given very little Entertainment to one less turn'd to reflection than I was; but it was a pleasing Speculation to remark on the Happiness of a Life, in which Things of no Moment give Occasion of Hope, Self-Satisfaction, and Triumph. On the other Hand, I have known an ill-natured Coxcomb, who was hardly improved in any Thing but Bulk, for Want of this Disposition, Silence the whole Family, as a Set of silly Women and Children, for recounting Things which were really above his own Capacity. No. 470. Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1712.

When I say all this, I cannot deny but there are perverse Jades that fall to Men's Lots, with whom it requires more than common Proficiency in Philosophy to be able to live. When these are joined to Men of warm Spirits, without Temper or Learning, they are frequently corrected with Stripes; but one of our famous Lawyers is of opinion, That this ought to be used sparingly. As I remember those are his very Words; but as it is proper to draw some spiritual Use out of all Afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with Women of Spirit, to form themselves for the World by Patience at Home. *Socrates*, who is by all Accounts the undoubted Head of the Sect of the Hen-peck'd, own'd and acknowledged that he own'd great Part of his Virtue to the Exercise which his useful Wife constantly gave it. There are several good Instructions may be drawn from his wise Answers to People of less Fortitude than himself on her Subject. A Friend, with Indignation, asked how so good a Man could live with so violent a Creature? He observed

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observed to him, *That they who learn to keep a good Seat on Horseback, mount the least manageable they can get, and when they have master'd them, they are sure never to be discomposed on the Backs of Steeds less restive.* At several Times, to different Persons, on the same Subject, he has said, *My dear Friend, you are beholden to* Xantippe, *that I bear so well your flying-out in a Dispute.* To another, *My Hen clacks very much, but she brings me chickens. They that live in a trading Street, are not disturbed at the Passage of Carts.* I would have, if possible, a wise Man be contented with his Lot, even with a Shrew; for though he cannot make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her Means.

But, instead of pursuing my Design of displaying conjugal Love in its natural Beauties and Attractions, I am got into Tales to the Disadvantage of that State of Life. I must say therefore, that I am verily perswaded that whatever is delightful in humane Life, is to be enjoyed in greater Perfection in the marry'd, than in the single Condition. He that has this Passion in Perfection, in Occasions of Joy can say to himself, besides his own Satisfaction, *How happy will this make my Wife and Children?* Upon Occurrences of Distress or Danger can comfort himself, *But all this While my Wife and Children are safe.* There is something in it that doubles Satisfactions, because others participate them; and dispels Afflictions, because others are exempt from them. All who are married without this Relish of their Circumstance, are in either a Tasteless Indolence and Negligence, which is hardly to be attained, or else live in the hourly Repetition of sharp Answers, eager Upbraidings, and distracting Reproaches. In a Word, the married State, with and without the Affection suitable to it, is the compleatest Image of Heaven and Hell we are capable of receiving in this Life. T

No. 480.
[STEELE.] Wednesday, September 10. No. 480. Wednesday, Sept. 10. 1712.

Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, & in se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus. Hor.

THE other Day looking over those old Manuscripts, of which I have formerly given some Account, and which relate to the Character of the mighty *Pharamond* of *France*, and the close Friendship between him and his Friend *Eucrate*; I found, among the Letters which had been in the Custody of the latter, an Epistle from a Country Gentleman to *Pharamond*, wherein he excuses himself from coming to Court. The Gentleman, it seems, was contented with his Condition, had formerly been in the King's Service, but at the writing the following Letter, had, from Leisure and Reflection, quite another Sense of Things than that which he had in the more active Part of his Life.

'*Monsieur* Chezluy to Pharamond.

Dread Sir,

I have from your own Hand (enclosed under the Cover of Mr. *Eucrate* of your Majesty's Bed-Chamber) a Letter which invites me to Court. I understand this great Honour to be done me out of Respect and Inclination to me, rather than Regard to your own Service: For which Reasons, I beg Leave to lay before your Majesty my reasons for declining to depart from Home; and will not doubt but, as your Motive in desiring my Attendance was to make me an happier Man, when you think that will not be effected by my Remove, you will permit me to stay where I am. Those who have an Ambition to appear in Courts, have ever an Opinion that their Persons or their Talents are particularly formed for the Service or Ornament of that Place; or else are hurried by downright Desire of Gain, or what they call Honour, or take upon themselves whatever the Generosity of their Master can give them Opportunities to grasp at. But your Goodness shall not be thus imposed upon by me: I will therefore confess to you, that frequent Solitude, and long Conversation with such who know no Arts which polish Life, have made

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made me the plainest Creature in your Dominions. Those less Capacities of moving with a good Grace, bearing a ready Affability to all around me, and acting with Ease before many, have quite left me. I am come to that, with Regard to my Person, that I consider it only as a Machine I am obliged to take Care of, in order to enjoy my Soul in its Faculties with Alacrity; well remembring, that this Habitation of Clay will in a few Years be a meaner Piece of Earth than any Utensil about my House. When this is, as it really is, the most frequent Reflection I have, you will easily imagine how well I should become a Drawing-Room: Add to this, What shall a Man without Desires do about the generous *Pharamond*? Monsieur *Eucrate* has hinted to me, that you have Thoughts of distinguishing me with Titles. As for my self, in the Temper of my present Mind, Appellations of Honour would but embarrass Discourse, and new Behaviour towards me perplex me in every Habitude of Life. I am also to acknowledge to you, that my Children, of whom your Majesty condescended to enquire, are all of them mean both in their Persons and Genius. The Estate my eldest Son is Heir to, is more than he can enjoy with a good Grace. My Self-love will not carry me so far, as to impose upon Mankind the Advancement of Persons (meerly for their being related to me) into high Distinctions, who ought for their own Sakes, as well as that of the Publick, to affect Obscurity. I wish, my generous Prince, as it is in your Power to give Honours and Offices, it were also to give Talents suitable to them: Were it so, the noble *Pharamond* would reward the Zeal of my Youth with Abilities to do him Service in my Age.

Those who accept of Favour without Merit, support themselves in it at the Expence of your Majesty. Give me Leave to tell you, Sir, this is the Reason that we in the Country hear so often repeated the word *Prerogative*. That Part of your Law which is reserved in your self for the readier Service and Good of the Publick, slight Men are eternally buzzing in our Ears to cover their own Follies and Miscarriages. It would be an Addition to the high Favour you have done me, if you would let *Eucrate* send me word how often, and in what Cases you allow a Constable

stable to insist upon the Prerogative. From the highest to the lowest Officer in your Dominions, something of their own Carriage they would exempt from Examination under the Shelter of the Word *Prerogative*. I would fain, most noble *Pharamond*, see one of your Officers assert your Prerogative by good and gracious Actions. When is it used to help the Afflicted, to rescue the Innocent, to comfort the Stranger? Uncommon Methods, apparently undertaken to attain worthy Ends, would never make Power invidious. You see, Sir, I talk to you with the Freedom your noble Nature approves in all whom you admit to your Conversation.

But, to return to your Majesty's Letter, I humbly conceive, that all Distinctions are useful to Men only as they are to act in Publick; and it would be a romantick Madness for a Man to be a Lord in his Closet. Nothing can be honourable to a Man apart from the World, but the Reflection upon worthy Actions; and he that places Honour in a Consciousness of Well-doing, will have but little Relish for any outward Homage that is paid him, since what gives him Distinction to himself, cannot come within the Observation of his Beholders. Thus all the Words of Lordship, Honour, and Grace, are only Repetitions to a Man, that the King has ordered him to be called so; but no Evidences that there is any Thing in himself that would give the Man who applies to him those Ideas, without the Creation of his Master.

I have, most noble *Pharamond*, all Honours and all Titles in your own Approbation; I triumph in them as they are your Gift, I refuse them as they are to give me the Observation of others. Indulge me, my noble Master, in this Chastity of Renown; let me know my self in the Favour of *Pharamond*; and look down upon the Applause of the People.

I am,

In all Duty and Loyalty,

Your Majesty's most obedient

Subject and Servant.

Jean Chevalry.

Sir

No. 480. Wednesday, Sept. 10, 1712.

'*Sir*,

I need not tell you with what Disadvantages Men of low Fortunes and great Modesty come into the World, what wrong Measures their Diffidence of themselves, and Fear of offending, often obliges them to take, and what a Pity it is that their greatest Virtues and Qualities, that should soonest recommend them, are the main Obstacle in the Way of their Preferment.

This, Sir, is my Case; I was bred at a Country School, where I learned *Latin* and *Greek*. The Misfortunes of my Family forced me up to Town, where a Profession of the politer Sort has protected me against Infamy and Want. I am now Clerk to a Lawyer, and, in Times of Vacancy and Recess from Business, have made my self Master of *Italian* and *French*; and though the Progress I have made in my Business has gain'd me Reputation enough for one of my Standing, yet my Mind suggests to me every Day, that it is not upon that Foundation I am to build my Fortune.

The Version I have my present Dependence upon, has it in his Nature, as well as in his Power, to advance me, by recommending me to a Gentleman that is going beyond Sea in a publick Employment. I know the Printing this Letter would point me out to those I want Confidence to speak to, and I hope it is not in your Power to refuse making any Body happy.

September 9, 1712. *Yours*, &c.
M. D.'

T

No. 481.
[ADDISON.] Thursday, September 11.

——*Uti non*
Compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchius. In jus
Acres procurrunt —— Hor.

IT is something pleasant enough to consider the different Notions, which different Persons have of the same Thing. If Men of low Condition very often set a Value on Things, which are not prized by those who are in an higher

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higher Station of Life, there are many Things these esteem, which are of no Value among Persons of an inferior Rank. Common People are, in particular, very much astonished, when they hear of those solemn Contests and Debates, which are made among the Great upon the Punctilios of a publick Ceremony, and wonder to hear that any Business of Consequence should be retarded by those little Circumstances, which they represent to themselves as trifling and insignificant. I am mightily pleased with a Porter's Decision, in one of Mr. *Southern's* Plays, which is founded upon that fine Distress of a virtuous Woman's marrying a second Husband, while her first was yet living. The first Husband, who was supposed to have been dead, returning to his House after a long Absence, raises a noble Perplexity for the Tragick Part of the Play. In the mean while, the Nurse and the Porter conferring upon the Difficulties that would ensue in such a Case, Honest *Sampson* thinks the Matter may be easily decided, and solves it very judiciously, by the old Proverb, that if his first Master be still living, *The Man must have his Mare again.* There is nothing in my Time which has so much surprized and confounded the greatest Part of my honest Countrymen, as the present Controversy between Count *Rechteren* and Monsieur *Mesnager*, which employs the wise Heads of so many Nations, and holds all the Affairs of *Europe* in Suspense.

Upon my going into a Coffee-house Yesterday, and lending an Ear to the next Table, which was encompassed with a Circle of inferior Politicians; one of them, after having read over the News very attentively, broke out into the following Remarks. I am afraid, says he, this unhappy Rupture between the Footmen at *Utrecht* will retard the Peace of Christendom. I wish the Pope may not be at the Bottom of it. His Holiness has a very good Hand at fomenting a Division, as the poor *Swiss Cantons* have lately experienced to their Cost. If Monsieur *What-d'ye-call-him's* Domesticks will not come to an Accommodation, I do not know how the Quarrel can be ended but by a Religious War.

Why truly, says a *Wiseacre* that sate by him, were I as the

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the King of *France*, I would scorn to take Part with the Footmen of either Side: Here's all the Business of *Europe* stands still, because Monsieur *Mesnager*'s Man has had his Head broke. If Count *Rectrum* had given them a pot of Ale after it, all would have been well without any of this Bustle; but they say he's a warm Man, and does not care to be made Mouths at.

Upon this, one, that had held his Tongue hitherto, began to exert himself; declaring, That he was very well pleased the Plenipotentiaries of our Christian Princes took this Matter into their serious Consideration; for that Lacqueys were never so saucy and pragmatical as they are now-a-days, and that he should be glad to see them taken down in the Treaty of Peace, if it might be done without Prejudice to the Publick Affairs.

One, who sate at the other End of the Table, and seemed to be in the Interests of the *French* King, told them, that they did not take the Matter right, for that his most Christian Majesty did not resent this Matter because it was an Injury done to Monsieur *Mesnager*'s Footmen; for, says he, what are Monsieur *Mesnager*'s Footmen to him? But because it was done to his Subjects: Now, says he, let me tell you, it would look very odd for a Subject of *France* to have a bloody Nose, and his Sovereign not to take Notice of it. He is obliged in Honour to defend his People against Hostilities; and if the *Dutch* will be so insolent to a Crowned Head, as, in any wise, to cuff or kick those who are under *His* Protection, I think he is in the Right to call them to an Account for it.

This distinction set the Controversy upon a new Foot, and seemed to be very well approved by most that heard it, 'till a little warm Fellow, who declared himself a Friend to the House of *Austria*, fell most unmercifully upon his *Gallic* Majesty, as encouraging his Subjects to make Mouths at their Betters, and afterwards screening them from the Punishment that was due to their Insolence. To which he added, that the *French* Nation was so addicted to Grimace, that if there was not a Stop put to it at the General Congress, there would be no walking the Streets for them in a Time of Peace, especially if they continued Masters of the *West-Indies*. The little Man proceeded

proceeded with a great deal of Warmth, declaring, that if the Allies were of his Mind, he would oblige the *French* King to burn his Gallies, and tolerate the Protestant Religion in his Dominions before he would sheath his Sword. He concluded with calling Monsieur *Mesnager* an insignificant Prig. No. 481. Thursday, Sept. 11, 1712.

The Dispute was now growing very warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young Man of about One and twenty, who seems to have been brought up with an Eye to the Law, taken the Debate into his Hand, and given it, as his Opinion, that neither Count *Rechteren*, nor Monsieur *Mesnager* had behav'd themselves right in this Affair. Count *Rechteren*, says he, should have made Affidavit that his Servants had been affronted, and then Monsieur *Mesnager* would have done him Justice, by taking away their Liveries from them, or some other way that he might have thought the most proper; for let me tell you, if a Man makes a Mouth at me, I am not to knock the Teeth out of it for his Pains. Then again, as for Monsieur *Mesnager*, upon his Servants being beaten, why! he might have had his Action of Assault and Battery. But as the Case now stands, if you will have my Opinion, I think they ought to bring it to Referees.

I heard a great deal more of this Conference, but I must confess with little Edification: for all I could learn at last from these honest Gentlemen was, that the Matter in Debate was of too high a Nature for such Heads as theirs, or mine, to comprehend. O

No. 482.
[ADDISON.] Friday, September 12.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant. Lucr.

WHEN I have published any single Paper that falls in with the popular Taste, and pleases more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great Return of Letters. My *Tuesday*'s Discourse, wherein I gave several Admonitions to the Fraternity of the *Henpeck'd*, has already produced me very many Correspondents; the Reason I cannot guess at, unless it be that such a Discourse is of

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general Use, and every married Man's Money. An honest Tradesman, who dates his Letter from *Cheapside*, sends me Thanks in the Name of a Club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their Wives will give them Leave, and stay together 'till they are sent for Home. He informs me, that my Paper has administred great Consolation to their whole Club, and desires me to give some further Account of *Socrates*, and to acquaint them in whose Reign he lived, whether he was a Citizen or a Courtier, whether he buried *Xantippe*, with many other Particulars: For that by his Sayings he appears to have been a very wise Man, and a good Christian. Another, who writes himself *Benjamin Bamboo*, tells me, that being coupled with a Shrew, he had endeavoured to tame her by such lawful Means as those which are mentioned in my last *Tuesday*'s Paper, and that in his Wrath he had often gone further than *Bracton* allows in those Cases; but that for the future he was resolved to bear it like a Man of Temper and Learning, and consider her only as one who lives in his House to teach him Philosophy. *Tom Dapperwit* says, that he agrees with me in that whole Discourse, excepting only the last Sentence, where I affirm the married State to be either an Heaven or an Hell. *Tom* has been at the Charge of a Penny upon this Occasion, to tell me, that by his Experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle Kind of State commonly known by the Name of *Purgatory*.

The Fair Sex have likeways obliged me with their Reflections upon the same Discourse. A Lady, who calls herself *Euterpe*, and seems a Woman of Letters, asks me whether I am for establishing the *Salick* Law in every Family, and why it is not fit that a Woman who has Discretion and Learning should sit at the Helm, when the Husband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary Character, subscribes herself *Xantippe*, and tells me, that she follows the Example of her Name-sake; for being married to a bookish Man, who has no Knowledge of the World, she is forced to take their Affairs into her own Hands, and to spirit him up now and then, that he may not grow musty, and unfit for Conversation.

After

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After this Abridgment of some Letters which are come to my Hands upon this Occasion, I shall publish one of them at large.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

You have given us a lively Picture of that Kind of Husband who comes under the Denomination of the Henpeck'd; but I do not remember that you have ever touched upon one that is of the quite different Character, and who, in several Places of *England*, goes by the Name of a Cott-Quean. I have the Misfortune to be joined for Life with one of this Character, who in Reality is more a Woman than I am. He was bred up under the Tuition of a tender Mother, 'till she had made him as good an Housewife as herself. He could preserve Apricots, and make gellies before he had been two Years out of the Nursery. He was never suffered to go abroad for Fear of catching Cold: when he should have been hunting down a Buck, he was by his Mother's Side learning how to season it, or put it in Crust; and was making Paper Boats with his Sisters, at an Age when other young Gentlemen are crossing the Seas, or travelling into Foreign Countries. He has the whitest Hand that you ever saw in your Life, and raises Paste better than any Woman in *England*. These Qualifications make him a sad Husband: He is perpetually in the Kitchin, and has a thousand Squabbles with the Cook-maid. He is better acquainted with the Milk Score, than his Steward's Accounts. I fret to Death when I hear him find fault with a Dish that is not dressed to his Liking, and instructing his Friends that dine with him in the best Pickle for a Walnut, or Sauce for an Haunch of Venison. With all this, he is a very good-natured Husband, and never fell out with me in his Life but once, upon the over-roasting of a Dish of Wild-Fowl: At the same Time I must own I would rather he was a Man of a rough Temper, that would treat me harshly sometimes, than of such an effeminate busy Nature in a Province that does not belong to him. Since you have given us the Character of a Wife who wears the Breeches, pray say something of a Husband that wears the Petticoat. Why should not a

Female

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Female Character be as ridiculous in a Man, as a Male Character in one of our Sex?

O *I am, &c.*

No. 483.

[ADDISON.] Saturday, September 13.

Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.—Hor.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater Act of Uncharitableness, than to interpret the Afflictions which befall our Neighbours, as *Punishments* and *Judgments*. It aggravates the Evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the Mark of Divine Vengeance, and abates the Compassion of those towards him, who regard him in so dreadful a Light. This Humour of turning every Misfortune into a Judgment, proceeds from wrong Notions of Religion, which, in its own Nature, produces Good-will towards Men, and puts the mildest Construction upon every Accident that befalls them. In this Case, therefore, it is not Religion that sours a Man's Temper, but it is his Temper that sours his Religion: People of gloomy unchearful Imaginations, or of envious-malignant Tempers, whatever Kind of Life they are engaged in, will discover their natural Tincture of Mind in all their Thoughts, Words and Actions. As the finest Wines have often the Taste of the Soil, so even the most religious Thoughts often draw something that is particular from the Constitution of the Mind in which they arise. When Folly or Superstition strike in with this natural Depravity of Temper, it is not in the Power, even of Religion it self, to preserve the Character of the Person who is possessed with it, from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old Maiden Gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the Name of *Nemesis*, is the greatest Discoverer of Judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what Sin it was that set such a Man's House on Fire, or blew down his Barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young Lady that lost her Beauty by the Small-Pox, she fetches a deep Sigh, and tells you, that when she had

a fine Face she was always looking on it in her Glass. Tell her of a Piece of good Fortune that has befallen one of her Acquaintance, and she wishes it may prosper with her; but her Mother used one of her Nieces very barbarously. Her usual Remarks turn upon People who had great Estates, but never enjoyed them, by reason of some Flaw in their own, or their Father's Behaviour. She can give you the Reason why such an one died Childless; Why such an one was cut off in the Flower of his Youth; Why such an one was unhappy in her Marriage; Why one broke his Leg on such a particular Spot of Ground, and why another was killed with a Back-Sword, rather than with any other Kind of Weapon. She has a Crime for every Misfortune that can befall any of her Acquaintance, and when she hears of a Robbery that has been made, or a Murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the Guilt of the suffering Person, than on that of the Thief or the Assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian, that whatever happens to her self is a Trial, and whatever happens to her Neighbours is a Judgment.

The very Description of this Folly, in ordinary Life, is sufficient to expose it; but when it appears in a Pomp and Dignity of Stile, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the Mind of the Reader. *Herodotus* and *Plutarch* very often apply their Judgments as impertinently as the old Woman I have before mentioned, though their Manner of relating them makes the Folly it self appear venerable. Indeed, most Historians, as well Christian as Pagan, have fallen into this idle Superstition, and spoken of ill Success, unforeseen Disasters, and terrible Events, as if they had been let into the Secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private Conduct by which the World is governed. One would think several of our own Historians in particular had many Revelations of this Kind made to them. Our old *English* Monks seldom let any of their Kings depart in Peace, who had endeavoured to diminish the Power or Wealth of which the Ecclesiasticks were in those Times possessed. *William the Conqueror*'s Race generally found their Judgments in the *New Forest*, where their Father had pulled down Churches

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Churches and Monastries. In short, read one of the Chronicles written by an Author of this Frame of Mind, and you would think you were reading an History of the Kings of *Israel* or *Judah*, where the Historians were actually inspired, and where, by a particular Scheme of Providence, the Kings were distinguished by Judgments or Blessings, according as they promoted Idolatry or the Worship of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this Manner of judging upon Misfortunes not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the Person whom they befall, but very presumptuous in regard to him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong Argument for a State of Retribution hereafter, that in this World virtuous Persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious Persons prosperous, which is wholly repugnant to the Nature of a Being who appears infinitely wise and good in all his Works, unless we may suppose that such a promiscuous and undistinguishing Distribution of Good and Evil, which was necessary for carrying on the Designs of Providence in this Life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that Fire should fall from Heaven in the ordinary Course of Providence; nor when we see triumphant Guilt or depressed Virtue in particular Persons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy Arm in the Defence of the one or Punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a Day set apart for the Hearing and Requiting of both according to their respective Merits.

The Folly of ascribing temporal Judgments to any particular Crimes, may appear from several Considerations. I shall only mention two: First, That generally speaking, there is no Calamity or Affliction, which is supposed to have happened as a Judgment to a vicious Man, which does not sometimes happen to Men of approved Religion and Virtue. When *Diagoras* the Atheist was on board one of the *Athenian* Ships, there arose a very violent Tempest; upon which the Mariners told him that it was a just Judgment upon them for having taken so impious a Man on board. *Diagoras* begged them to look upon the Rest of the Ships that were in the same Distress, and asked them whether or no *Diagoras*

was

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was on board every Vessel in the Fleet. We are all involved in the same Calamities, and subject to the same Accidents; and when we see any one of the Species under any particular Oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common Lot of humane Nature, rather than from the Guilt of the Person who suffers.

Another Consideration, that may check our Presumption in putting such a Construction upon a Misfortune, is this, That it is impossible for us to know what are Calamities and what are Blessings. How many Accidents have passed for Misfortunes, which have turned to the Welfare and Prosperity of the Persons in whose Lot they have fallen? How many Disappointments have, in their Consequences, saved a Man from Ruin? If we could look into the Effects of every Thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon Blessings and Judgments; but for a Man to give his Opinion of what he sees but in Part, and in its Beginnings, is an unjustifiable Piece of Rashness and Folly. The Story of *Biton* and *Clitobus*, which was in great Reputation among the Heathens, for we see it quoted by all the ancient Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, who have written upon the Immortality of the Soul, may teach us a Caution in this Matter. These two Brothers, being the Sons of a Lady who was *Priestess* to *Juno*, drew their Mother's Chariot to the Temple at the Time of a great Solemnity, the Persons being absent who by their Office were to have drawn her Chariot on that Occasion. The Mother was so transported with this Instance of filial Duty, that she petitioned her Goddess to bestow upon them the greatest Gift that could be given to Men; upon which they were both cast into a deep Sleep, and the next Morning found dead in the Temple. This was such an Event, as would have been construed into a Judgment, had it happened to the two Brothers after an Act of Disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any ancient Historian who had given us an Account of it. O

No. 484. Monday, Sept. 15, 1712.

No. 484. [STEELE.] Monday, September 15.

Neque cuiquam tam clarum statim ingenium est, ut possit emergere; nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor enim commendatorque contingat.--Plin. Epist.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

OF all the young Fellows who are in their Progress thro' any Profession, none seem to have so good a Title to the Protection of the Men of Eminence in it as the modest Man; not so much because his Modesty is a certain Indication of his Merit, as because 'tis a certain Obstacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all Professions this Virtue is thought to be more particularly unnecessary in that of the Law than in any other, I shall only apply my self to the Relief of such who follow this Profession with this Disadvantage. What aggravates the Matter is, that those Persons who, the better to prepare themselves for this Study, have made some Progress in others, have, by addicting themselves to Letters, encreased their natural Modesty, and consequently heighten'd the Obstruction to this Sort of Preferment; so that every one of these may emphatically be said to be such a one as *labôureth and taketh Pains, and is still the more behind.* It may be a Matter worth discussing then, Why that which made a Youth so amiable to the Ancients, should make him appear so ridiculous to the Moderns? and, Why in our Days there should be Neglect, and even Oppression of young Beginners, instead of that Protection which was the Pride of theirs? In the Profession spoken of, 'tis obvious to every one whose Attendance is requir'd at *Westminster-Hall*, with what Difficulty a Youth of any Modesty has been permitted to make an Observation, that could in no wise detract from the Merit of his Elders, and is absolutely necessary for the advancing his own. I have often seen one of these not only molested in his Utterance of something very pertinent, but even plunder'd of his Question, and by a strong Serjeant shoulder'd out of his Rank, which he has recovered with much Difficulty and Confusion. Now as great Part of the Business of this Profession might be dispatch'd by one that perhaps

Absent

——Abest virtute diserti
Messalae, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus. Hor.

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so I can't conceive the Injustice done to the Publick, if the Men of Reputation in this Calling would introduce such of the young ones into Business, whose Application to this Study will let them into the Secrets of it, as much as their Modesty will hinder them from the Practice: I say, it would be laying an everlasting Obligation upon a young Man, to be introduc'd at first only as a Mute 'till by this Countenance, and a Resolution to support the good Opinion conceiv'd of him in his Betters, his Complection shall be so well settled, that the Litigious of this Island may be secure of his obstreperous Aid. If I might be indulged to speak in the Stile of a Lawyer I would say, That any one about thirty Years of Age, might make a common Motion to the Court with as much Elegance and Propriety as the most aged Advocates in the Hall.

I can't advance the Merit of Modesty by any Argument of my own so powerfully, as by enquiring into the Sentiments the greatest among the Ancients of different Ages entertain'd upon this Virtue. If we go back to the Days of *Solomon*, we shall find Favour a necessary Consequence to a shame-fac'd Man. *Pliny*, the greatest Lawyer, and most elegant Writer of the Age he liv'd in, in several of his Epistles is very sollicitous in recommending to the Publick some young Men of his own Profession, and very often undertakes to become an Advocate, upon Condition that some one of these his Favourites might be joyn'd with him, in order to produce the Merit of such, whose Modesty otherwise would have suppress'd it. It may seem very marvelous to a sawcy Modern, that *Multum sanguinis, multum verecundiae, multum sollicitudinis in ore: To have the Face first full of Blood, then the Countenance dash'd with Modesty, and then the whole Aspect as of one dying with Fear, when a Man begins to speak*; should be esteem'd by *Pliny* the necessary Qualifications of a fine Speaker. *Shakespear* also has express'd himself in the same favourable Strain of Modesty when he says,

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—— In the Modesty of fearful Duty
I read as much as from the rattling Tongue
Of saucy and audacious Eloquence——

Now since these Authors have profess'd themselves for the modest Man, even in the utmost Confusions of Speech and Countenance, why should an intrepid Utterance and a resolute Vociferation thunder so successfully in our Courts of Justice? and why shou'd that Confidence of Speech and Behaviour which seems to acknowledge no Superior, and to defy all Contradiction, prevail over that Deference and Resignation with which the modest Man implores that favourable Opinion which the other seems to command.

As the Case at present stands, the best Consolation that I can administer to those who cannot get into that Stroke of Business (as the Phrase is) which they deserve, is to reckon every particular Acquisition of Knowledge in this Study as a real Increase of their Fortune; and fully to believe, that one Day this imaginary Gain will certainly be made out by one more substantial. I wish you would talk to us a little on this Head; you would oblige,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant.

The Author of this Letter is certainly a Man of good Sense; but I am perhaps particular in my Opinion on this Occasion; for I have observed, that, under the Notion of Modesty, Men have indulged themselves in a spiritless Sheepishness, and been for ever lost to themselves, their Families, their Friends, and their Country. When a Man has taken Care to pretend to nothing but what he may justly aim at, and can execute as well as any other, without Injustice to any other; it is ever Want of Breeding or Courage to be brow-beaten or elbow'd out of his honest Ambition. I have said often, Modesty must be an Act of the Will, and yet it always implies Self-Denial: For if a Man has an ardent Desire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and, from an unmanly Bashfulness, shrinks away, and lets his Merit languish in Silence, he ought not to be angry at the World that a more

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more unskilful Actor succeeds in his Part, because he has not Confidence to come upon the Stage himself. The Generosity my Correspondent mentions of *Pliny* cannot be enough applauded. To cherish the Dawn of Merit, and hasten its Maturity, was a Work worthy a noble *Roman* and a liberal Scholar. That Concern which is described in the Letter, is to all the World the greatest Charm imaginable; but then the modest Man must proceed, and shew a latent Resolution in himself; for the Admiration of his Modesty arises from the Manifestation of his Merit. I must confess, we live in an Age wherein a few empty Blusterers carry away the Praise of Speaking, while a Croud of Fellows over-stock'd with Knowledge are run down by them: I say over-stock'd, because they certainly are so as to their Service of Mankind, if from their very Store they raise to themselves Ideas of Respect, and Greatness of the Occasion, and I know not what, to disable themselves from explaining their Thoughts. I must confess, when I have seen *Charles Frankair* rise up with a commanding Mein and Torrent of handsome Words, talk a Mile off the Purpose, and drive down twenty bashful Boobies of ten Times his Sense, who at the same Time were envying his Impudence and despising his Understanding, it has been Matter of great Mirth to me: but it soon ended in a secret Lamentation, that the Fountains of every Thing Praise-worthy in these Realms, the Universities, should be so muddied with a false Sense of this Virtue, as to produce Men capable of being so abused. I will be bold to say, that it is a ridiculous Education which does not qualify a Man to make his best Appearance before the greatest Man and the finest Woman to whom he can address himself. Were this judiciously corrected in the Nurseries of Learning, pert Coxcombs would know their Distance: But we must bear with this false Modesty in our young Nobility and Gentry, 'till they cease at *Oxford* and *Cambridge* to grow dumb in the Study of Eloquence. T

No. 485 Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1712.

No. 485. [STEELE.] Tuesday, September 16.

Nihil tam firmum est, cui periculum non sit etiam ab invalido. Quint. Curt.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

MY Lord *Clarendon* has observ'd, *That few Men have done more Harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there cannot be a greater Error, than to believe a Man whom we see qualified with too mean Parts to do Good, to be therefore incapable of doing Hurt. There is a Supply of Malice, of Pride, of Industry, and even of Folly, in the Weakest, when he sets his Heart upon it, that makes a strange Progress in Mischief.* What may seem to the Reader the greatest Paradox in the Reflection of the Historian, is, I suppose, that Folly, which is generally thought incapable of contriving or executing any Design, should be so formidable to those whom it exerts it self to molest. But this will appear very plain, if we remember that *Solomon* says, *It is as Sport to a Fool to do Mischief*; and that he might the more emphatically express the calamitous Circumstances of him that falls under the Displeasure of this wanton Person, the same Author adds further, That *a Stone is heavy, and the Sand weighty, but a Fool's Wrath is heavier than them both.* It is impossible to suppress my own Illustration upon this Matter, which is, That as the Man of Sagacity bestirs himself to distress his Enemy by Methods probable and reducible to Reason, so the same Reason will fortify his Enemy to elude these his regular Efforts; but your Fool projects, acts, and concludes with such notable Inconsistence, that no regular Course of Thought can evade or counterplot his prodigious Machinations. My Frontispiece, I believe, may be extended to imply, That several of our Misfortunes arise from Things, as well as Persons, that seem of very little Consequence. Into what tragical Extravagances does *Shakespear* hurry *Othello* upon the Loss of an Handkerchief only? And what Barbarities does *Desdemona* suffer from a slight Inadvertency in regard to this fatal Trifle? If the Schemes of all the enterprizing Spirits were to be carefully

carefully examined, some intervening Accident, not considerable enough to occasion any Debate upon, or give 'em any Apprehension of ill Consequence from it, will be found to be the Occasion of their ill Success, rather than any Errour in Points of Moment and Difficulty, which naturally engaged their maturest Deliberations. If you go to the Levee of any great Man, you will observe him exceeding gracious to several very insignificant Fellows; and this upon this Maxim, That the Neglect of any Person must arise from the mean Opinion you have of his Capacity to do you any Service or Prejudice; and that this calling his Sufficiency in Question, must give him Inclination, and where this is, there never wants Strength or Opportunity to annoy you. There is no Body so weak of Invention, that can't aggravate or make some little Stories to vilify his Enemy; and there are very few but have good Inclinations to hear 'em, and 'tis infinite Pleasure to the Majority of Mankind to level a Person superiour to his Neighbours. Besides, in all Matter of Controversy, that Party which has the greatest Abilities labours under this Prejudice, that he will certainly be supposed, upon Account of his Abilities, to have done an Injury, when perhaps he has received one. It would be tedious to enumerate the Strokes that Nations and particular Friends have suffer'd from Persons very contemptible.

I think *Henry* IV of *France*, so formidable to his Neighbours, could no more be secur'd against the resolute Villany of *Ravillac*, than *Villiers*, Duke of *Buckingham*, could be against that of *Felton*. And there is no incens'd Person so destitute, but can provide himself with a Knife or a Pistol, if he finds Stomach to apply 'em. That Things and Persons of no Moment should give such powerful Revolutions to the Progress of those of the greatest, seems a providential Disposition to baffle and abate the Pride of humane Sufficiency; as also, to engage the Humanity and Benevolence of Superiors to all below 'em, by letting them into this Secret, That the Stronger depends upon the Weaker.

I am, Sir, your very humble Servant

Dear

No. 485. Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1712.

'*Dear Sir,* *Temple, Paper-Buildings.*

I received a Letter from you some Time ago, which I should have answered sooner, had you informed me in yours to what Part of this Island I might have directed my Impertinence; but having been let into the Knowledge of that Matter, this handsome Excuse is no longer serviceable. My Neighbour *Prettyman* shall be the Subject of this Letter; who falling in with the SPECTATOR'S Doctrine concerning the Month of *May*, began from that Season to dedicate himself to the Service of the Fair in the following Manner. I observed at the Beginning of the Month he bought him a new Night-gown, either Side to be worn outwards, both equally gorgeous and attractive; but 'till the End of the Month I did not enter so fully into the Knowledge of his Contrivance, as the Use of that Garment has since suggested to me. Now you must know that all new Cloaths raise and warm the Bearer's Imagination into a Conceit of his being a much finer Gentleman than he was before, banishing all Sobriety and Reflection, and giving him up to Gallantry and Amour. Inflam'd therefore with this Way of Thinking, and full of the Spirit of the Month of *May*, did this mercilesss Youth, resolve upon the Business of Captivating. At first he confin'd himself to his Room only, now and then appearing at his Window in his Night-gown, and practising that easy Posture which expresses the very Top and Dignity of Languishment. It was pleasant to see him diversify his Loveliness, sometimes obliging the Passengers only with a Side-Face, with a Book in his Hand; sometimes being so generous as to expose the Whole in the Fullness of its Beauty; at the other Times, by a judicious throwing back of his Perriwig, he would throw in his Ears. You know he is that Sort of Person which the Mob call a handsome jolly Man; which Appearance can't miss of Captives in this Part of the Town Being emboldened by daily Success, he leaves his Room with a Resolution to extend his Conquests; and I have apprehended him in his Night-gown smiting in all Parts of this Neighbourhood.

This I, being of an amorous Complexion, saw with Indignation

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Indignation, and had Thoughts of purchasing a Wig in these Parts; into which, being at a greater Distance from the Earth, I might have thrown a very liberal Mixture of white Horse-hair, which would make a fairer, and consequently a handsomer Appearance, while my Situation would secure me against any Discoveries. But the Passion to the handsome Gentleman seems to be so fixed to that Part of the Building, that it will be extremely difficult to divert it to mine; so that I am resolved to stand boldly to the Complection of my own Eye-brow, and prepare me an immense black Wig of the same Sort of Structure with that of my Rival. Now, tho' by this I shall not, perhaps, lessen the Number of the Admirers of his Complexion, I shall have a fair Chance to divide the Passengers by the irresistible Force of mine.

I expect sudden Dispatches from you, with Advice of the Family you are in now, how to deport my self upon this so delicate a Conjuncture; with some comfortable Resolutions in Favour of the handsome black Man against the handsome fair one.

I am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

C.

N. B. *He who writ this is a black Man, two Pair of Stairs; the Gentleman of whom he writes is fair, and one Pair of Stairs.*'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I only say, that it is impossible for me to say how much I am,

Yours,

Robin Shorter.

P. S. I shall think it a little hard, if you do not take as much Notice of this Epistle as you have of the ingenious Mr. *Short*'s. I am not afraid to let the World see which is the deeper Man of the two.'

ADVERTISEMENT

No. 485. Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1712.

ADVERTISEMENT.

London, September 15.

Whereas a young Woman on Horseback, in an Equestrian Habit, on the 13th Instant in the Evening, met the SPECTATOR, *within a Mile and an Half of this Town, and flying in the Face of Justice, pulled off her Hat, in which there was a Feather, with the Mein and Air of a young Officer, saying at the same Time, Your Servant Mr.* SPEC, *or Words to that Purpose; This is to give Notice, that if any Person can discover the Name, and Place, and Abode of the said Offender, so as she can be brought to Justice, the Informant shall have all fitting Encouragement.* T

No. 486.
[STEELE.] Wednesday, September 17

Audire est operae pretium, procedere recte
Qui moechos non vultis— —. —Hor.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

THERE are very many of my Acquaintance Followers of *Socrates*, with more particular Regard to that Part of his Philosophy which we, among our selves, call his *Domesticks*, under which Denomination, or Title, we include all the Conjugal Joys and Sufferings. We have indeed, with very great Pleasure, observed the Honour you do the whole Fraternity of the Hen-peck'd, in placing that illustrious Man at our Head; and it does in a very great Measure baffle the Raillery of pert Rogues, who have no Advantage above us, but in that they are single. But when you look about into the Croud of Mankind, you will find the fair Sex reigns with greater Tyranny over Lovers than Husbands. You shall hardly meet one in a thousand who is wholly exempt from their Dominion, and those that are so are capable of no Taste of Life, and breathe and walk about the Earth as Insignificants. But I am going to desire your further Favour in Behalf of our harmless Brotherhood, and hope you will shew in a true Light the unmarried Hen-peck'd as well as you have done Justice to us, who submit to the Conduct of our Wives. I am very particularly acquainted

quainted with one who is under entire Submission to a kind Girl, as he calls her; and tho' he knows I have been Witness both to the ill Usage he has received from her, and his Inability to resist her Tyranny, he still pretends to make a Jest of me for a little more than ordinary Obsequiousness to my Spouse. No longer than *Tuesday* last he took me with him to visit his Mistress; and he having, it seems, been a little in Disgrace before, thought by bringing me with him she would constrain her self, and insensibly fall into general Discourse with him; and so he might break the Ice, and save himself all the ordinary Compunctions and Mortifications she used to make him suffer before she would be reconciled after any Act of Rebellion on his Part. When we came into the Room, we were received with the utmost Coldness; and when he presented me as Mr. Such-a-one, his very good Friend, she just had Patience to suffer my Salutation; but when he himself, with a very gay Air, offered to follow me, she gave him a thundering Box on the Ear, called him pitiful poor-spirited Wretch, how durst he see her Face? His Wig and Hat fell on different Parts of the Floor. She seized the Wig too soon for him to recover it, and kicking it down Stairs, threw her self into an opposite Room, pulling the Door after her with a Force, that you would have thought the Hinges would have given Way. We went down, you must think, with no very good Countenances; and as we sneaked off, and were driving home together, he confessed to me that her Anger was thus highly raised, because he did not think fit to fight a Gentleman who had said she was what she was; but, says he, a kind Letter or two, or fifty Pieces, will put her in Humour again. I asked him why he did not part with her; he answered, he loved her with all the Tenderness imaginable, and she had too many Charms to be abandoned for a little Quickness of Spirit. Thus does this illegitimate Hen-peck'd overlook the Hussy's having no Regard to his very Life and Fame, in putting him upon an infamous Dispute about her Reputation; yet has he the Confidence to laugh at me, because I obey my poor Dear in keeping out of Harm's Way, and not staying too late from my own Family, to pass through the Hazards

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of a Town full of Ranters and Debauchees. You that are a Philosopher should urge in our Behalf, that when we bear with a froward Woman, our Patience is preserved, in Consideration that a Breach with her might be a Dishonour to Children who are descended from us, and whose Concern make us tolerate a thousand Frailties, for Fear they should redound Dishonour upon the Innocent. This and the like Circumstances, which carry with them the most valuable Regards of humane Life, may be mentioned for our long Suffering; but in the Case of Gallants, they swallow ill Usage from one to whom they have no Obligation, but from a base Passion which it is mean to indulge, and which it would be glorious to overcome.

These Sort of Fellows are very numerous, and some have been conspicuously such without Shame; nay, they have carried on the Jest in the very Article of Death, and, to the Diminution of the Wealth and Happiness of their Families, in Bar of those honourably near to them, have left immense Wealth to their Paramours. What is this but being a Cully in the Grave! Sure this is being Henpeck'd with a Vengeance! But without dwelling upon these less frequent Instances of eminent Cullyism, what is there so common as to hear a Fellow curse his Fate that he cannot get rid of a Passion to a Jilt, and quote an Half-Line out of a Miscellany Poem to prove his Weakness is natural. If they will go on thus, I have nothing to say to it; but then let them not pretend to be free all this While, and laugh at us poor married Patients.

I have known one Wench in this Town carry an haughty Dominion over her Lovers so well, that she has at the same Time been kept by a Sea Captain in the *Streights*, a Merchant in the City, a Country Gentleman in *Hampshire*, and had all her Correspondences managed by one she kept for her own Uses. This happy Man (as the Phrase is) used to write very punctually every Post Letters for the Mistress to transcribe. He would sit in his Night-Gown and Slippers, and be as grave giving an Account, only changing Names, that there was nothing in these idle Reports they had heard of such a Scoundrel

Scoundrel as one of the other Lovers was; and how could he think she cou'd condescend so low, after such a fine Gentleman as each of them? For the same Epistle said the same Thing to and of every one of them. And so Mr. Secretary and his Lady went to Bed with great Order. No. 486. Wednesday, Sept. 17, 1712.

To be short, Mr. SPECTATOR, we Husbands shall never make the Figure we ought in the Imaginations of young Men growing up in the World, except you can bring it about that a Man of the Town shall be as infamous a Character as a Woman of the Town. But of all that I have met in my Time, commend me to *Betty Duall*: She is the Wife of a Sailor, and the kept Mistress of a Man of Quality; she dwells with the latter during the Sea-faring of the former. The Husband asks no Questions, sees his Apartments furnished with Riches not his, when he comes into Port, and the Lover is as joyful as a Man arrived at his Haven when the other puts to Sea. *Betty* is the most eminently victorious of any of her Sex, and ought to stand recorded the only Woman of the Age in which she lives, who has possess'd at the same Time two Abused, and two Contented————' T

No. 487.
[ADDISON.] Thursday, September 18.

————*Cum prostrata sopore*
Urget membra quies, & mens sine pondere ludit—Petr.

THO' there are many Authors, who have written on Dreams, they have generally considered them only as Revelations of what has already happened in distant Parts of the World, or as Presages of what is to happen in future Periods of Time.

I shall consider this Subject in another Light, as Dreams may give us some Idea of the great Excellency of an Human Soul, and some Intimation of its Independency on Matter.

In the first Place, our Dreams are great Instances of that Activity which is natural to the Humane Soul, and which it is not in the Power of Sleep to deaden or abate. When the Man appears tired and worn out with the Labours

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Labours of the Day, this active Part in his Composition is still busie and unwearied. When the Organs of Sense want their due Repose and necessary Reparations, and the Body is no longer able to keep Pace with that spiritual Substance to which it is united, the Soul exerts her self in her several Faculties, and continues in Action 'till her Partner is again qualified to bear her Company. In this Case Dreams look like the Relaxations and Amusements of the Soul, when she is disencumbered of her Machine, her Sports and Recreations, when she has laid her Charge asleep.

In the Second Place, Dreams are an Instance of that Agility and Perfection which is natural to the Faculties of the Mind, when they are disengaged from the Body. The Soul is clogged and retarded in her Operations, when she acts in Conjunction with a Companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its Motions. But in Dreams it is wonderful, to observe with what a Sprightliness and Alacrity she exerts her self. The slow of Speech make unpremeditated Harangues, or converse readily in Languages that they are but little acquainted with. The Grave abound in Pleasantries, the Dull in Repartees, and Points of Wit. There is not a more painful Action of the Mind, than Invention; yet in Dreams it works with that Ease and Activity, that we are not sensible when the Faculty is employed. For Instance, I believe every one, some Time or other, dreams that he is reading Papers, Books or Letters, in which Case the Invention prompts so readily, that the Mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own Suggestions for the Compositions of another.

I shall, under this Head, quote a Passage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious Author gives an Account of himself in his dreaming, and his waking Thoughts. *We are somewhat more than our selves in our Sleeps, and the Slumber of the Body seems to be but the Waking of the Soul. It is the Ligation of Sense, but the Liberty of Reason, and our waking Conceptions do not match the Fancies of our Sleeps. At my Nativity my Ascendant was the watery Sign of* Scorpius: *I was born in the Planetary Hour of* Saturn, *and, I think*

think, I have a Piece of that leaden Planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the Mirth and Galliardize of Company; yet in one Dream I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the Action, apprehend the Jests, and laugh my self awake at the Conceits thereof. Were my Memory as faithful as my Reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my Dreams; and this Time also would I chuse for my Devotions; but our grosser Memories have then so little hold of our abstracted Understandings, that they forget the Story, and can only relate to our awaked Souls, a confused and broken Tale of that that has passed.— Thus it is observed that Men sometimes, upon the Hour of their Departure, do speak and reason above themselves, for then the Soul beginning to be freed from the Ligaments of the Body, begins to reason like her self, and to discourse in a Strain above Mortality.

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We may likewise observe in the third Place, that the Passions affect the Mind with greater Strength when we are asleep, than when we are awake. Joy and Sorrow give us more vigorous Sensations of Pain or Pleasure at this Time, than at any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent Author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular Manner heightned and inflamed, when it rises in the Soul at a Time that the Body is thus laid at Rest. Every Man's Experience will inform him in this Matter, though it is very probable, that this may happen differently in different Constitutions. I shall conclude this Head with the two following Problems, which I shall leave to the Solution of my Reader. Supposing a Man always happy in his Dreams, and miserable in his waking Thoughts, and that his Life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a Man a King in his Dreams, and a Beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken Schemes, as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in Reality a King or Beggar, or rather whether he wou'd not be both?

There is another Circumstance which methinks gives us a very high Idea of the Nature of the Soul, in regard to what passes in Dreams, I mean that innumerable Multitude

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Multitude and Variety of Ideas which then arise in her. Were that active watchful Being only conscious of her own Existence at such a time, what a painful Solitude would her Hours of Sleep be? Were the Soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping Moments, after the same Manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the Time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such a Solitude.

--Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam! - - Virg.

But this Observation I only make by the Way. What I would here remark is that wonderful Power in the Soul, of producing her own Company on these Occasions. She converses with numberless Beings of her own Creation, and is transported into ten thousand Scenes of her own raising. She is herself the Theatre, the Actors, and the Beholder. This puts me in Mind of a Saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which *Plutarch* ascribes to *Heraclitus, That all Men whilst they are awake are in one common World; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a World of his own.* The waking Man is conversant in the World of Nature, when he sleeps he retires to a private World that is particular to himself. There seems something in this Consideration that intimates to us a natural Grandeur and Perfection in the Soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that Argument for the Excellency of the Soul, which I have seen quoted out of *Tertullian*, namely, its Power of Divining in Dreams. That several such Divinations have been made, none can question who believes the Holy Writings, or who has but the least Degree of a common historical Faith, there being innumerable Instances of this Nature in several Authors, both Ancient and Modern, Sacred and Prophane. Whether such dark Presages, such Visions of the Night proceed from any latent Power in the Soul, during this her State of Abstraction, or from any Communication with the Supreme Being, or from any Operation of Subordinate Spirits, has been a great Dispute among the Learned; the Matter of Fact is I think incontestable, and has been looked

looked upon as such by the greatest Writers, who have been never suspected either of Superstition or Enthusiasm. No. 487. Thursday, Sept. 18, 1712.

I do not suppose, that the Soul in these Instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the Body: It is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk, and immersed in Matter, nor intangled and perplexed in her Operations, with such Motions of Blood and Spirits, as when she actuates the Machine in its waking Hours. The corporeal Union is slackened enough to give the Mind more Play. The Soul seems gathered within her self, and recovers that Spring which is broke and weakned, when she operates more in concert with the Body.

The Speculations I have here made, if they are not Arguments, they are at least strong Intimations, not only of the Excellency of an Humane Soul, but of its Independance on the Body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great Points, which are established by many other Reasons that are altogether unanswerable. O

No. 488.
[ADDISON.] Friday, September 19.

Quanti emptae? Parvo. Quanti ergo? Octo assibus. Eheu!
—Hor.

I FIND, by Several Letters which I receive daily, that many of my Readers would be better pleased to pay Three Half-Pence for my Paper, than Two-Pence. The ingenious *T. W.* tells me, that I have deprived him of the best Part of his Breakfast, for that, since the Rise of my Paper, he is forced every Morning to drink his Dish of Coffee by it self, without the Addition of the *Spectator*, that used to be better than Lace to it. *Eugenius* informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any Passage in my Paper, but that of late there have been two Words in every one of them, which he could heartily wish left out, *viz. Price Two-Pence.* I have a Letter from a Soap-boyler, who condoles with me very affectionately, upon the Necessity we both lie under of setting an higher Price on our Commodities, since the late Tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me, when

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I write next on that Subject, to speak a Word or two upon the present Duties on Castle-Soap. But there is none of these my Correspondents, who writes with a greater Turn of good Sense and Elegance of Expression, than the generous *Philomedes*, who advises me to value every *Spectator* at Six Pence, and promises that he himself will engage for above an Hundred of his Acquaintance, who shall take it in at that Price.

Letters from the Female World are likewise come to me, in great Quantities, upon the same Occasion, and as I naturally bear a great Deference to this Part of our Species, I am very glad to find that those, who approve my Conduct in this Particular, are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large Family of Daughters have drawn me up a very handsome Remonstrance, in which they set forth, that their Father having refused to take in the *Spectator*, since the additional Price was set upon it, they offered him unanimously to bate him the Article of Bread and Butter in the Tea Table Account, provided the *Spectator* might be served up to them every Morning as usual. Upon this the old Gentleman being pleased, it seems, with their Desire of improving themselves, has granted them the Continuance both of the *Spectator* and their Bread and Butter; having given particular Orders, that the Tea Table shall be set forth every Morning with its Customary Bill of Fare, and without any Manner of Defalcation. I thought my self obliged to mention this Particular, as it does Honour to this worthy Gentleman; and if the young Lady *Laetitia*, who sent me this Account, will acquaint me with his Name, I will insert it at length in one of my Papers, if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out any Expedient that might alleviate the Expence which this my Paper brings to any of my Readers, and, in Order to it, must propose two Points to their Consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest Particular in their ordinary Expence, it will easily make up the Half-Penny a Day, which we have now under Consideration. Let a Lady sacrifice but a single Ribband to her Morning Studies, and it will be sufficient; Let a Family burn but a Candle a Night

Night less than the usual Number, and they may take in the *Spectator* without detriment to their private Affairs.

In the next Place, if my Readers will not go to the Price of buying my Papers by Retail, let them have Patience, and they may buy them in the Lump, without the Burthen of a Tax upon them. My Speculations, when they are sold single, like Cherries upon the Stick, are Delights for the Rich and Wealthy; after some time they come to Market in greater Quantities, and are every ordinary Man's Money. The Truth of it is, they have a certain Flavour at their first Appearance, from several accidental Circumstances of Time, Place and Person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but in this Case every Reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a Year behind Hand with the fashionable and polite Part of the World, than to strain himself beyond his Circumstances. My Bookseller has now about Ten Thousand of the Third and Fourth Volumes, which he is ready to publish, having already disposed of as large an Edition both of the first and Second Volume. As he is a Person whose Head is very well turned to his Business, he thinks they would be a very proper Present to be made to Persons at Christenings, Marriages, visiting Days, and the like joyful Solemnities, as several other Books are frequently given at Funerals. He has printed them in such a little portable Volume, that many of them may be rang'd together upon a single Plate, and is of Opinion, that a Salver of *Spectators* would be as acceptable an Entertainment to the Ladies, as a Salver of Sweetmeats.

I shall conclude this Paper with an Epigram lately sent to the Writer of the *Spectator*, after having returned my Thanks to the ingenious Author of it.

'*Sir*,

Having heard the following Epigram very much commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a Place in any of your Papers; I think the Suffrage of our Poet-laureat should not be overlooked, which shews the Opinion he entertains of your Paper, whether the Notion he proceeds upon be true or false. I make bold to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your Hands.

On

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On the SPECTATOR. By Mr. *TATE.*

- - - - - -*aliusque & idem*
Nasceris - - - - - -Hor.

When first the Tatler *to a Mute was turn'd,*
Great Britain *for her Censor's Silence mourn'd.*
Robb'd of his sprightly Beams she wept the Night,
Till the Spectator *rose, and blaz'd as bright.*
So the first Man the Sun's first Setting view'd,
And sigh'd, 'till circling Day his Joys renew'd:
Yet doubtful how that second Sun to name,
Whether a bright Successor, or the same.
So we: but now from this Suspence are freed,
Since all agree, who both with Judgment read,
'Tis the same Sun, and does himself succeed.

O

No. 489.
[ADDISON.] Saturday, September 20.

- - -Βαθυρρείταο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο. Hom.

Sir,

UPON Reading your *Essay*, concerning the Pleasures of the Imagination, I find, among the three Sources of those Pleasures which you have discovered, that *Greatness* is one. This has suggested to me the Reason why, of all Objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my Imagination so much as the Sea or Ocean. I cannot see the Heavings of this prodigious Bulk of Waters, even in a Calm, without a very pleasing Astonishment, but when it is worked up in a Tempest so that the Horizon on every Side is nothing but foaming Billows and floating Mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable Horrour that arises from such a Prospect. A troubled Ocean, to a Man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest Object that he can see in Motion, and consequently gives his Imagination one of the highest Kinds of Pleasure that can arise from Greatness. I must confess, it is impossible for me to survey this World of fluid Matter

Matter, without thinking on the Hand that first poured it out, and made a proper Channel for its Reception. Such an Object naturally raises in my Thoughts the Idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his Existence as much as a metaphysical Demonstration. The Imagination prompts the Understanding, and by the Greatness of the sensible Object, produces in it the Idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by Time nor Space.

As I have made several Voyages upon the Sea, I have often been tossed in Storms, and on that Occasion have frequently reflected on the Descriptions of them in ancient Poets. I remember *Longinus* highly recommends one in *Homer*, because the Poet has not amused himself with little Fancies upon the Occasion, as Authors of an inferiour Genius, whom he mentions, had done, but because he has gathered together those Circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the Imagination, and which really happen in the Raging of a Tempest. It is for the same Reason, that I prefer the following Description of a Ship in a Storm, which the Psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. *They that go down to the Sea in Ships, that do Business in great Waters; These see the Works of the Lord, and his Wonders in the Deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy Wind, which lifteth up the Waters thereof. They mount up to the Heaven, they go down again to the Depths, their Soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken Man, and are at their Wit's End. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their Distresses. He maketh the Storm a Calm, so that the Waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired Haven.*

By the Way, how much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this System of the Psalmist, than the Pagan Scheme in *Virgil*, and other Poets, where one Deity is represented as raising a Storm, and another as laying it. Were we only to consider the Sublime in this Piece of Poetry, what can be nobler than the Idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a Tumult among the Elements

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Elements, and recovering them out of their Confusion, thus troubling and becalming Nature?

Great Painters do not only give us Landskips of Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, but very often employ their Pencils upon Sea-Pieces: I could wish you would follow their Example. If this small Sketch may deserve a Place among your Works, I shall accompany it with a Divine Ode, made by a Gentleman upon the Conclusion of his Travels.

I.

How are thy Servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their Defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
Their Help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,
Supported by Thy Care,
Through burning Climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted Air.

III.

Thy Mercy sweetned ev'ry Soil,
Made ev'ry Region please;
The hoary Alpine Hills it warm'd,
And smoak'd the Tyrrhene Seas:

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted Eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended Deep
In all its Horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry Face,
And Fear in ev'ry Heart;
When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs in Gulphs,
O'ercame the Pilot's Art.

VI.

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VI.

Yet then from all my Griefs, O Lord,
Thy Mercy set me free,
Whilst in the Confidence of Pray'r
My Soul took Hold on Thee:

VII.

For tho' in dreadful Whirles we hung
High on the broken Wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor Impotent to save.

VIII.

The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd,
Obedient to Thy Will:
The Sea, that roar'd at Thy Command,
At Thy Command was still.

IX.

In Midst of Dangers, Fears and Death,
Thy Goodness I'll adore,
And praise Thee for Thy Mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My Life, if Thou preserv'st my Life,
Thy Sacrifice shall be:
And Death, if Death must be my Doom,
Shall join my Soul to Thee!'

O

No. 490.
[STEELE.]

Monday, September 22.

— —Domus & placens
Uxor.—Hor.

I HAVE very long entertained an Ambition to make the Word *Wife* the most agreeable and delightful Name in Nature. If it be not so in it self, all the wiser Part of Mankind from the beginning of the World to this Day

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Day has consented in an Error: But our Unhappiness in *England* has been, that a few loose Men of Genius for Pleasure, have turned it all to the Gratification of ungoverned Desires, in Despite of good Sense, Form, and Order: when, in Truth, any Satisfaction beyond the Boundaries of Reason, is but a Step towards Madness and Folly. But is the Sense of Joy and Accomplishment of Desire no Way to be indulged or attained? and have we Appetites given us to be at all gratify'd? Yes certainly. Marriage is an Institution calculated for a constant Scene of as much Delight as our Being is capable of. Two Persons who have chosen each other out of all the Species with Design to be each other's mutual Comfort and Entertainment, have in that Action bound themselves to be good-humour'd, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with Respect to each other's Frailties and Perfections, to the End of their Lives. The Wiser of the Two (and it always happens one of them is such) will, for her or his own Sake, keep Things from Outrage with the utmost Sanctity. When this Union is thus preserv'd (as I have often said) the most indifferent Circumstance administers Delight. Their Condition is an endless Source of new Gratifications. The marry'd Man can say, If I am unacceptable to all the World beside, there is one, whom I entirely love, that will receive me with Joy and Transport, and think her self obliged to double her Kindness and Caresses of me from the Gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the Sorrow of my Heart to be agreeable there, that very Sorrow quickens her Affection.

This Passion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very Constitution, and the Kindness flows as easily and silently as the Blood in the Veins. When this Affection is enjoyed in the most sublime Degree, unskilful Eyes see nothing of it; but when it is subject to be changed, and has an Allay in it that may make it end in Distaste, it is apt to break into Rage, or overflow into Fondness, before the Rest of the World.

Uxander and *Viramira* are amorous and young, and have been married these two Years; yet do they so much distinguish each other in Company, that in your Conversation

versation with the dear Things you are still put to a Sort of Cross-Purposes. Whenever you address your self in ordinary Discourse to *Viramira*, she turns her Head another Way, and the Answer is made to the dear *Uxander*: If you tell a merry Tale, the Application is still directed to her Dear; and when she should commend you, she says to him, as if he had spoke it, That is, my Dear, so pretty--This puts me in Mind of what I have somewhere read in the admired Memoirs of the famous *Cervantes*, where, while honest *Sancho Pança* is putting some necessary humble Question concerning *Rozinante*, his Supper, or his Lodgings, the Knight of the sorrowful Countenance is ever improving the harmless lowly Hints of his Squire to the poetical Conceit, Rapture, and Flight, in Contemplation of the dear *Dulcinea* of his Affections.

On the other side, *Dictamnus* and *Moria* are ever squabbling, and you may observe them all the Time they are in Company in a State of Impatience. As *Uxander* and *Viramira* wish you all gone, that they may be at Freedom for Dalliance, *Dictamnus* and *Moria* wait your Absence, that they may speak their harsh Interpretations on each other's Words and Actions during the Time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater Part of the Evils attending this Condition of Life arises from Fashion. Prejudice in this Case is turned the wrong Way, and instead of expecting more Happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are laughed into a Prepossession, that we shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting Satisfactions.

With all Persons who have made good Sense the Rule of Action, Marriage is describ'd as the State capable of the highest humane Felicity. *Tully* has Epistles full of affectionate Pleasure, when he writes to his Wife or speaks of his Children. But above all the Hints of this Kind I have met with in Writers of ancient Date, I am pleased with an Epigram of *Martial*, in Honour of the Beauty of his Wife *Cleopatra*. Commentators say it was written the Day after his Wedding-Night. When his Spouse was retired to the Bathing-room in the Heat of the Day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the Water. To her Beauty and Carriage on this

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this Occasion we owe the following Epigram, which I shewed my Friend WILL HONEYCOMB in *French*, who has translated it as follows, without understanding the Original. I expect it will please the *English* better than the *Latin* Reader.

When my bright Consort, now nor Wife nor Maid
Asham'd and wanton, of Embrace afraid,
Fled to the Streams, the Streams my Fair betray'd.
To my fond Eyes she all transparent stood,
She blush'd, I smil'd at the slight covering Flood.
Thus through the Glass the lovely Lilly glows,
Thus through the ambient Gem shines forth the Rose.
I saw new Charms, and plung'd to seize my Store:
Kisses I snatch'd, the Waves prevented more.

My Friend would not allow that this luscious Account could be given of a Wife, and therefore used the Word *Consort*, which, he learnedly said, would serve for a Mistress as well, and give a more gentlemanly Turn to the Epigram. But, under Favour of him and all other such fine Gentlemen, I cannot be perswaded but that the Passion a Bridegroom has for a virtuous young Woman, will, by little and little, grow into Friendship, and then it is ascended to an higher Pleasure than it was in its first Fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate Man who has enter'd into this State, and left the Habitudes of Life he might have enjoy'd with a faithful Friend. But when the Wife proves capable of filling serious as well as joyous Hours, she brings Happiness unknown to Friendship it self. *Spencer* speaks of each Kind of Love with great Justice, and attributes the highest Praise to Friendship; and indeed there is no disputing that Point, but by making that Friendship take Place between two married Persons.

Hard is the Doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three Kinds of Love together meet,
And do dispart the Heart with Power extreme,
Whether shall weigh the Ballance down; to wit,
The dear Affection unto Kindred sweet,
Or raging Fire of Love to Womenkind,
Or Zeal of Friends, combin'd by Virtues meet.
But, of them all, the Band of Vertuous Mind,
Methinks the gentle Heart should most assured bind.

For

For natural Affection soon doth cease,
And quenched is with Cupid's *greater Flame;*
But faithful Friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with mastering Discipline does tame,
Through Thoughts aspiring to eternal Fame.
For as the Soul doth rule the Earthly Mass,
And all the Service of the Body frame;
So Love of Soul doth Love of Body pass,
No less than perfect Gold surmounts the meanest Brass.

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T

No. 491.
[STEELE.] Tuesday, September 23.

—— —Digna satis fortuna revisit. Virg.

IT is common with me to run from Book to Book to exercise my Mind with many Objects, and qualify my self for my daily Labours. After an Hour spent in this loitering Way of Reading, something will remain to be Food to the Imagination. The Writings that please me most on such Occasions are Stories, for the Truth of which there is good Authority. The Mind of a Man is naturally a Lover of Justice, and when we read a Story wherein a Criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no Quality which is the Object of Pity, the Soul enjoys a certain Revenge for the Offence done to its Nature in the wicked Actions committed in the preceding Part of the History. This will be better understood by the Reader from the following Narration it self, than from any Thing which I can say to introduce it.

When *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy*, sirnamed *The Bold*, reigned over spacious Dominions now swallowed up by the Power of *France*, he heaped many Favours and Honours upon *Claudius Rhynsault* a *German*, who had served him in his Wars against the Insults of his Neighbours. A great Part of *Zealand* was at that Time in subjection to that Dukedom. The Prince himself was a Person of singular Humanity and Justice. *Rhynsault*, with no other real Quality than Courage, had Dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspicious Master for a Person of blunt Honesty and Fidelity, without any Vice that could bias him from the Execution of Justice. His High-

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ness prepossessed to his Advantage, upon the Decease of the Governour of his chief Town of *Zealand*, gave *Rhynsault* that Command. He was not long seated in that Government, before he cast his Eyes upon *Sapphira*, a Woman of exquisite Beauty, the wife of *Paul Danvelt*, a wealthy Merchant of the City under his Protection and Government. *Rhynsault* was a Man of a warm Constitution, and violent Inclination to Women, and not unskilled in the soft Arts which win their Favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the Satisfactions which are reaped from the Possession of Beauty, but was an utter Stranger to the Decencies, Honours, and Delicacies, that attend the Passion towards them in elegant Minds. However he had so much of the World that he had a great Share of the Language which usually prevails upon the weaker Part of that Sex, and he could with his Tongue utter a Passion with which his Heart was wholly untouched. He was one of those brutal Minds which can be gratified with the Violation of Innocence and Beauty, without the least Pity, Passion, or Love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a Vice inseparable to a lustful Man; and the Possession of a Woman by him who has no Thought but allaying a Passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by Distaste and Aversion. *Rhynsault* was resolved to accomplish his Will on the Wife of *Danvelt*, left no Arts untried to get into a Familiarity at her House; but she knew his Character and Disposition too well, not to shun all Occasions that might ensnare her into his Conversation. The Governour despairing of Success by ordinary Means, apprehended and imprisoned her Husband, under Pretence of an Information that he was guilty of a Correspondence with the Enemies of the Duke, to betray the Town into their Possession. This Design had its desired Effect; and the Wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the Day before that which was appointed for his Execution, presented her self in the Hall of the Governour's House, and as he passed through the Apartment, threw her self at his Feet, and holding his Knees, beseeched his Mercy. *Rhynsault* beheld her with a dissembled Satisfaction, and assuming an Air of Thought and Authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must

follow

follow him to his Closet; and asking her whether she knew the Hand of the Letter he pulled out of his Pocket, went from her, leaving this Admonition aloud, *If you would serve your Husband, you must give me an Account of all you know without Prevarication; for every Body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the Names of the Rest of the Conspirators, or any other Particulars whatsoever.* He went to his Closet, and soon after the Lady was sent for to an Audience. The Servant knew his Distance when Matters of State were to be debated; and the Governour, laying aside the Air with which he had appeared in Publick, began to be the Supplicant, to rally an Affliction, which it was in her Power easily to remove. She easily perceiv'd his Intention, and bathed in Tears, began to deprecate so wicked a Design, and relieve an innocent Man from his Imprisonment. Lust, like Ambition, takes in all the Faculties of the Mind and Body into its Service and Subjection. Her becoming Tears, her honest Anguish, the Wringing of her Hands, and the many Changes of her Posture and Figure in the Vehemence of Speaking, were but so many Attitudes in which he beheld her Beauty, and further Incentives of his Desire. All Humanity was lost in that one Appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain Terms, That he was unhappy 'till he had possess'd her, and Nothing less should be the Price of her Husband's Life: and she must, before the following Noon, pronounce the Death or Enlargement of *Danvelt*. After this Notification, when he saw *Sapphira* enough again distracted to make the Subject of their Discourse to common Eyes appear different from what it was, he called Servants to conduct her to the Gate. Loaded with insupportable Affliction, she immediately repairs to her Husband, and having signified to his Goalers, That she had a Proposal to make to her Husband from the Governour, she was left alone with him, reveal'd to him all that had pass'd, and represented the endless Conflict she was in between Love to his Person, and Fidelity to his Bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp Affliction this honest Pair was in upon such an Incident, in Lives not used to any but ordinary Occurrences. The Man was bridled

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bridled by Shame from Speaking what his Fear prompted upon so near an Approach of Death; but let fall Words that signify'd to her, He should not think her polluted though she had not yet confess'd to him that the Governour had violated her Person, since he knew her Will had no Part in the Action. She parted from him with this oblique Permission to save a Life he had not Resolution enough to resign for the Safety of his Honour.

The next Morning the unhappy *Sapphira* attended the Governour, and being led into a remote Apartment, submitted to his Desires. *Rhynsault* commended her Charms, claim'd a Familiarity after what pass'd between them, and with an Air of Gayety, in the Language of a Gallant, bid her return, and take her Husband out of Prison: But, continued he, my Fair One must not be offended that I have taken Care he should not be an Interruption to our future Assignations. These last Words foreboded what she found when she came to the Goal, her Husband executed by the Order of *Rhynsault*.

It was remarkable that the Woman, who was full of Tears and Lamentations during the whole Course of her Affliction, utter'd neither Sigh or Complaint, but stood fixed with Grief at this Consummation of her Misfortunes. She betook her self to her Abode, and, after having in Solitude paid her Devotions to him who is the Avenger of Innocence, she repair'd privately to Court. Her Person, and a certain Grandeur of Sorrow negligent of Forms, gain'd her Passage into the Presence of the Duke her Sovereign. As soon as she came into the Presence, she broke forth into the following Words: *Behold, O mighty* Charles, *a Wretch weary of Life though it has always been spent with Innocence and Virtue, It is not in your Power to redress my Injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the Protection of the Distressed, the Punishment of Oppressors, is a Task worthy a Prince, I bring the Duke of* Burgundy *ample Matter for doing Honour to his own great Name, and wiping Infamy off of mine.*

When she had spoke this, she deliver'd the Duke a Paper reciting her Story. He read it with all the Emotions

Emotions that Indignation and Pity could raise in a Prince jealous of his Honour in the Behaviour of his Officers, and Prosperity of his Subjects. No. 491. Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1712.

Upon an appointed Day *Rhynsault* was sent for to Court, and in the Presence of a few of the Council, confronted by *Sapphira*, the Prince asking, *Do you know that Lady? Rhynsault*, as soon as he could recover his Surprize, told the Duke he would marry her, if His Highness would please to think that a Reparation. The Duke seem'd contented with this Answer, and stood by during the immediate Solemnization of the Ceremony. At the Conclusion of it he told *Rhynsault*, *Thus far you have done as constrain'd by my Authority: I shall not be satisfy'd of your kind Usage of her, without you sign a Gift of your whole Estate to her after your Decease.* To the Performance of this also the Duke was a Witness. When these two Acts were executed, the Duke turned to the Lady, and told her, It now remains for me to put you in quiet Possession of what your Husband has so bountifully bestowed on you; and ordered the immediate Execution of *Rhynsault*.

No. 492.
[STEELE.] Wednesday, September 24.

Quicquid est boni moris levitate extinguitur.—Sen.

'*Dear Mr.* SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge, Sept.* 18.

I AM a young Woman of Eighteen years of Age, and, I do assure you, a Maid of unspotted Reputation, founded upon a very careful Carriage in all my Looks, Words and Actions. At the same Time I must own to you, that it is with much Constraint to Flesh and Blood that my Behaviour is so strictly irreproachable; for I am naturally addicted to Mirth, to Gayety, to a free Air, to Motion and Gadding. Now what gives me a great Deal of Anxiety, and is some Discouragement in the Pursuit of Virtue, is, that the young Women who run into greater Freedoms with the Men are more taken Notice of than I am. The Men are such unthinking Sots, that they do not prefer her who restrains all her Passions and Affections, and keeps

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keeps much within the Bounds of what is lawful, to her who goes to the utmost Verge of Innocence, and parlies at the very Brink of Vice, whether she shall be a Wife or a Mistress. But I must appeal to your spectatorial Wisdom, who, I find, have passed very much of your Time in the Study of Woman, whether this is not a most unreasonable Proceeding. I have read somewhere, that *Hobbes* of *Malmesbury* asserts, That continent Persons have more of what they contain, than those who give a Loose to their Desires. According to this Rule, let there be equal Age, equal Wit, and equal good Humour, in the Woman of Prudence, and her of Liberty; What Stores has he to expect who takes the former? What Refuse must he be contented with who chuses the latter? Well, but I sate down to write to you to vent my Indignation against several pert Creatures who are address'd to and courted in this Place, while poor I, and two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

Every one of these affect gaining the Hearts of your Sex: This is generally attempted by a particular Manner of carrying themselves with Familiarity. *Glycera* has a dancing Walk, and keeps Time in her ordinary Gate. *Chloe*, her Sister, who is unwilling to interrupt her Conquests, comes into the Room before her with a familiar Run. *Dulcissa* takes Advantage of the Approach of the Winter, and has introduced a very pretty Shiver, closing up her Shoulders, and shrinking as she moves. All that are in this Mode carry their Fans between both Hands before them. *Dulcissa* her self, who is Author of this Air, adds the pretty Run to it; and has also, when she is in very good Humour, a taking Familiarity in throwing her self into the lowest Seat in the Room, and letting her hoop'd Petticoats fall with a lucky Decency about her. I know she practises this Way of sitting down in her Chamber; and indeed she does it as well as you may have seen an Actress fall down dead in a Tragedy. Not the least Indecency in her Posture. If you have observ'd what pretty Carcasses are carry'd off at the End of a Verse at the Theatre, it will give you a Notion how *Dulcissa* plumps into her Chair. Here's a little Country Girl that's very cunning, that makes her Use of being young and unbred, and outdoes the Insnarers

Insnarers, who are almost twice her Age. The Air that she takes is to come into Company after a Walk, and is very successfully out of Breath upon Occasion. Her Mother is in the Secret, and calls her Romp, and then looks round to see what young Men stare at her. No. 492. Wednesday, Sept. 24, 1712.

It would take up more than can come into one of your Papers, to enumerate all the particular Airs of the younger Company in this Place. But I cannot omit *Dulcecorella*, whose Manner is the most indolent imaginable, but still as watchful of Conquest as the busiest Virgin among us. She has a peculiar Art of staring at a young Fellow, 'till she sees she has got him, and inflamed him by so much Observation. When she sees she has him, and he begins to toss his Head upon it, she is immediately short-sighted, and labours to observe what he is at a Distance with her Eyes half shut. Thus the Captive that thought her first struck, is to make very near Approaches, or be wholly disregarded. This Artifice has done more Execution than all the Ogling of the rest of the Women here, with the utmost Variety of half Glances, attentive Heedlessnesses, childish Inadvertencies, haughty Contempts, or artificial Oversights. After I have said thus much of Ladies among us who fight thus regularly, I am to complain to you of a Set of familiar Romps, who have broken through all common Rules, and have thought of a very effectual Way of shewing more Charms than all of us. These, Mr. SPECTATOR, are the Swingers. You are to know these careless pretty Creatures are very Innocents again; and it is to be no Matter what they do, for 'tis all harmless Freedom. They get on Ropes, as you must have seen the Children, and are swung by their Men Visitants. The Jest is, that Mr. Such-a-one can name the Colour of Mrs. Such-a-one's stockings; and she tells him, he is a lying Thief, so he is, and full of Roguery; and she'll lay a Wager, and her Sister shall tell the Truth if he says right, and he can't tell what Colour her Garters are of. In this Diversion there are very many pretty Shrieks, not so much for fear of falling, as that their Petticoats should unty: For there is a great Care had to avoid Improprieties; and the Lover who swings the Lady, is to tye her Cloaths very close with his Hatband before she admits him to throw up her Heels

Now

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Now, Mr SPECTATOR, except you can note these Wantonnesses in their Beginnings, and bring us sober Girls into Observation, there is no Help for it, we must swim with the Tide, the Cocquets are too powerful a Party for us. To look into the Merit of a regular and well-behaved Woman, is a slow Thing. A loose trivial Song gains the Affections, when a wise Homily is not attended to. There is no other Way but to make War upon them, or we must go over to them. As for my Part, I will show all the World it is not for Want of Charms that I stand so long unasked: and if you do not take Measures for the immediate Redress of us Rigids, as the Fellows calls us, I can move with a speaking Mein, can look significantly, can lisp, can trip, can loll, can start, can blush, can rage, can weep, if I must do it, and can be frighted, as agreeably as any She in *England*. All which is humbly submitted to your spectatorial Consideration with all Humility, by

Your most humble Servant

T Matilda Mohair.'

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[STEELE.] Thursday, September 25.

Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam adspice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem. Hor.

IT is no unpleasant Matter of Speculation to consider the recommendatory Epistles that pass round this Town from Hand to Hand, and the Abuse People put upon one another in that Kind. It is indeed come to that Pass, that instead of being the Testimony of Merit in the Person recommended, the true Reading of a Letter of this Sort is, *The Bearer hereof is so uneasie to me, that it will be an Act of Charity in you to take him off my Hands; whether you prefer him or not it is all one, for I have no Manner of Kindness for him, or Obligation to him or his; and do what you please as to that.* As negligent as Men are in this Respect, a Point of Honour is concerned in it, and there is Nothing a Man should be more ashamed of, than passing a worthless Creature into the Service or Interests of a Man who has never injured you. The Women indeed are a little too keen in their

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their Resentments, to trespass often this Way: But you shall sometimes know that the Mistress and the Maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free Language, and at last the Lady shall be pacified to turn her out of Doors, and give her a very good Word to any Body else. Hence it is that you see, in a year and half's Time, the same Face a Domestick in all Parts of the Town. Good-breeding and Good-nature lead People in a great Measure to this Injustice: When Suitors of no Consideration will have Confidence enough to press upon their Superiors, those in Power are tender of speaking the exceptions they have against them, and are mortgaged into Promises out of their Impatience of Importunity. In this latter Case, it would be a very useful Enquiry to know the History of Recommendations: There are, you must know, certain Abettors of this Way of Torment who make it a Profession to manage the Affairs of Candidates: These Gentlemen let out their Impudence to their Clients, and supply any defective Recommendation, by informing how such and such a Man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the least Scrap from Mr. such a one, and leave the Rest to them. When one of these Undertakers have your Business in Hand, you may be sick, absent, in Town or Country, and the Patron shall be worryed, or you prevail. I remember to have been shewn a Gentleman, some Years ago, who punish'd a whole People for their Facility in giving their Credentials. This Person had belonged to a Regiment which did Duty in the *West Indies*, and by the Mortality of the Place happened to be commanding Officer in the Colony. He oppressed his Subjects with great Frankness till he became sensible that he was heartily hated by every Man under his Command. When he had carried his Point, to be thus detestable, in a pretended Fit of Dishumour, and feigned Uneasiness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief Inhabitants a Design he had to return for *England*, provided they would give him ample Testimonials of their Approbation. The Planters came into it to a Man, and in Proportion to his deserving the quite contrary, the Words Justice, Generosity, and Courage were inserted in his Commission, not omitting

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omitting the general Good-liking of People of all Conditions in the Colony. The Gentleman returns for *England*, and within few Months after came back to them their Governour on the Strength of their own Testimonials.

Such a Rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to easy Recommenders, in the ordinary Course of Things from one Hand to another; but how would a Man bear to have it said to him, The Person I took into Confidence on the Credit you gave him, has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any Way the Character you gave me of him.

I cannot but conceive very good Hopes of that Rake *Jack Toper* of the *Temple*, for an honest Scrupulousness in this Point. A Friend of his meeting with a Servant that had formerly lived with *Jack*, and having a Mind to take him, sent to him to know what Faults the Fellow had, since he could not please such a careless Fellow as he was. His answer was as follows.

'*Sir*,

Thomas that lived with me was turned away because he was too good for me. You know I live in Taverns; he is an orderly sober Rascal, and thinks much to sleep in an Entry 'till Two in a Morning. He told me one Day when he was dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead before now, since I went to Dinner in the Evening, and went to Supper at two in the Morning. We were coming down *Essex-street* one Night a little flustered, and I was giving him the Word to alarm the Watch: he had the Impudence to tell me it was against the Law. You that are Married, and live one Day after another the same Way, and so on the whole Week, I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have his Meat in due Season: The Fellow is certainly very Honest. My Service to your Lady.

Yours, &c.'

Now this was very fair Dealing. *Jack* knew very well, that tho' the Love of Order made a Man very awkward in his Equipage, it was a valuable Quality among the queer People

People who live by Rule; and had too much good Sense and good Nature to let the Fellow starve, because he was not fit to attend his Vivacities. No. 493. Thursday, Sept. 25, 1712.

I shall end this Discourse with a Letter of Recommendation from *Horace* to *Claudius Nero*. You will see, in that Letter, a slowness to ask a Favour, a strong Reason for being unable to deny his good Word any longer, and that it is a Service to the Person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked: All which are necessary Circumstances, both in Justice and Good-breeding, if a Man would ask so as to have Reason to complain of a Denial; and indeed a Man should not in Strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the Authority of *Horace*, who perfectly understood how to live with great Men, may have a good Effect towards amending this Facility in People of Condition, and the Confidence of those who apply to them without Merit, I have translated the Epistle.

'*To* CLAUDIUS NERO.

Sir,

Septimius, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the Place you are pleased to allow me in your Friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your Notice, in such a Manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in the Choice of your Friends and Domesticks, he knows our Intimacy, and understands my Ability to serve him better than I do my self. I have defended my self against his Ambition to be yours as long as I possibly could; but fearing the Imputation of hiding my Power in you out of mean and selfish Considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you this Trouble. Thus, to avoid the Appearance of a greater Fault, I have put on this Confidence. If you can forgive this Transgression of Modesty in behalf of a Friend, receive this Gentleman into your Interests and Friendship, and take it from me that he is an Honest and a Brave Man.' T

Friday

No. 494. Friday, Sept. 26, 1712.

No. 494. [ADDISON.] Friday, September 26.

Aegritudinem laudare, unam rem maxime detestabilem, quorum est tandem philosophorum? Cic.

ABOUT an Age ago it was the Fashion in *England* for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much Sanctity as possible into his Face, and in particular to abstain from all Appearances of Mirth and Pleasantry, which were looked upon as the Marks of a Carnal Mind. The Saint was of a sorrowful Countenance, and generally eaten up with Spleen and Melancholy. A Gentleman, who was lately a great Ornament to the learned World, has diverted me more than once with an Account of the Reception which he met with from a very famous Independent Minister, who was Head of a College in those Times. This Gentleman was then a young Adventurer in the Republick of Letters, and just fitted out for the University with a good Cargo of *Latin* and *Greek*. His Friends were resolved that he should try his Fortune at an Election which was drawing near in the College, of which the Independent Minister, whom I have before mentioned was Governour. The Youth, according to Custom, waited on him in Order to be examined. He was received at the Door by a Servant, who was one of that gloomy Generation that were then in Fashion. He conducted him, with great Silence and Seriousness, to a long Gallery which was darkned at Noonday, and had only a single Candle burning in it. After a short Stay in this melancholy Apartment, he was led into a Chamber hung with Black, where he entertained himself for some Time by the glimmering of a Taper, 'till at length the Head of the Colledge came out to him, from an inner Room, with half a Dozen Night-Caps upon his Head, and a religious Horror in his Countenance. The young Man trembled; but his Fears encreased, when, instead of being asked what Progress he had made in Learning, he was examined how he abounded in Grace. His *Latin* and *Greek* stood him in little stead, he was to give an Account only of the State of his Soul, whether he was of the Number of the Elect; what was the Occasion of his Conversion

Conversion; upon what Day of the Month, and Hour of the Day it happened; how it was carried on, and when compleated? The whole Examination was summed up with one short Question, Namely, *Whether he was prepared for Death?* The Boy, who had been bred up by honest Parents, was frighted out of his Wits at the Solemnity of the Proceeding, and by the last dreadful Interrogatory; so that upon making his Escape out of this House of Mourning he could never be brought a second Time to the Examination, as not being able to go through the Terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general Form and Outside of Religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many Persons, who, by a natural Unchearfulness of Heart, mistaken Notions of Piety, or Weakness of Understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable Way of Life, and give up themselves a Prey to Grief and Melancholy. Superstitious Fears, and groundless Scruples, cut them off from the Pleasures of Conversation, and all those social Entertainments which are not only innocent but laudable; as if Mirth was made for Reprobates, and Chearfulness of Heart denied those who are the only Persons that have a proper Title to it.

Sombrius is one of these Sons of Sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in Duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden Fit of Laughter, as a Breach of his Baptismal Vow. An innocent Jest startles him like Blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a Title of Honour, he lifts up his Hands and Eyes; describe a Publick Ceremony, he shakes his Head; shew him a gay Equipage, he blesses himself. All the little Ornaments of Life are Pomps and Vanities. Mirth is wanton, and Wit profane. He is scandalized at Youth for being lively, and at Childhood for being playful. He sits at a Christening, or a Marriage-Feast, as at a Funeral; sighs at the Conclusion of a merry Story; and grows devout when the Rest of the Company grow pleasant. After all, *Sombrius* is a religious Man, and would have behaved himself very properly, had he lived when Christianity was under a general Persecution.

I would by no Means presume to tax such Characters with

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with Hypocrisie, as is done too frequently, that being a Vice which I think none but He, who knows the Secrets of Men's Hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the Proofs of it do not amount to a Demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent Persons, who are weighed down by this habitual Sorrow of Heart, they rather deserve our Compassion than our Reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider, whether such a Behaviour does not deterr Men from a religious Life, by Representing it as an unsociable State, that extinguishes all Joy and Gladness, darkens the Face of Nature, and destroys the Relish of Being it self.

I have, in former Papers, shewn how great a Tendency there is to Chearfulness in Religion, and how such a Frame of Mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous Person. In short, those who represent Religion in so unamiable a Light, are like the Spies sent by *Moses* to make a Discovery of the Land of *Promise*, when by their Reports they discouraged the People from entering upon it. Those who shew us the Joy, the Chearfulness, the good Humour, that naturally springs up in this happy State, are like the Spies bringing along with them the Clusters of Grapes, and delicious Fruits, that might invite their Companions into the pleasant Country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan Writer has made a Discourse, to shew that the Atheist, who denies a God, does him less Dishonour than the Man who owns his Being, but at the same Time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to humane Nature. For my own Part, says he, I wou'd rather it shou'd be said of me, that there was never any such Man as *Plutarch*, than that *Plutarch* was ill-natured, capricious or inhumane.

If we may believe our Logicians, Man is distinguished from all other Creatures, by the Faculty of Laughter. He has an Heart capable of Mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the Business of Virtue to extirpate the Affections of the Mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish Gladness from the Heart of Man. Religion contracts the Circle of our Pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her Votaries

Votaries to expatiate in. The Contemplation of the Divine Being, and the Exercise of Virtue, are in their own Nature so far from excluding all Gladness of Heart, that they are perpetual Sources of it. In a Word, the true Spirit of Religion cheers, as well as composes the Soul: It banishes indeed all Levity of Behaviour, all vicious and dissolute Mirth, but in Exchange fills the Mind with a perpetual Serenity, uninterrupted Chearfulness, and an habitual Inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself. O

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No. 495.
[ADDISON.] Saturday, September 27.

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per caedes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro. Hor.

AS I am one who, by my Profession, am obliged to look into all Kinds of Men, there are none whom I consider with so much Pleasure, as those who have any Thing new or extraordinary in their Characters, or Ways of Living. For this Reason I have often amused my self with Speculations on the Race of People called *Jews*, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable Towns which I have passed through in the Course of my Travels. They are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading Parts of the World, that they are become the Instruments by which the most distant Nations converse with one another, and by which Mankind are knit together in a general Correspondence. They are like the Pegs and Nails in a great Building, which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole Frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten Tracks of Observation, I shall consider this People in three Views; First, with Regard to their Number; Secondly, their Dispersion; and Thirdly their Adherence to their Religion; and afterwards endeavour to shew, first what natural Reasons, and secondly what providential Reasons may be assigned for these three remarkable Particulars.

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The *Jews* are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the Land of *Canaan*. This is wonderful, considering the dreadful Slaughter made of them under some of the *Roman* Emperors, which Historians describe by the Death of many Hundred Thousands in a War, and the innumerable Massacres and Persecutions they have undergone in *Turkey*, as well as in all Christian Nations of the World. Their *Rabbins*, to express the great Havock which has been sometimes made of them, tell us, after their usual Manner of Hyperbole, that there were such Torrents of holy Blood shed, as carried Rocks of an hundred Yards in Circumference above three Miles into the Sea.

Their Dispersion is the second remarkable Particular in this People. They swarm over all the East, and are settled in the remotest Parts of *China*: They are spread through most of the Nations of *Europe* and *Africk*, and many Families of them are established in the *West-Indies*. Not to mention whole Nations bordering on *Prester John*'s Country, and discovered in the inner Parts of *America*, if we may give any Credit to their own Writers.

Their firm Adherence to their Religion, is no less remarkable than their Numbers and Dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or contemned over the Face of the whole Earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent Apostacies of this People, when they lived under their Kings, in the Land of *Promise*, and within Sight of their Temple.

If in the next Place we examine, what may be the natural Reasons for these three Particulars, which we find in the *Jews*, and which are not to be found in any other Religion or People, I can in the first Place attribute their Numbers to Nothing but their constant Employment, their Abstinence, their Exemption from Wars, and, above all, their frequent Marriages; for they look on Celibacy as an accursed State, and generally are married before Twenty, as hoping the *Messiah* may descend from them.

The Dispersion of the *Jews* into all the Nations of the Earth, is the second remarkable Particular of that People, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always

always in Rebellions and Tumults while they had the Temple and Holy City in View, for which Reason they have often been driven out of their old Habitations in the Land of *Promise*: They have as often been banished out of most other Places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a People, and oblige them to seek a Livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole People is now a Race of such Merchants as are Wanderers by Profession, and, at the same Time, are in most if not all Places incapable of either Lands or Offices, that might engage them to make any Part of the World their Home.

This Dispersion would probably have lost their Religion, had it not been secured by the Strength of its Constitution: For they are to live all in a Body, and generally within the same Enclosure, to marry among themselves, and to eat no Meats that are not killed or prepared their own Way. This shuts them out from all Table Conversation, and the most agreeable Intercourses of Life; and, by Consequence, excludes them from the most probable Means of Conversion.

If, in the last Place, we consider what providential Reason may be assigned for these three Particulars, we shall find that their Numbers, Dispersion, and Adherence to their Religion, have furnished every Age, and every Nation of the World, with the strongest Arguments for the Christian Faith, not only as these very Particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the Depositaries of these, and all the other Prophecies which tend to their own Confusion. Their Number furnishes us with a sufficient Cloud of Witnesses, that attest the Truth of the old Bible. Their Dispersion spreads these Witnesses through all Parts of the World. The Adherence to their Religion, makes their Testimony unquestionable. Had the whole Body of *Jews* been converted to Christianity, we should certainly have thought all the Prophecies of the old Testament, that relate to the Coming and History of our Blessed Saviour, forged by Christians, and have looked upon them, with the Prophecies of the *Sybils*, as made many Years after the Events they pretended to foretell. O

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No. 496. [STEELE.] Monday, September 29.

Gnatum- - -
– pariter uti his decuit aut etiam amplius,
Quod illa actas magis ad haec utenda idonea est.
Terent. *Heaut*, A. 1 Sc. 1.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

THOSE Ancients, who were the most accurate in their Remarks on the Genius and Temper of Mankind, by considering the various Bent and Scope of our Actions throughout the Progress of Life, have with great Exactness allotted Inclinations and Objects of Desire particular to every Stage, according to the different Circumstances of our Conversation and Fortune, thro' the several Periods of it. Hence they were disposed easily to excuse those Excesses which might possibly arise from a too eager Pursuit of the Affections more immediately proper to each State: They indulged the Levity of Childhood with Tenderness, overlooked the Gayety of Youth with good Nature, tempered the forward Ambition and Impatience of ripened Manhood with Discretion, and kindly imputed the tenacious Avarice of old Men to their Want of Relish for any other Enjoyment. Such Allowances as these were no less advantagious to common Society, than obliging to particular Persons: for by maintaining a Decency and Regularity in the Course of Life, they supported the Dignity of humane Nature, which then suffers the greatest Violence when the Order of Things is inverted; and in Nothing is it more remarkably vilified and ridiculous, than when Feebleness preposterously attempts to adorn it self with that outward Pomp and Lustre which serve only to set off the Bloom of Youth with better Advantage. I was insensibly carried into Reflections of this Nature, by just now meeting *Paulino* (who is in his Climacterick) bedeck'd with the utmost Splendour of Dress and Equipage, and giving an unbounded Loose to all Manner of Pleasure, whilst his only Son is debarr'd all innocent Diversion, and may be seen frequently solacing himself in the *Mall*, with no other Attendance, than one antiquated Servant of his Father's, for a Companion and Director.

It

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It is a monstrous Want of Reflection, that a Man cannot consider that when he cannot resign the Pleasures of Life in his Decay of Appetite and Inclination to them, his Son must have a much uneasier Task to resist the Impetuosity of growing Desires. The Skill therefore should methinks be, to let a Son want no lawful Diversion, in proportion to his future Fortune, and the Figure he is to make in the World. The first Step towards Virtue that I have observed in young Men of Condition that have run into Excesses, has been that they had a Regard to their Quality and Reputation in the Management of their Vices. Narrowness in their Circumstances has made many Youths to supply themselves as Debauchees, commence Cheats and Rascals. The Father who allows his Son to his utmost Ability, avoids this latter Evil, which as to the World is much greater than the former. But the contrary Practice has prevail'd so much among some Men, that I have known them deny them what was meerly necessary for Education suitable to their Quality. Poor young *Antonio* is a lamentable Instance of ill Conduct in this Kind. The young Man did not want natural Talents; but the Father of him was a Coxcomb, who affected being a fine Gentleman so unmercifully, that he could not endure in his Sight, or the frequent Mention of one, who was his Son growing into Manhood, and thrusting him out of the gay World. I have often thought the Father took a secret Pleasure in reflecting, that when that fine House and Seat came into the next Hands, it would revive his Memory, as a Person who knew how to enjoy them, from Observation of the Rusticity and Ignorance of his Successor. Certain it is, that a Man may, if he will, let his Heart close to the having no Regard to any Thing but his dear Self, even with Exclusion of his very Children. I recommend this Subject to your Consideration, and am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

T R.'

'*Mr.*

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'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, *London, Sept.* 26. 1712.

I am just come from *Tunbridge*, and have since my Return read Mrs. *Matilda Mohair*'s Letter to you: She pretends to make a mighty Story about the Diversion of Swinging in that Place. What was done, was only among Relations; and no Man swung any Woman who was not second Cousin at farthest. She is pleased to say, Care was taken that the Gallants tied the Ladies Legs before they were wafted into the Air. Since she is so spiteful I'll tell you the plain Truth; There was no such Nicety observed, since we were all, as I just now told you, near Relations; but Mrs. *Mohair* her self has been swung there, and she invents all this Malice because it was observed she has crooked Legs, of which I was an Eye-Witness.

Your humble Servant,
Rachel Shooestring.'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge, Sept.* 26. 1712.

We have just now read your Paper containing Mrs. *Mohair*'s Letter. It is an Invention of her own from one End to the other; and I desire you would print the enclosed Letter by it self, and shorten it so as to come within the Compass of your Half-Sheet. She is the most malicious Minx in the World, for all she looks so innocent. Don't leave out that Part about her being in Love with her Father's Butler, which makes her shun Men; for that is the truest of it all.

Your humble Servant,
Sarah Trice.

P. S. She has crooked Legs.'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge, Sept.* 26. 1712.

All that Mrs. *Mohair* is so vex'd at against the good Company of this Place is, that we all know she has crooked Legs. This is certainly true. I don't care for putting my Name, because one would not be in the Power of the Creature.

Your humble Servant unknown.'
Mr.'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge, Sept.* 26. 1712. No. 496. Monday, Sept. 29, 1712.

That insufferable Prude Mrs. *Mohair*, who has told such Stories of the Company here, is with Child, for all her nice Airs and her crooked Legs. Pray be sure to put her in for both those two Things, and you'll oblige every Body here, especially

Your humble Servant,

T Alice Bluegarter.'

No. 497.

[STEELE.] Tuesday, September 30.

Ουτός ἐστι γαλεώτης γέρων. Menander.

A FAVOUR well bestowed, is almost as great an Honour to him who confers it as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the superiour Reputation of the Patron in this Case, is, that he is always surrounded with specious Pretences of unworthy Candidates, and is often alone in the kind Inclination he has towards the Well-deserving. Justice is the first Quality in the Man who is in a Post of Direction; and I remember to have heard an old Gentleman talk of the Civil-wars, and in his Relation give an Account of a general Officer, who with this one Quality, without any shining Endowments, became so peculiarly beloved and honoured, that all Decisions between Man and Man were laid before him by the Parties concern'd in a private Way, and they would lay by their Animosities implicitly if he bid them be Friends, or submit themselves in the Wrong without Reluctance, if he said it, without waiting the Judgment of Court-marshals. His Manner was to keep the Dates of all Commissions in his Closet, and wholly dismiss from the Service such who were deficient in their Duty, and after that took Care to prefer according to the Order of Battle. His Familiars were his entire Friends, and could have no interested Views in Courting his Acquaintance; for his Affection was no Step to their Preferment, though it was to their Reputation. By this Means a kind Aspect, a Salutation, a Smile, and giving out his Hand, had the Weight of what is esteemed by vulgar

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vulgar Minds more substantial. His Business was very short, and he who had Nothing to do but Justice, was never affronted with a Request of a familiar daily Visitant for what was due to a brave Man at a Distance. Extraordinary Merit he used to recommend to the King for some Distinction at Home, 'till the Order of Battle made Way for his rising in the Troops. Add to this, that he had an excellent Manner of getting rid of such whom he observed were good at an *Halt*, as his Phrase was. Under this Description he comprehended all those who were contented to live without Reproach, and had no Promptitude in their Minds towards Glory. These Fellows were also recommended to the King, and taken off of the General's Hands into Posts wherein Diligence and common Honesty were all that were necessary. This General had no weak Part in his Line; but every Man had as much Care upon him, and as much Honour to lose as himself. Every Officer could answer for what pass'd where he was, and the General's Presence was never necessary any where but where he had placed himself at the first Disposition, except that Accident happen'd from extraordinary Efforts of the Enemy which he could not foresee; but it was remarkable that it never fell out from Failure in his own Troops. It must be confess'd, the World is just so much out of Order, as an unworthy Person possesses what should be in the Direction of him who has better Pretensions to it.

Instead of such a Conduct as this old Fellow used to describe in his General, all the Evils which have ever happen'd among Mankind have arose from the wanton Disposition of the Favours of the Powerful. It is generally all that Men of Modesty and Virtue can do to fall in with some whimsical Turn in a Great Man, to make Way for Things of real and absolute Service. In the Time of Don *Sebastian* of *Portugal*, or some Time since, the first Minister would let Nothing come near him but what bore the most profound Face of Wisdom and Gravity. They carried it so far, that, for the greater Shew of their profound Knowledge, a Pair of Spectacles, tied on their Noses with a black Ribband round their Heads, was what compleated the Dress of those who made their Court at his

his Levee, and none with naked Noses were admitted to his Presence. A blunt honest Fellow, who had a Command in the Train of Artillery, had attempted to make an Impression upon the Porter, Day after Day, in vain, 'till at length he made his Appearance in a very thoughtful dark Suit of Cloaths, and two Pair of Spectacles on at once. He was conducted from Room to Room, with great Deference, to the Minister, and carrying on the Farce of the Place, he told his Excellence, That he had pretended in this Manner to be wiser than he really was, but with no ill Intention: but he was honest Such-a-one of the Train, and he came to tell him that they wanted Wheel-barrows and Pick-axes. The Thing happened not to displease, the great Man was seen to smile, and the successful Officer was reconducted with the same profound Ceremony out of the House.

When *Leo* the Tenth reigned Pope of *Rome*, his Holiness, tho' a Man of Sense, and of an excellent Taste of Letters, of all Things affected Fools, Buffoons, Humorists, and Coxcombs: Whether it were from Vanity, and that he enjoyed no Talents in other Men but what were inferior to him, or whatever it was, he carried it so far, that his whole Delight was in finding out new Fools, and, as our Phrase is, playing them off, and making them shew themselves to Advantage. A Priest of his former Acquaintance suffered a great many Disappointments in attempting to find Access to him in a regular Character, 'till at last in Despair he retired from *Rome*, and returned in an Equipage so very phantastical, both as to the Dress of himself and Servants, that the whole Court were in an Emulation who should first introduce him to his Holiness. What added to the Expectation his Holiness had of the Pleasure he should have in his Follies, was, that this Fellow, in a Dress the most exquisitely ridiculous, desired he might speak to him alone, for he had Matters of the highest Importance, upon which he wanted a Conference. Nothing could be denied to a Coxcomb of so great Hope; but when they were a-part, the Impostor revealed himself, and spoke as follows.

Do not be surprized, most holy Father, at Seeing, instead

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stead of a Coxcomb to laugh at, your old Friend, who has taken this Way of Access to admonish you of your own Folly. Can any Thing shew your Holiness how unworthily you treat Mankind, more than my being put upon this Difficulty to speak with you? It is a Degree of Folly to delight to see it in others, and it is the greatest Insolence imaginable to rejoyce in the Disgrace of humane Nature. It is a criminal Humility in a Person of your Holiness's Understanding, to believe you cannot excel but in the Conversation of Half-wits, Humourists, Coxcombs, and Buffoons. If your Holiness has a Mind to be diverted like a rational Man, you have a great Opportunity for it, in disrobing all the Impertinents you have favoured of all their Riches and Trappings at once, and bestowing them on the Humble, the Virtuous, and the Meek. If your Holiness is not concerned for the Sake of Virtue and Religion, be pleased to reflect, that for the Sake of your own Safety it is not proper to be so very much in Jest. When the Pope is thus merry, the People will in Time begin to think many Things, which they have hitherto beheld with great Veneration, are in themselves Objects of Scorn and Derision. If they once get a Trick of knowing how to laugh, your Holiness's saying this Sentence in one Night-cap and t'other with the other, the Change of your Slippers, bringing you your Staff in the Midst of a Prayer, then stripping you of one Vest and clapping on a second during Divine Service, will be found out to have Nothing in it. Consider, Sir, that at this Rate a Head will be reckoned never the wiser for being bald; and the Ignorant will be apt to say, that going barefoot does not at all help on in the Way to Heaven. The red Cap and the Coul will fall under the same Contempt; and the Vulgar will tell us to our Faces, that we shall have no Authority over them but from the Force of our Arguments and the Sanctity of our lives.

T

No. 498.
[STEELE.]

Wednesday, October 1.

No. 498. Wednesday, October 1, 1712.

——Frustra retinacula tendens
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

'*To the* SPECTATOR GENERAL *of* Great Britain.

From the farther End of the Widow's Coffee-house in Devereaux-Court, Monday *Evening, 28 Minutes and a Half past Six.*

Dear Dumb,

IN short, to use no further Preface, if I should tell you that I have seen a Hackney-Coachman, when he has come to set down his Fare, which has consisted of two or three very fine Ladies, hand them out, and salute every one of them with an Air of Familiarity, without giving the least Offence, you would perhaps think me guilty of a Gasconade. But to clear my self from that Imputation, and to explain this Matter to you, I assure you that there are many illustrious Youths within this City, who frequently recreate themselves by driving of a Hackney-Coach: But those whom, above all others, I would recommend to you, are the young Gentlemen belonging to our Inns of Court. We have, I think, about a dozen Coachmen, who have Chambers here in the *Temple*; and as it is reasonable to believe others will follow their Example, we may perhaps in Time, (if it shall be thought convenient) be drove to *Westminster* by our own Fraternity, allowing every fifth Person to apply his Meditations this Way, which is but a modest Computation as the Humour is now likely to take. It is to be hoped likewise, that there are in the other Nurseries of the Law to be found a proportionable Number of these hopeful Plants, springing up to the everlasting Renown of their native Country. Of how long standing this Humour has been, I know not; the first Time I had any particular Reason to take Notice of it was about this Time Twelvemonth, when, being upon *Hampstead-Heath* with some of these studious young Men, who went thither purely for the Sake of Contemplation, Nothing would serve them but I must go through a Course of this Philosophy

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Philosophy too; and being ever willing to embellish my self with any commendable Qualification, it was not long e'er they perswaded me into the Coach-box; nor indeed much longer before I underwent the fate of my brother *Phaeton*, for having drove about fifty Paces with pretty good Success, through my own natural Sagacity, together with the good Instructions of my Tutors, who, to give them their Due, were on all Hands encouraging and assisting me in this laudable Undertaking; I say, Sir, having drove about fifty Paces with pretty good Success, I must needs be exercising the Lash, which the Horses resented so ill from my Hands, that they gave a sudden Start, and thereby pitched me directly upon my Head, as I very well remembered about Half an Hour afterwards, which not only deprived me of all the Knowledge I had gain'd for fifty Yards before, but had like to have broken my Neck into the Bargain. After such a severe Reprimand, you may imagine I was not very easily prevail'd with to make a second Attempt; and indeed, upon mature Deliberation, the whole Science seemed, at least to me, to be surrounded with so many Difficulties, that notwithstanding the unknown Advantages which might have accrued to me thereby, I gave over all Hopes of attaining it, and I believe had never thought of it more, but that my Memory has been lately refreshed by seeing some of these ingenious Gentlemen ply in the open Streets, one of which I saw receive so suitable a Reward to his Labours, that tho' I know you are no Friend to Story-telling, yet I must beg Leave to trouble you with this at large.

About a Fortnight since, as I was diverting my self with a Pennyworth of Wallnuts at the *Temple-Gate*, a lively young Fellow in a Fustian Jacket shot by me, beckon'd a Coach, and told the Coachman he wanted to go as far as *Chelsey*: They agreed upon the Price, and this young Gentleman mounts the Coach-box; the Fellow staring at him, desired to know if he should not drive 'till they were out of Town? No, no, reply'd he: He was then going to climb up to him, but receiv'd another Check, and was then ordered to get into the Coach, or behind it, for that he wanted no Instructors; but be sure, you Dog you

you, says he, don't you bilk me. The Fellow thereupon surrender'd his Whip, scratch'd his Head, and crept into the Coach. Having my self Occasion to go into the *Strand*, about the same Time, we started both together: but the Street being very full of Coaches, and he not so able a Coachman as perhaps he imagined himself, I had soon got a little Way before him: often, however, having the Curiosity to cast my Eye back upon him to observe how he behaved himself, in this high Station, which he did with great Composure 'till he came to the Pass, which is a Military Term the Brothers of the Whip have given the Streight at St. *Clement's* Church; when he was arrived near this Place, where are always Coaches in waiting, the Coachmen began to suck up the Muscles of their Cheeks, and to tip the Wink upon each other, as if they had some Roguery in their Heads, which I was immediately convinced of; for he no sooner came within Reach, but the first of them with his Whip took the exact Dimension of his Shoulders, which he very ingeniously call'd Endorsing; and indeed I must say that every one of them took due Care to endorse him as he came thro' their Hands. He seem'd at first a little uneasy under the Operation, and was going in all haste to take the Numbers of their Coaches; but at length, by the Mediation of the worthy Gentleman in the Coach, his Wrath was asswaged, and he prevail'd upon to pursue his Journey; though indeed I thought they had clapt such a Spoke in his Wheel, as had disabled him from being a Coachman for that Day at least: For I am only mistaken, Mr. SPEC, if some of these Endorsements were not wrote in so strong a Hand, that they are still legible. Upon my enquiring the Reason of this unusual Salutation, they told me that it was a Custom among them, whenever they saw a Brother tottering or unstable in his Post, to lend him a Hand in order to settle him again therein: For my Part I thought their Allegations but reasonable, and so march'd off. Besides our Coachmen, we do abound in divers other Sorts of ingenious robust Youth, who, I hope, will not take it ill if I refer giving you an Account of their several Recreations to another Opportunity. In the mean Time, if you would but bestow a little of your wholsome Advice upon our Coachmen

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Coachmen, it might perhaps be a Reprieve to some of their Necks. As I understand you have several Inspectors under you, if you would but send one amongst us here in the *Temple*, I am perswaded he would not want Employment. But I leave this to your own Consideration, and am,

Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

Moses Greenbag.

P. S. I have heard our Criticks in the Coffee-houses hereabout talk mightily of the Unity of Time and Place: According to my Notion of the Matter, I have endeavoured at Something like it in the Beginning of my Epistle. I desire to be inform'd a little as to that Particular. In my next I design to give you some Account of excellent Watermen, who are bred to the Law, and far outdo the Land-Students abovementioned.' T

No. 499.
[ADDISON.] Thursday, October 2.

. . Nimis uncis
Naribus indulges——. Pers.

MY Friend Will Honycomb has told me, for above this half Year, that he had a great Mind to try his Hand at a *Spectator*, and that he would fain have one of his Writing in my Works. This Morning I receiv'd from him the following Letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical Mistakes, I shall make a Present of to the Publick.

'*Dear* Spec,

I was, about two Nights ago, in Company with very agreeable young People of both Sexes, where talking of some of your Papers which are written on conjugal Love, there arose a Dispute among us whether there were not more bad Husbands in the World than bad Wives. A Gentleman, who was Advocate for the Ladies, took this Occasion to tell us the Story of a famous Siege in *Germany*, which I have since found related in my historical Dictionary

tionary, after the following Manner. When the Emperor *Conrade* the Third had besieged *Guelphus*, Duke of *Bavaria*, in the City of *Hensberg*, the Women finding that the Town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the Emperor that they might depart out of it, with so much as each of them could carry. The Emperor, knowing they could not convey away many of their Effects, granted them their Petition: When the Women, to his great Surprize, came out of the Place with every one her Husband upon her Back. The Emperor was so moved at the Sight, that he burst into Tears, and after having very much extolled the Women for their conjugal Affection, gave the Men to their Wives, and received the Duke into his Favour.

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The Ladies did not a little triumph at this Story, asking us, at the same Time, whether in our Consciences we believed that the Men of any Town in *Great Britain* would, upon the same Offer, and at the same Conjuncture, have loaden themselves with their Wives; or rather, whether they would not have been glad of such an Opportunity to get rid of them? To this my very good Friend *Tom Dapperwit*, who took upon him to be the Mouth of our Sex, replied, that they would be very much to blame if they wou'd not do the same good Office for the Women, considering that their Strength would be greater, and their Burdens lighter. As we were amusing our selves with Discourses of this Nature, in order to pass away the Evening, which now begins to grow tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive Diversion of Questions and Commands. I was no sooner vested with the regal Authority, but I enjoined all the Ladies, under Pain of my Displeasure, to tell the Company ingenuously, in Case they had been in the Siege abovementioned, and had the same Offers made them as the good Women of that Place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the Saving? There were several merry Answers made to my Question, which entertained us 'till Bed-time. This filled my Mind with such an Huddle of Ideas, that upon my going to sleep I fell into the following Dream.

I saw a Town of this Island, which shall be nameless, invested

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invested on every Side, and the Inhabitants of it so streigthned as to cry for Quarter. The General refused any other Terms than those granted to the abovementioned Town of *Hensberg*, namely, that the married Women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the City Gates flew open, and a Female Procession appeared, Multitudes of the Sex following one another in a Row, and staggering under their respective Burdens. I took my Stand upon an Eminence in the Enemies' Camp, which was appointed for the general Rendezvous of these female Carriers, being very desirous to look into their several Ladings. The first of them had an huge Sack upon her Shoulders, which she set down with great Care: Upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her Husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with China-Ware. The next appeared in a more decent Figure, carrying an handsome young Fellow upon her Back: I could not forbear commending the young Woman for her conjugal Affection, when, to my great Surprise, I found that she had left the good Man at home, and brought away her Gallant. I saw the third at some Distance, with a little withered Face peeping over her Shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her Spouse, 'till upon her setting him down I heard her call him dear Pugg, and found him to be her favourite Monkey. A fourth brought a huge Bale of Cards along with her; and the fifth a *Bolonia* Lap-dog, for her Husband it seems being a very burly Man, she thought it would be less Trouble for her to bring away little *Cupid*. The next was the Wife of a rich Usurer, loaden with a Bag of Gold: she told us that her Spouse was very old, and by the Course of Nature could not expect to live long, and that to shew her tender Regards for him she had saved that which the poor Man loved better than his Life. The next came towards us with her Son upon her Back, who, we were told, was the greatest Rake in the Place, but so much the Mother's Darling that she left her Husband behind, with a large Family of hopeful Sons and Daughters, for the sake of this graceless Youth.

It would be endless to mention the several Persons, with their several Loads, that appeared to me in this strange

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strange Vision. All the Place about me was covered with Packs of Ribbands, Brocades, Embroidery, and Ten Thousand other Materials, sufficient to have furnish'd a whole Street of Toy-Shops. One of the Women, having an Husband who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her Shoulders, at the same Time that she carried a great Bundle of *Flanders Lace* under her Arm; but finding her self so over-loaden that she could not save both of them, she dropp'd the good Man, and brought away the Bundle. In short, I found but one Husband among this great Mountain of Baggage, who was a lively Cobler, that kicked and spurr'd all the While his Wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, had scarce passed a Day in his Life without giving her the Discipline of the Strap.

I cannot conclude my Letter, Dear SPEC, without telling thee one very odd Whim in this my Dream. I saw, methoughts, a dozen Women employed in bringing off one Man; I could not guess who it should be, 'till upon his nearer Approach I discovered thy short Phiz. The Women all declared that it was for the Sake of thy Works, and not thy Person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on Condition that thou shouldst continue the *Spectator*. If thou thinkest this Dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy Service, from,

Dear SPEC,

Thine, Sleeping and Waking,

WILL. HONYCOMB.

The Ladies will see, by this Letter, what I have often told them, that WILL is one of those old-fashioned Men of Wit and Pleasure of the Town, that shews his Parts by Raillery on Marriage, and one who has often tryed his Fortune that Way without Success. I cannot however dismiss his Letter, without observing, that the true Story on which it is built does Honour to the Sex, and that in Order to abuse them, the Writer is obliged to have Recourse to Dream and Fiction. O

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No. 500. [ADDISON. Friday, October 3.

— — — Huc natas adjice septem,
Et totidem juvenes, & mox generosque nurusque;
Quærite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.
Ovid. *Met.*

'*Sir*,

YOU, who are so well acquainted with the Story of *Socrates*, must have read how, upon his making a Discourse concerning Love, he pressed his Point with so much Success that all the Batchelors in his Audience took a Resolution to marry by the first Opportunity, and that all the married Men immediately took Horse and galloped home to their Wives. I am apt to think your Discourses, in which you have drawn so many agreeable Pictures of Marriage, have had a very good Effect this Way in *England*. We are obliged to you at least, for having taken off that senseless Ridicule, which for many Years the Witlins of the Town have turned upon their Fathers and Mothers. For my own Part, I was born in Wedlock, and I don't care who knows it: For which Reason, among many others, I should look upon my self as a most insufferable Coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that Cuckoldom was inseparable from Marriage, or to make use of *Husband* and *Wife* as Terms of Reproach. Nay, Sir, I will go one Step further, and declare to you before the whole World, that I am a married Man, and at the same Time I have so much Assurance as not to be ashamed of what I have done.

Among the several Pleasures that accompany this State of Life, and which you have described in your former Papers, there are two you have not taken Notice of, and which are seldom cast into the Account by those who write on this Subject. You must have observed, in your Speculations on human Nature, that Nothing is more gratifying to the Mind of Man than Power or Dominion, and this I think my self amply possessed of, as I am the Father of a Family. I am perpetually taken up in giving out Orders, in prescribing Duties, in hearing Parties, in administring Justice, and in distributing Rewards and Punishments. To speak in the Language of the Centurion,

I say unto one, go, and he goeth, and to another, come, and he cometh, and to my Servant do this, and he doeth it. In short, Sir, I look upon my Family as a patriarchal Sovereignty, in which I am my self both King and Priest. All great Governments are Nothing else but Clusters of these little private Royalties, and therefore I consider the Masters of Families as small Deputy-Governors presiding over the several little Parcels and Divisions of their Fellow-Subjects. As I take great Pleasure in the Administration of my Government in Particular, so I look upon my self not only as a more useful, but as a much greater and happier Man than any Batchelor in *England* of my Rank and Condition.

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There is another accidental Advantage in Marriage, which has likewise fallen to my Share I mean the having a Multitude of Children. These I cannot but regard as very great Blessings. When I see my little Troop before me, I rejoyce in the Additions which I have made to my Species, to my Country, and to my Religion, in having produced such a Number of reasonable Creatures, Citizens, and Christians. I am pleased to see my self thus perpetuated, and as there is no Production comparable to that of an human Creature, I am more proud of having been the Occasion of Ten such glorious Productions, than if I had built an hundred Pyramids at my own Expence, or published as many Volumes of the finest Wit and Learning. In what a beautiful Light has the holy Scripture represented *Abdon*, one of the Judges of *Israel*, who had Forty Sons, and Thirty Grandsons, that rode on threescore and ten Ass-Colts, according to the Magnificence of the eastern Countries? How must the Heart of of the old Man rejoyce, when he saw such a beautiful Procession of his own Descendants, such a numerous Cavalcade of his own Raising? For my own Part, I can sit in my Parlour with great Content, when I take a Review of half a Dozen of my little Boys mounting upon Hobby-Horses, and of as many little Girls tutoring their Babies, each of them endeavouring to excel the rest, and to do Something that may gain my Favour and Approbation. I cannot question but he who has blessed me with so many Children, will assist my Endeavours in

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providing for them. There is one Thing I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous Education. I think it is Sir *Francis Bacon*'s Observation, that in a numerous Family of Children the eldest is often spoiled by the Prospect of an Estate, and the youngest by being the Darling of the Parent; but that some one or other in the Middle, who has not perhaps been regarded, has made his Way in the World, and overtopp'd the rest. It is my Business to implant in every one of my Children the same Seeds of Industry, and the same honest Principles. By this Means I think I have a fair Chance, that one or other of them may grow considerable in some or other Way of Life, whether it be in the Army, or in the Fleet, in Trade, or any of the three learned Professions; for you must know, Sir, that from long Experience and Observation, I am perswaded of what seems a Paradox to most of those with whom I converse, namely, that a Man who has many Children, and gives them a good Education, is more likely to raise a Family, than he who has but one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole Estate. For this Reason I cannot forbear amusing my self with finding out a General, an Admiral, or an Alderman of *London*, a Divine, a Physician, or a Lawyer, among my little People who are now perhaps in Petticoats; and when I see the motherly Airs of my little Daughters when they are playing with their Puppets, I cannot but flatter my self that their Husbands and Children will be happy, in the Possession of such Wives and Mothers.

If you are a Father, you will not perhaps think this Letter impertinent, but if you are a single Man, you will not know the Meaning of it, and probably throw it into the Fire: whatever you determine of it, you may assure your self that it comes from one who is

Your most humble Servant,

and Well-wisher.

O Philoganus.'

No. 501.
[ADDISON.] Saturday, October 4.
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Durum: sed levius fit patientia,
Quicquid corrigere est nefas. - Hor.

AS some of the finest Compositions among the Ancients are in Allegory, I have endeavoured, in several of my Papers, to revive that Way of Writing, and hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful in it: For I find there is always a great Demand for those particular Papers, and cannot but observe that several Authors have endeavoured of late to excell in Works of this Nature. Among these, I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious Gentleman, to whom I am obliged for the following Piece, and who was the Author of the Vision in the CCCCLXth Paper. O.

How are we tortured with the Absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us! What Excursions does the Soul make in Imagination after it! And how does it turn into it self again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the Disappointment! Our Grief, instead of having Recourse to Reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further Nourishment. It calls upon Memory to relate the several Passages and Circumstances of Satisfactions which we formerly enjoy'd; the Pleasures we purchased by those Riches that are taken from us; or the Power and Splendour of our departed Honours; or the Voice, the Words, the Looks, the Temper and Affections of our Friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence, that the Passion shou'd often swell to such a Size as to burst the Heart which contains it, if Time did not make these Circumstances less strong and lively, so that Reason should become a more equal Match for the Passion, or if another Desire which becomes more present did not over-power them with a livelier Representation. These are Thoughts which I had when I fell into a Kind of Vision upon this Subject, and may therefore stand for a proper Introduction to a Relation of it.

I found my self upon a naked Shore, with Company whose

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whose afflicted Countenances witnessed their Conditions. Before us flowed a Water deep, silent, and called the River of *Tears*, which issuing from two Fountains on an upper Ground encompassed an Island that lay before us. The Boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overset by the Impatience and Haste of single Passengers to arrive at the other Side. This immediately was brought to us by *Misfortune* who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our Places, when there appeared a Woman of a mild and composed Behaviour, who began to deterre us from it, by representing the Dangers which would attend our Voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for *Patience*, and some of those too who 'till then cry'd the loudest, were perswaded by her, and return'd back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose Good-nature wou'd not suffer her to forsake Persons in Trouble) desired Leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small Comfort or Advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked but the Boat was pushed off, the Sheet was spread, and being filled with *Sighs*, which are the Winds of that Country, we made a Passage to the farther Bank, through several Difficulties of which the most of us seem'd utterly regardless.

When we landed, we perceived the Island to be strangely overcast with Fogs, which no Brightness cou'd pierce, so that a Kind of gloomy Horror sat always brooding over it. This had Something in it very shocking to easie Tempers, insomuch that some others, whom *Patience* had by this Time gain'd over, left us here, and privily convey'd themselves round the Verge of the Island to find a Ford by which she told them they might escape.

For my Part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the Centre of the Place; and joyning ourselves to others whom we found upon the same Journey, we marched solemnly as at a Funeral, through bordering Hedges of Rosemary, and through a Grove of Yew-Trees, which love to over-shadow Tombs and flourish in Church-Yards. Here we heard on every Side the Wailings and Complaints of several of the Inhabitants, who had cast themselves disconsolately at the Feet of Trees; and as we

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we chanced to approach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their Hands, beating their Breasts, tearing their Hair, or after some other Manner visibly agitated with Vexation. Our Sorrows were heightned by the Influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our Number was wrought up to such a Pitch of Wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a Bough which shot temptingly across the Path we travelled in, but he was restrain'd from it by the kind Endeavours of our above-mentioned Companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky, silent Part of the Island, and by the redoubled Sounds of Sighs, which made a doleful Whistling in the Branches, the Thickness of Air which occasioned faintish Respiration, and the violent Throbbings of Heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approach'd the *Grotto of Grief*. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy Cave, sunk deep in a Dale, and watered by Rivulets that had a Colour between Red and Black. These crept slow and half congealed amongst its Windings, and mixed their heavy Murmur with the Ecchо of Groans that rolled through all the Passages. In the most retired Part of it sat the *Doleful Being* her self, the Path to her was strowed with Goads, Stings and Thorns, and her Throne on which she sat was broken into a Rock, with ragged Pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy Mist hung above her, her Head oppressed with it reclined upon her Arm, thus did she Reign over her disconsolate Subjects, full of her self to Stupidity, in eternal Pensiveness, and the profoundest Silence. On one Side of her stood *Dejection* just dropping into a Swoon, and *Paleness* wasting to a Skeleton; on the other Side were *Care* inwardly tormented with Imaginations, and *Anguish* suffering outward *Troubles* to suck the Blood from her Heart in the Shape of *Vultures*. The whole Vault had a genuine Dismallness in it, which a few scattered Lamps, whose bluish Flames arose and sunk in their Urns, discovered to our Eyes with Encrease. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the Way, and were given over to those Tormentors that stood on either Hand of the Presence; others, galled and mortified with Pain

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Pain, recover'd the Entrance, where *Patience*, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose Company was now become more grateful to us by the Want we had found of her) we winded round the Grotto, and ascended at the Back of it, out of the mournful Dale in whose Bottom it lay. On this Eminence we halted, by her Advice, to pant for Breath, and lifting our Eyes, which 'till then were fixed downwards, felt a sullen Sort of Satisfaction in observing through the Shades what Numbers had entered the Island. This Satisfaction, which appears to have Ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a Time when we were too much taken up with our own Concern to have Respect to that of others, and therefore we did not consider them as Suffering, but our selves as not Suffering in the most forlorn Estate. It had also the Ground-work of Humanity and Compassion in it, tho' the Mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards it began to discover it self, and from observing that others were unhappy, we came to Question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad Occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our Stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received Pity, and so by Degrees became tollerable Company.

A considerable Part of the troublesome Road was thus deceived, at length the Openings among the Trees grew larger, the Air seemed thinner, it lay with less Oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern Tracks in it of a lighter Greyness, like the Breakings of Day, short in Duration, much enlivening, and called in that Country *Gleams of Amusement*. Within a short While these Gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer Continuance: the *Sighs* that hitherto filled the Air with so much Dolefulness, altered to the Sound of common Breezes, and in general the Horrors of the Island were abated.

When we had arrived at last at the Ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable Mourners who had been ferryed over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the Shoar to find

find the Place, where they waited our coming, that by shewing themselves to the World only at the Time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the Troubles of the Grotto. Here the Waters, that rolled on the other Side so deep and silent, were much dryed up, and it was an easier Matter for us to wade over. No. 501. Saturday, October 4 1712.

The River being crossed, we were received upon the further Bank by our Friends and Acquaintance, whom *Comfort* had brought out to congratulate our Appearance in the World again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them, others advised us against all Temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our Trouble, by asking any Particulars of the Journey; and all concluded, that in a Case of so much Melancholy and Affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter Companion than *Patience*. Here *Patience*, appearing serene at her Praises, delivered us over to *Comfort*. *Comfort* smiled at his receiving the Charge; immediately the Sky purpled on that Side to which he turned, and double Day at once broke in upon me.

No. 502.
[STEELE.] Monday, October 6.

Melius pejus, prosit obsit, nil vident nisi quod lubet.--Ter.

WHEN Men read, they taste the Matter with which they are entertained according as their own respective Studies and Inclinations have prepared them, and make their Reflections accordingly. Some perusing a *Roman* Writer, would find in them, whatever the Subject of the Discourses were, Parts which implied the Grandeur of that People in their Warfare or their Politicks. As for my Part, who am a meer Spectator, I drew this Morning Conclusions of their Eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy Sentiments, from the reading a Comedy of *Terence*. The Play was the *Self-Tormentor*. It is from the Beginning to the End a perfect Picture of humane Life, but I did not observe in the Whole one Passage that could raise a Laugh. How well disposed must that People be, who could be entertained with Satisfaction by so sober and polite Mirth! In the first Scene of

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of the Comedy, when one of the old Men accuses the other of Impertinence for interposing in his Affairs, he answers, *I am a Man, and cannot help feeling any Sorrow that can arrive at Man.* It is said this Sentence was received with an universal Applause. There cannot be a greater Argument of the general good Understanding of a People, than a sudden Consent to give their Approbation of a Sentiment which has no Emotion in it. If it were spoken with never so great Skill in the Actor, the Manner of uttering that Sentence could have Nothing in it which could strike any but People of the greatest Humanity, nay People elegant and skilful in Observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his Hand on his Breast, and with a winning Insinuation in his Countenance, expressed to his Neighbour that he was a Man who made his Case his own; yet I'll engage a Player in *Covent-Garden* might hit such an Attitude a thousand Times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that the Minister of State in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* had all Manner of Books and Ballads brought to him, of what Kind soever, and took great Notice how much they took with the People; upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their present Dispositions, and the most proper Way of applying them according to his own Purposes. What passes on the Stage, and the Reception it meets from the Audience, is a very useful Instruction of this Kind. According to what you may observe there on our Stage, you see them often moved so directly against all common Sense and Humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a Nation of Savages. It cannot be called a Mistake of what is pleasant, but the very Contrary to it is what most assuredly takes with them. The other Night an old Woman carried off with a Pain in her Side, with all the Distortions and Anguish of Countenance which is natural to one in that Condition, was laughed and clapped off the Stage. *Terence*'s Comedy, which I am speaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to please none but such as had as good a Taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural Description of the innocent young Woman made by the Servant to his Master. *When I came to the House*, said he, *an old Woman opened the Door*

Door, and I followed her in, because I could by entering upon them unawares better observe what was your Mistress's ordinary Manner of spending her Time, the only Way of judging any one's Inclinations and Genius. I found her at her Needle in a Sort of second Mourning, which she wore for an Aunt she had lately lost. She had Nothing on but what shewed she dressed only for her self. Her Hair hung negligently about her Shoulders. She had none of the Arts with which others use to set themselves off, but had that Negligence of Person which is remarkable in those who are careful of their Minds---- Then she had a Maid who was at Work near her, that was a Slattern, because her Mistress was careless; which I take to be another Argument of your Security in her; for the Go-betweens of Women of Intreague are rewarded too well to be dirty. When you were named, and I told her you desired to see her, she threw down her Work for Joy, covered her Face, and decently hid her Tears-- He must be a very good Actor, and draw Attention rather from his own Character than the Words of the Author, that could gain it among us for this Speech, though so full of Nature and good Sense.

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The intolerable Folly and Confidence of Players putting in Words of their own, does in a great Measure feed the absurd Taste of the Audience. But, however that is, it is ordinary for a Cluster of Coxcombs to take up the House to themselves, and equally insult both the Actors and the Company. These Savages, who want all Manner of Regard and Deference to the rest of Mankind, come only to shew themselves to us, without any other Purpose than to let us know they despise us.

The Gross of an Audience is compos'd of two Sorts of People, those who know no Pleasure but of the Body, and those who improve or command corporeal Pleasures by the Addition of fine Sentiments of the Mind. At present the intelligent Part of the Company are wholly subdued by the Insurrections of those who know no Satisfactions but what they have in common with all other Animals.

This is the Reason that when a Scene tending to

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Procreation is acted, you see the whole Pit in such a Chuckle, and old Letchers, with Mouths open, stare at the loose Gesticulations on the Stage with shameful Earnestness, when the justest Pictures of Humane Life in its calm Dignity, and the properest Sentiments for the Conduct of it, pass by like meer Narration, as conducing only to somewhat much better which is to come after. I have seen the whole House at some Times in so proper a Disposition, that indeed I have trembled for the Boxes, and feared the Entertainment would end in the Representation of the Rape of the *Sabines*.

I would not be understood in this Talk to argue, that Nothing is tolerable on the Stage but what has an immediate Tendency to the Promotion of Virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is Nothing against the Interests of Virtue, and is not offensive to good Manners, that Things of an indifferent Nature may be represented. For this Reason, I have no Exception to the well-drawn Rusticities in the *Country-Wake*; and there is something so miraculously pleasant in *Dogget's* acting the awkward Triumph and comick Sorrow of *Hob* in different Circumstances, that I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the Gallantry of taking the Cudgels for *Gloucestershire*, with the Pride of Heart in tucking himself up, and taking Aim at his Adversary, as well as the other's Protestation in the Humanity of low Romance, That he could not promise the Squire to break *Hob's* Head, but he would, if he could do it in Love: then flourish and begin: I say, what vexes me is, that such excellent Touches as these, as well as the Squire's being out of all Patience at *Hob's* Success, and venturing himself into the Croud, are Circumstances hardly taken Notice of, and the Height of the Jest is only in the very Point that Heads are broken. I am confident, were there a Scene written, wherein *Penkethman* should break his Leg by wrestling with *Bullock*, and *Dicky* come in to set it, without one Word said but what should be according to the exact Rules of Surgery in making this Extension, and binding up the Leg, the whole House should be in a Roar of Applause at the dissembled Anguish of the Patient, the Help given by him who threw him down

down, and the handy Address and arch Looks of the Surgeon. To enumerate the Entrance of Ghosts, the Embattling of Armies, the Noise of Heroes in Love, with a thousand other Enormities, would be to transgress the Bounds of this Paper, for which Reasons it is possible they may have hereafter distinct Discourses; not forgetting any of the Audience who shall set up for Actors, and interrupt the Play on the Stage; and Players who shall preferre the Applause of Fools to that of the reasonable Part of the Company. T

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No. 503.
[STEELE.] Tuesday, October 7.

— *Deleo omnes debinc ex animo mulieres.* Ter.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

YOU have often mention'd with great Vehemence and Indignation the Misbehaviour of People at Church; but I am at present to talk to you on that Subject, and complain to you of one, whom at the same Time I know not what to accuse of, except it be looking too well there, and diverting the Eyes of the Congregation to that one Object. However I have this to say, that she might have stayed at her own Parish, and not come to perplex those who are otherwise intent upon their Duty.

Last *Sunday* was Sevenight I went into a Church not far from *London-Bridge*; but I wish I had been contented to go to my own Parish, I am sure it had been better for me: I say I went to Church thither, and got into a Pew very near the Pulpit. I had hardly been accommodated with a Seat, before there entered into the Isle a young Lady in the very Bloom of Youth and Beauty, and dressed in the most elegant Manner imaginable. Her Form was such, that it engaged the Eyes of the whole Congregation in an Instant, and mine among the rest. Tho' we were all thus fixed upon her, she was not in the least out of Countenance, or under the least Disorder, tho' unattended by any one, and not seeming to know particularly where to place her self. However she had not in the least a confident Aspect, but moved on with

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with the most graceful Modesty, every one making Way, 'till she came to a Seat just overagainst that in which I was placed. The Deputy of the Ward sat in that Pew, and she stood opposite to him; and at a Glance into the Seat, tho' she did not appear the least acquainted with the Gentleman, was let in, with a Confusion that spoke much Admiration at the Novelty of the Thing. The Service immediately began, and she composed her self for it with an Air of so much Goodness and Sweetness, that the Confession, which she uttered so as to be heard where I sate, appeared an Act of Humiliation more than she had Occasion for. The Truth is, her Beauty had Something so innocent, and yet so sublime, that we all gazed upon her like a Phantom. None of the Pictures which we behold of the best *Italian* Painters, have any Thing like the Spirit which appeared in her Countenance, at the different Sentiments expressed in the several Parts of divine Service: That Gratitude and Joy at a Thanksgiving, that Lowliness and Sorrow at the Prayers for the Sick and Distressed, that Triumph at the Passages which gave Instances of the divine Mercy, which appeared respectively in her Aspect, will be in my Memory to my last Hour, I protest to you, Sir, she suspended the Devotion of every one around her; and the Ease she did every Thing with, soon dispersed the churlish Dislike and Hesitation in approving what is excellent, too frequent amongst us, to a general Attention and Entertainment in observing her Behaviour. All the While that we were gazing at her, she took Notice of no Object about her, but had an Art of seeming awkwardly attentive, whatever else her Eyes were accidentally thrown upon. One Thing indeed was particular, she stood the whole Service, and never kneeled or sate. I do not question but that was to shew her self with the greater Advantage, and set forth to better Grace her Hands and Arms, lifted up with the most ardent devotion, and her Bosom, the fairest that ever was seen, bare to Observation; while she, you must think, knew Nothing of the Concern she gave others any other than as an Example of Devotion, that threw her self out, without Regard to Dress or Garment, all Contrition, and loose of all worldly Regards, in Extasy of Devotion. Well, now the

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the Organ was to play a Voluntary, and she was so skilful in Musick, and so touched with it, that she kept Time, not only with some Motion of her Head, but also with a different Air in her Countenance. When the Musick was strong and bold, she looked exalted, but serious; when lively and airy, she was smiling and gracious; when the Notes were more soft and languishing, she was kind and full of Pity. When she had now made it visible to the whole Congregation, by her Motion and Ear, that she could dance, and she wanted now only to inform us that she could sing too, when the Psalm was given out, her Voice was distinguished above all the rest, or rather People did not exert their own in order to hear her. Never was any heard so sweet and so strong. The Organist observed it, and he thought fit to play to her only, and she swelled every Note: when she found she had thrown us all out, and had the last Verse to herself in such a Manner, as the whole Congregation was intent upon her, in the same Manner as you see in Cathedrals they are on the Person who sings alone the Anthem. Well, it came at last to the Sermon, and our young Lady would not lose her Part in that neither; for she fixed her Eye upon the Preacher, and as he said any Thing she approved, with one of *Charles Mather*'s fine Tablets she set down the Sentence, at once shewing her fine Hand, the Golden-Pen, her Readiness in Writing, and her Judgment in chusing what to write. To sum up what I intend by this long and particular Account, I mean to appeal to you, whether it is reasonable that such a Creature as this shall come from a janty Part of the Town, and give her self such violent Airs, to the Disturbance of an innocent and inoffensive Congregation, with her Sublimities. The Fact, I assure you, was as I have related; but I had like to have forgot another very considerable Particular. Assoon as Church was done, she immediately stept out of her Pew and fell into the finest pitty-pat Air, forsooth, wonderfully out of Countenance, tossing her Head up and down as she swam along the Body of the Church. I, with several others of the Inhabitants, follow'd her out, and saw her hold up her Fan to an Hackney-Coach at a Distance, who immediately came

up

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up to her, and she whipp'd into it with great Nimbleness, pull'd the Door with a bowing Mein, as if she had been used to a better Glass. She said aloud, *You know where to go,* and drove off. By this Time the best of the Congregation was at the Church-Door, and I could hear some say, *A very fine Lady;* others, *I'll warrant ye, she's no better than she shou'd be;* and one very wise old Lady said, *She ought to have been taken up.* Mr. SPECTATOR, I think this Matter lies wholly before you; for the Offence does not come under any Law, tho' it is apparent this Creature came among us only to give herself Airs, and enjoy her full Swing in being admired. I desire you would print this, that she may be confin'd to her own Parish; for I can assure you, there is no attending any Thing else in a Place where she is a Novelty. She has been talk'd of among us ever since under the Name of the *Phantom:* But I would advise her to come no more; for there is so strong a Party made by the Women against her, that she must expect they will not be excell'd a second Time in so outragious a Manner without doing her some Insult. Young Women, who assume after this Rate, and affect exposing themselves to View in Congregations at t'other End of the Town, are not so mischievous, because they are rivall'd by more of the same Ambition, who will not let the rest of the Company be particular: But, in the Name of the whole Congregation where I was, I desire you to keep these agreeable Disturbances out of the City, where Sobriety of Manners is still preserv'd, and all glaring and ostentatious Behaviour, even in Things laudable, discountenanc'd. I wish you may never see the Phantom and am,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

T Ralph Wonder.'

Wednesday

No. 504.
[STEELE.] Wednesday, October 8.

Lepus tute es, & pulpamentum quaeris. Ter.

IT is a great Convenience to those who want Wit to furnish out a Conversation, that there is Something or other in all Companies where it is wanted substituted in its Stead, which, according to their Taste, does the Business as well. Of this Nature is the agreeable Pastime in the Country-Halls of Cross-Purposes, Questions and Commands, and the like. A little superiour to these are those who can play at Crambo, or cap Verses. Then above them are such as can make Verses, that is Rhime; and among those who have the Latin Tongue, such as used to make what they call golden Verses. Commend me also to those who have not Brains enough for any of these Exercises, and yet do not give up their Pretensions to Mirth. These can slap you on the back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a Twang on your Shoulders, say you are dull to Day, and laugh a Voluntary to put you in Humour; the laborious Way among the minor Poets, of making Things come into such and such a Shape, as that of an Egg, an Hand, an Ax, or any Thing that no Body had ever thought on before for that Purpose, or which would have cost a great Deal of Pains to accomplish it if they did. But all these Methods, tho' they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the smallest Capacity, do not serve an honest Gentleman who wants Wit for his ordinary Occasions; therefore it is absolutely necessary that the Poor in Imagination should have Something which may be serviceable to them at all Hours upon all common Occurrences. That which we call Punning is therefore greatly affected by Men of small Intellects. These Men need not be concerned with you for the whole Sentence, but if they can say a quaint Thing, or bring in a Word which sounds like any one Word you have spoken to them, they can turn the Discourse, or distract you so that you cannot go on, and by Consequence if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus if you talk of a Candle, he *can deal* with you: and

if

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if you ask to help you to some Bread, a Punster should think himself very ill *bred* if he did not; and if he is not as well *bred* as your self, he hopes for *Grains* of Allowance. If you do not understand that last Fancy, you must recollect that Bread is made of Grain; and so they go on for ever, without Possibility of being exhausted.

There are another Kind of People of small Faculties, who supply Want of Wit with Want of Breeding; and because Women are both by Nature and Education more offended at any Thing which is immodest than we Men are, these are ever harping upon Things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double Meanings. Every one's own Observation will suggest Instances enough of this Kind, without my mentioning any; for your double Meaners are dispersed up and down through all Parts of Town or City where there are any to offend, in order to set off themselves. These Men are mighty loud Laughers, and held very pretty Gentlemen with the sillier and unbred Part of Womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be in the World, the happiest and surest to be pleasant are a Sort of People whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and those are your *Biters*.

A Biter is one who tells you a Thing you have no Reason to disbelieve in it self; and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no Reason to disbelieve it for his saying it: and if you give him Credit, laughs in your Face, and triumphs that he has deceived you. In a Word, a Biter is one who thinks you a Fool, because you do not think him a Knave. This Description of him one may insist upon to be a just one, for what else but a Degree of Knavery is it, to depend upon Deceit for what you gain of another, be it in Point of Wit or Interest, or any Thing else?

This Way of Wit is called *Biting*, by a Metaphor taken from Beasts of Prey, which devour harmless and unarm'd Animals, and look upon them as their Food wherever they meet them. The Sharpers about Town very ingeniously understood themselves to be to the undesigning Part of Mankind what Foxes are to Lambs, and therefore used the Word *Biting* to express any Exploit wherein they

they had over-reach'd any innocent and inadvertent Man of his Purse. These Rascals of late Years have been the Gallants of the Town, and carry'd it with a fashionable haughty Air, to the Discouragement of Modesty and all honest Arts. Shallow Fops, who are govern'd by the Eye, and admire every Thing that struts in Vogue, took up from the Sharpers the Phrase of *Biting*, and used it upon all Occasions, either to disown any nonsensical Stuff they should talk themselves, or evade the Force of what was reasonably said by others. Thus when one of these cunning Creatures was enter'd into a Debate with you, whether it was practicable in the present State of Affairs to accomplish such a Proposition, and you thought he had let fall what destroy'd his Side of the Question, as soon as you look'd with an Earnestness ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cry'd, *Bite*, and you were immediately to acknowledge all that Part was in Jest. They carry this to all the Extravagance imaginable, and if one of these Witlings knows any Particulars which may give Authority to what he says, he is still the more ingenious if he imposes upon your Credulity. I remember a remarkable Instance of this Kind. There came up a shrewd young Fellow to a plain young Man, his Countryman, and taking him aside with a grave concern'd Countenance, goes on at this Rate: I see you here, and have you heard Nothing out of *Yorkshire*— You look so surpriz'd you could not have heard of it— and yet the Particulars are such, that it cannot be false; I am sorry I am got into it so far, that I now must tell you; but I know not but it may be for your Service to know— On *Tuesday* last, just after Dinner you know his Manner is to smoke, opening his Box, your Father fell down dead in an Apoplexy. The Youth shew'd the filial Sorrow which he ought— Upon which the witty Man cry'd, *Bite, there was Nothing in all this*

To put an End to this silly, pernicious, frivolous Way at once, I will give the Reader one late Instance of a Bite, which no Biter for the future will ever be able to equal, tho' I heartily wish him the same Occasion. It is a Superstition with some Surgeons, who buy the Bodies of condemn'd Malefactors, to go to the Goal, and bargain

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for the Carkass with the Criminal himself. A good honest Fellow did so last Sessions, and was admitted to the condemn'd Men on the Morning wherein they died. The Surgeon communicated his Business, and fell into Discourse with a little Fellow, who refused Twelve Shillings, and insisted upon Fifteen for his Body. The Fellow, who kill'd the Officer of *Newgate*, very forwardly, and like a Man who was willing to deal, told him, Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry Fellow, who has been half-starv'd all his Life, and is now half dead with Fear, cannot answer your Purpose. I have ever lived high and freely, my Veins are full, I have not pin'd in Imprisonment; you see my Crest swells to your Knife, and after *Jack-Catch* has done, upon my Honour you'll find me as sound as e'er a Bullock in any of the Markets. Come, for Twenty Shillings I am your man— Says the Surgeon, Done, there's a Guinea— This witty Rogue took the Money, and assoon as he had it in his Fist, cries, *Bite, I am to be hang'd in Chains.* T

No. 505.
[ADDISON.] Thursday, October 9.

Non habeo denique nauci Marsum augurem,
Non vicanos haruspices, non de circo astrologos,
Non Isiacos conjectores, non interpretes somniúm;
Non enim sunt ii aut scientia, aut arte divini,
Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat;
Qui sui quaestus causa fictas suscitant sententias
Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam;
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam ipsi petunt;
De his divitiis sibi deducant drachmam, reddant cetera. -Ennius

THOSE who have maintained that Men would be more miserable than Beasts, were their Hopes confined to this Life only; among other Considerations take Notice, that the latter are only afflicted with the Anguish of the present Evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the Reflection on what is passed, and the Fear of what is to come. This Fear of any future Difficulties or Misfortunes is so natural to the Mind, that were a Man's Sorrows and Disquietudes summed up at the End of

of his Life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the Apprehension of such Evils as never happened to him, than from those Evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those Evils which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the Prospect, than by their actual Pressure.

This natural Impatience to look into Futurity, and to know what Accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given Birth to many ridiculous Arts and Inventions. Some found their Prescience on the Lines of a Man's Hand, others on the Features of his Face; some on the Signatures which Nature has impressed on his Body, and others on his own Hand-Writing: some read Men's Fortunes in the Stars, as others have searched after them in the Entrails of Beasts, or the Flights of Birds. Men of the best Sense have been touched, more or less, with these groundless Horrors and Presages of Futurity, upon Surveying the most indifferent Works of Nature. Can any Thing be more surprizing than to consider *Cicero*, who made the greatest Figure at the Bar, and in the Senate of the *Roman* Common-wealth, and, at the same Time, outshined all the Philosophers of Antiquity in his Library and in his Retirements, as busying himself in the College of Augurs, and observing, with a religious Attention, after what Manner the Chickens peckt the several Grains of Corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these Follies are pretty well worn out of the Minds of the Wise and Learned in the present Age, Multitudes of weak and ignorant Persons are still Slaves to them. There are Numberless Arts of Prediction among the Vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate, and infinite Observations of Days, Numbers, Voices and Figures, which are regarded by them as Portents and Prodigies. In short, every Thing prophesies to the superstitious Man; there is scarce a Straw or a rusty Piece of Iron that lies in his Way by Accident.

It is not to be conceived how many Wizards, Gypsies and Cunning Men are dispersed through all the Countries and Market-Towns of *Great-Britain*, not to mention the Fortune-Tellers and Astrologers, who live very comfortably

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ably upon the Curiosity of several well-disposed Persons in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

Among the many pretended Arts of Divination, there is none which so universally amuses as that by Dreams. I have indeed observed in a late Speculation that there have been sometimes, upon very extraordinary Occasions, supernatural Revelations made to certain Persons by this Means; but as it is the chief Business of this Paper to root out popular Errors, I must endeavour to expose the Folly and Superstition of those Persons, who, in the common and ordinary Course of Life, lay any Stress upon Things of so uncertain, shadowy and chimerical a Nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following Letter, which is dated from a Quarter of the Town that has always been the Habitation of some prophetick *Philomath*; it having been usual, Time out of Mind, for all such People as have lost their Wits, to resort to that Place either for their Cure or for their Instruction.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, *Moor-Fields*, October 4, 1712.

Having long considered whether there be any Trade wanting in this great City, after having surveyed very attentively all Kinds of Ranks and Professions, I do not find in any Quarter of the Town an *Oneirocritick*, or, in plain *English*, an Interpreter of Dreams. For Want of so useful a Person, there are several good People who are very much puzzled in this Particular, and dream a whole year together without being ever the wiser for it. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this Office, having studied by Candle-light all the Rules of Art which have been laid down upon this Subject. My great Uncle by my Wife's Side was a *Scotch* Highlander, and second Sighted. I have four Fingers and two Thumbs upon one Hand, and was born on the longest Night of the Year. My Christian and Sirname begin and end with the same Letters. I am lodged in *Moor-fields*, in a House that for these fifty Years has been always tenanted by a Conjuror.

If you had been in Company, so much as my self, with ordinary Women of the Town, you must know that there are many of them who every Day in their Lives, upon

upon Seeing or Hearing of any Thing that is unexpected, cry *my Dream is out*; and cannot go to Sleep in quiet the next Night, 'till Something or other has happened which has expounded the Visions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very great Pain for not being able to recover the Circumstances of a Dream, that made strong Impressions upon them while it lasted. In short, Sir, there are many whose waking Thoughts are wholly employed on their sleeping ones. For the Benefit therefore of this curious and inquisitive Part of my Fellow-Subjects, I shall in the first Place tell those Persons what they dreamt of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the next Place, I shall make out any Dream, upon hearing a single Circumstance of it; and in the last Place, shall expound to them the good or bad Fortune which such Dreams portend. If they do not presage good Luck, I shall desire nothing for my Pains; not questioning at the same Time that those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate Share out of any considerable Estate, Profit or Emolument which I shall thus discover to them. I Interpret to the Poor for Nothing, on Condition that their Names may be inserted in Publick Advertisements, to attest the Truth of such my Interpretations. As for People of Quality or others who are indisposed, and do not care to come in Person, I can interpret their Dreams by seeing their Water. I set aside one Day in the Week for Lovers; and interpret by the Great for any Gentlewoman who is turned of Sixty, after the Rate of half a Crown *per* Week, with the usual Allowances for good Luck. I have several Rooms and Apartments fitted up, at reasonable Rates, for such as have not Conveniencies for dreaming at their own Houses.

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N. B. I am not dumb.

O *Titus Trophonius.*'

Friday

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No. 506.

Friday, October 10.

Candida perpetuo reside, Concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus aequa jugo:
Diligat illa senem quondam, sed & ipsa marito
Tunc quoque, cum fuerit, non videatur anus. Mart.

THE following Essay is written by the Gentleman, to whom the World is obliged for those several Excellent Discourses which have been marked with the Letter X.

I have somewhere met with a Fable that made *Wealth* the Father of *Love*. It is certain a Mind ought, at least, to be free from the Apprehensions of Want and Poverty, before it can fully attend to all the Softnesses and Endearments of this Passion. Notwithstanding we see Multitudes of married People, who are utter Strangers to this delightful Passion, amidst all the Affluence of the most plentiful Fortunes.

It is not sufficient to make a Marriage happy, that the Humours of two People should be alike; I could instance an hundred Pair, who have not the least Sentiment of Love remaining for one another, yet are so like in their Humours, that if they were not already married, the whole World would design them for Man and Wife.

The Spirit of Love has Something so extreamly fine in it, that it is very often disturbed and lost, by some little Accidents which the careless and unpolite never attend to, 'till it is gone past Recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to banish it from a married State, than too great a Familiarity, and laying aside the common Rules of Decency. Tho' I could give Instances of this in several Particulars, I shall only mention that of *Dress*. The Beaus and Belles about Town, who dress purely to catch one another, think there is no farther Occasion for the Bait, when their first Design has succeeded. But besides the too common Fault in point of Neatness, there are several others which I do not remember to have seen touched upon, but in one of our modern Comedies, where a *French Woman* offering to undress and dress her self before the Lover of the Play, and

and assuring his Mistress that it was very usual in *France*, the Lady tells her, that's a Secret in Dress she never knew before, and that she was so unpolished an *English Woman*, as to resolve never to learn even to dress before her Husband.

There is Something so gross in the Carriage of some Wives, that they lose their Husbands' Hearts for Faults, which, if a Man has either Good-nature, or Good-breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the Ladies are generally most faulty in this Particular; who, at their first giving into Love, find the Way so smooth and pleasant, that they fancy 'tis scarce possible to be tired in it.

There is so much Nicety and Discretion required to keep Love alive after Marriage, and make Conversation still new and agreeable after Twenty or Thirty Years, that I know Nothing which seems readily to promise it, but an earnest Endeavour to please on both Sides, and superior good Sense on the Part of the Man.

By a Man of Sense, I mean one acquainted with Business and Letters.

A Woman very much settles her Esteem for a Man, according to the Figure he makes in the World, and the Character he bears among his own Sex. As Learning is the chief Advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as scandalous and inexcusable for a Man of Fortune to be illiterate, as for a Woman not to know how to behave her self on the most ordinary Occasions. It is this which sets the two Sexes at the greatest Distance; a Woman is vexed and surprised, to find Nothing more in the Conversation of a Man, than in the common Tattle of her own Sex.

Some small Engagement at least in Business, not only sets a Man's Talents in the fairest Light, and allots him a Part to act, in which a Wife cannot well intermeddle, but gives frequent Occasions for those little Absences, which, whatever seeming Uneasiness they may give, are some of the best Preservatives of Love and Desire.

The Fair Sex are so conscious to themselves, that they have Nothing in them which can deserve entirely to engross the whole Man, that they heartily despise one, who

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who, to use their own Expression, is always hanging at their Apron-Strings.

Lætitia is pretty, modest, tender, and has Sense enough; she married *Erastus*, who is in a Post of some Business, and has a general Taste in most Parts of polite Learning. *Lætitia*, wherever she visits, has the Pleasure to hear of Something which was handsomly said or done by *Erastus*. *Erastus*, since his Marriage, is more gay in his Dress than ever, and in all Companies is as complaisant to *Lætitia* as to any other Lady. I have seen him give her her Fan when it has dropped, with all the Gallantry of a Lover. When they take the Air together, *Erastus* is continually improving her Thoughts, and, with a Turn of Wit and Spirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an Insight into Things she had no Notions of before. *Lætitia* is transported at having a new World thus opened to her, and hangs upon the Man that gives her such agreeable Informations. *Erastus* has carried this Point still farther, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more satisfied with her self. *Erastus* finds a Justness or Beauty in whatever She says or observes, that *Lætitia* her self was not aware of; and, by his Assistance, she has discovered an hundred good Qualities and Accomplishments in her self, which she never before once dreamed of. *Erastus*, with the most artful Complaisance in the World, by several remote Hints, finds the Means to make her say or propose almost whatever he has a Mind to, which he always receives as her own Discovery, and gives her all the Reputation of it.

Erastus has a perfect Taste in Painting, and carried *Lætitia* with him, the other Day, to see a Collection of Pictures. I sometimes visit this happy Couple. As we were last Week walking in the long Gallery before Dinner, *I have lately laid out some Mony in Paintings*, says *Erastus*, *I bought that* Venus *and* Adonis *purely upon* Lætitia's *Judgment; it cost me Three-score Guineas, and I was this Morning offer'd an hundred for it.* I turned towards *Lætitia*, and saw her Cheeks glow with Pleasure, while at the same Time she cast a Look upon *Erastus*, the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

Flavilla married *Tom Tawdry*; she was taken with his

his laced Coat and rich Sword-knot; she has the Mortification to see *Tom* despised by all the worthy Part of his own Sex. *Tom* has Nothing to do after Dinner, but to determine whether he will pair his Nails at St. *James's*, *White's*, or his own House. He has said Nothing to *Flavilla* since they were married, which she might not have heard as well from her own Woman. He however takes great Care to keep up the sawcy ill-natured Authority of an Husband. Whatever *Flavilla* happens to assert, *Tom* immediately contradicts with an Oath, by Way of Preface; and, *My Dear, I must tell you, you talk most confoundedly silly. Flavilla* had an Heart naturally as well disposed for all the Tenderness of Love as that of *Lætitia*, but as Love seldom continues long after Esteem it is difficult to determine, at present, whether the unhappy *Flavilla* hates or despises the Person most, whom she is obliged to lead her whole Life with. X

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No. 507.

[ADDISON.] Saturday, October 11.

Defendit numerus junctaque umbone phalanges. —Juv.

THERE is Something very sublime, tho' very fanciful, in *Plato's* Description of the Supreme Being, that *Truth is his Body, and Light his Shadow.* According to this Definition, there is Nothing so contradictory to his Nature as Error and Falshood. The Platonists have so just a Notion of the Almighty's Aversion to every Thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon *Truth* as no less necessary than *Virtue*, to qualifie an Human Soul for the Enjoyment of a separate State. For this Reason, as they recommended moral Duties to qualifie and season the Will for a future Life, so they prescribed several Contemplations and Sciences to rectifie the Understanding. Thus *Plato* has called Mathematical Demonstrations the Catharticks or Purgatives of the Soul, as being the most proper Means to cleanse it from Error, and to give it a Relish of Truth, which is the natural Food and Nourishment of the Understanding, as Virtue is the Perfection and Happiness of the Will.

There are many Authors who have shewn wherein the

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the Malignity of a *Lie* consists, and set forth, in proper Colours, the Heinousness of the Offence. I shall here consider one particular Kind of this Crime, which has not been so much spoken to: I mean, that abominable Practice of *Party-lying*. This Vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a Man is thought of no Principles, who does not propagate a certain System of Lies. The Coffee-houses are supported by them, the Press is choaked with them, eminent Authors live upon them. Our Bottle-Conversation is so infected with them, that a Party-Lie is grown as fashionable an Entertainment, as a lively Catch or a merry Story: The Truth of it is, half the great Talkers in the Nation would be struck dumb, were this Fountain of Discourse dryed up. There is, however, one Advantage resulting from this detestable Practice; the very Appearances of Truth are so little regarded, that Lies are at present discharged in the Air, and begin to hurt no Body. When we hear a Party-story from a Stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are Words of Course, in which the honest Gentleman designs to recommend his Zeal, without any Concern for his Veracity. A Man is looked upon as bereft of common Sense, that gives Credit to the Relations of Party-writers, nay his own Friends shake their Heads at him, and consider him in no other Light than as an officious Tool or a well-meaning Ideot. When it was formerly the Fashion to husband a Lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary Emergency it generally did Execution, and was not a little serviceable to the Faction that made use of it; but at present every Man is upon his Guard; the Artifice has been too often repeated to take Effect.

I have frequently wondred to see Men of Probity, who would scorn to utter a Falshood for their own particular Advantage, give so readily into a Lie when it becomes the Voice of their Faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those, who are Men of Honour in their Persons, thus to become notorious Liars in their Party? If we look into the Bottom of this Matter, we may find, I think, three Reasons for it, and at the same Time discover the Insufficiency

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Insufficiency of these Reasons to justifie so criminal a Practice.

In the first Place, Men are apt to think that the Guilt of a Lie, and consequently the Punishment, may be very much diminished, if not wholly worn out, by the Multitudes of those who partake in it. Though the Weight of a Falshood would be too heavy for *one* to bear, it grows light in their Imaginations, when it is shared among *many*. But in this Case a Man very much deceives himself; Guilt, when it spreads through Numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied: Every one is criminal in Proportion to the Offence which he commits, not to the Number of those who are his Companions in it. Both the Crime and the Penalty lie as heavy upon every Individual of an offending Multitude, as they would upon any single Person, had none shared with him in the Offence. In a Word, the Division of Guilt is like that of Matter, though it may be separated into infinite Portions, every Portion shall have the whole Essence of Matter in it, and consist of as many Parts as the Whole did before it was divided.

But in the second Place, though Multitudes, who joyn in a Lie, cannot exempt themselves from the Guilt, they may from the Shame of it. The Scandal of a Lie is in a Manner lost and annihilated, when diffused among several Thousands; as a Drop of the blackest Tincture wears away and vanishes, when mixed and confused in a considerable Body of Water: The Blot is still in it, but is not able to discover it self. This is certainly a very great Motive to several Party-Offenders, who avoid Crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their Virtue, but to their Reputation. It is enough to shew the Weakness of this Reason, which palliates Guilt without removing it, that every Man, who is influenced by it, declares himself in Effect an infamous Hypocrite, prefers the Appearance of Virtue to its Reality, and is determined in his Conduct neither by the Dictates of his own Conscience, the Suggestions of true Honour, nor the Principles of Religion.

The third and last great Motive for Men's joining in a popular Falshood, or, as I have hitherto called it a Party-Lie, notwithstanding they are convinced [illegible] such is the

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the doing Good to a Cause which every Party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The Unsoundness of this Principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a Man must be an utter Stranger to the Principles, either of natural Religion or Christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a Man might promote the supposed Good of his Country by the blackest Calumnies and Falshoods, our Nation abounds more in Patriots than any other of the Christian World. When *Pompey* was desired not to set sail in a Tempest that would hazard his Life, *It is necessary for me,* says he, *to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live:* Every Man should say to himself, with the same Spirit, It is my Duty to speak Truth, tho' it is not my Duty to be in an Office. One of the Fathers have carried this Point so high, as to declare *he would not tell a Lie, though he were sure to gain Heaven by it:* However extravagant such Protestation may appear, every one will own, that a Man may say very reasonably *he would not tell a Lie, if he were sure to gain Hell by it;* or if you have a Mind to soften the Expression, that he would not tell a Lie to gain any temporal Reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain. O

No. 508.
[STEELE.] Monday, October 13.

Omnes autem & habentur & dicuntur tyranni, qui potestate sunt perpetua in ea civitate quae libertate usa est. Corn. Nepos

THE following Letters complain of what I have frequently observed with very much Indignation; therefore I shall give them to the Publick in the Words with which my Correspondents, who suffer under the Hardships mentioned in them, describe them.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

In former Ages all Pretensions to Dominion have been supported and submitted to, either upon Account of Inheritance, Conquest, or Election; and all such Persons who have taken upon 'em any Soveraignty over their Fellow-creatures

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Fellow-creatures upon any other Account, have been always call'd Tyrants, not so much because they were guilty of any particular Barbarities, as because every Attempt to such a Superiority was in its Nature tyrannical. But there is another Sort of Potentates who may with greater Propriety be call'd Tyrants than those last mention'd, both as they assume a despotick Dominion over those as free as themselves, and as they support it by Acts of notable Oppression and Injustice; and these are the Rulers in all Clubs and Meetings. In other Governments, the Punishments of some have been alleviated by the Rewards of others; but what makes the Reign of these Potentates so particularly grievous, is, that they are exquisite in punishing their Subjects, at the same Time they have it not in their Power to reward 'em. That the Reader may the better comprehend the Nature of these Monarchs, as well as the miserable State of those that are their Vassals, I shall give an Account of the King of the Company I am fallen into, whom for his particular Tyranny I shall call *Dionysius*; as also of the Seeds that sprung up to this odd Sort of Empire.

Upon all Meetings at Taverns, 'tis necessary some one of the Company should take it upon him to get all Things in such Order and Readiness, as may contribute as much as possible to the Felicity of the Convention; such as hastening the Fire, getting a sufficient Number of Candles, tasting the Wine with a judicious Smack, fixing the Supper, and being brisk for the Dispatch of it. Know then that *Dionysius* went through these Offices with an Air that seem'd to express a Satisfaction rather in serving the Publick, than in gratifying any particular Inclination of his own. We thought him a Person of an exquisite Palate, and therefore by Consent beseech'd him to be always our Proveditor; which Post, after he had handsomly denied, he could do no otherwise than accept. At first he made no other Use of his Power than in recommending such and such Things to the Company, ever allowing these Points to be disputable; insomuch that I have often carried the Debate for Partridge, when his Majesty has given Intimation of the high Relish of Duck, but at the same Time has chearfully submitted, and devour'd

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devour'd his Partridge with most gracious Resignation. This Submission on his Side naturally produc'd the like on ours; of which he in a little Time made such barbarous Advantage, as in all those Matters, which before seem'd indifferent to him, to issue out certain Edicts as uncontroulable and unalterable as the Laws of the *Medes* and *Persians*. He is by Turns outragious, peevish, froward, and jovial. He thinks it our Duty for the little Offices, as Proveditor, that in Return all Conversation is to be interrupted or promoted by his Inclination for or against the present Humour of the Company. We feel at present, in the utmost Extremity, the Insolence of Office; however, I being naturally warm, ventur'd to oppose him in a Dispute about a Haunch of Venison. I was altogether for Roasting, but *Dionysius* declared himself for Boiling with so much Prowess and Resolution, that the Cook thought it necessary to consult his own Safety, rather than the Luxury of my Proposition. With the same Authority that he orders what we shall eat and drink, he also commands us where to do it, and we change our Taverns according as he suspects any Treasonable Practices in the settling the Bill by the Master, or sees any bold Rebellion in Point of Attendance by the Waiters. Another Reason for changing the Seat of Empire I conceive to be the Pride he takes in the promulgation of our Slavery, tho' we pay our Club for our Entertainments even in these Palaces of our Grand Monarch. When he has a Mind to take the Air, a Party of us are commanded out by Way of Life-Guard, and we march under as great Restrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring King, we give or keep the Way according as we are out-number'd or not, and if the Train of each is equal in Number, rather than give Battle, the Superiority is soon adjusted by a Desertion from one of 'em.

Now, the Expulsion of these unjust Rulers out of all Societies would gain a Man as everlasting a Reputation, as either of the *Brutus*'s got from their Endeavours to extirpate Tyranny from among the *Romans*. I confess my self to be in a Conspiracy against the Usurper of our Club; and to shew my Reading, as well as my merciful Disposition

Disposition, shall allow him 'till the Ides of *March* to dethrone himself. If he seems to affect Empire 'till that Time, and does not gradually recede from the Incursions he has made upon our Liberties, he shall find a Dinner dress'd which he has no Hand in, and shall be treated with an Order, Magnificence, and Luxury, as shall break his proud Heart; at the same Time that he shall be convinced in his Stomach he was unfit for his Post, and a more mild and skilful Prince receive the Acclamations of the People, and be set up in his Room; but, as *Milton* says,

——— These Thoughts
Full Counsel must mature. Peace is despair'd,
And who can think Submission? War then, War
Open, or understood, must be resolv'd.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I am a young Woman at a Gentleman's Seat in the Country, who is a particular Friend of my Father's, and came hither to pass away a Month or two with his Daughters. I have been entertained with the utmost Civility by the whole Family, and Nothing has been omitted which can make my Stay easy and agreeable on the Part of the Family: But there is a Gentleman here, a Visitant as I am, whose Behaviour has given me great Uneasinesses. When I first arrived here he used me with the utmost Complaisance; but, forsooth, that was not with Regard to my Sex, and since he has no Designs upon me, he does not know why he should distinguish me from a Man in Things indifferent. He is, you must know, one of those familiar Coxcombs, who have observed some well-bred Men with a good Grace converse with Women, and say no fine Things, but yet treat them with that Sort of Respect which flows from the Heart and the Understanding, but is exerted in no Professions or Compliments. This Puppy, to imitate this Excellence, or avoid the contrary Fault of being troublesome in Complaisance

takes

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takes upon him to try his Talent upon me, insomuch that he contradicts me upon all Occasions, and one Day told me I lied. If I had struck him with my Bodkin, and behaved my self like a Man, since he won't treat me as a Woman, I had, I think, served him right. I wish, Sir, you would please to give him some Maxims of Behaviour in these Points, and resolve me if all Maids are not in Point of Conversation to be treated by all Batchelors as their Mistresses. If not so, are they not to be used as gently as their Sisters? Is it sufferable, that the Fop of whom I complain should say, as he would rather have such a one without a Groat, than me with the *Indies?* What Right has any Man to make Suppositions of Things not in his Power, and then declare his Will to the Dislike of one that has never offended him? I assure you these are Things worthy your Consideration, and I hope we shall have your Thoughts upon them. I am, tho' a Woman, justly offended, ready to forgive all this, because I have no Remedy but leaving very agreeable Company sooner than I desire. This also is an heinous Aggravation of his Offence, that he is inflicting Banishment upon me. Your Printing this Letter may perhaps be an Admonition to reform him: Assoon as it appears I will write my Name at the End of it, and lay it in his Way; the making which just Reprimand I hope you will put in the Power of,

Sir,

Your constant Reader,

T *and humble Servant.*

No. 509.
[STEELE.] Tuesday, October 14.

Hominis frugi & temperantis functus officium. Ter.

THE useful Knowledge in the following Letter shall have a Place in my Paper, tho' there is Nothing in it which immediately regards the polite or the learned World; I say immediately, for upon Reflection every Man will find there is a remote Influence upon his own Affairs, in the Prosperity or Decay of the Trading Part of Mankind.

My

My present Correspondent, I believe, was never in Print before; but what he says well deserves a general Attention, tho' delivered in his own homely Maxims, and a Kind of proverbial Simplicity; which Sort of Learning has raised more Estates than ever were, or will be, from Attention to *Virgil, Horace, Tully, Seneca, Plutarch*, or any of the rest, whom, I dare say, this worthy Citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable Writers. But to the Letter.

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'*Mr.* William Spectator.

Sir, *Broad-street, October* 10. 1712.

I accuse you of many Discourses on the Subject of Money, which you have heretofore promised the Publick, but have not discharged your self thereof. But, forasmuch as you seemed to depend upon Advice from others what to do in that Point, have sate down to write you the Needful upon that Subject. But, before I enter thereupon, I shall take this Opportunity to observe to you, that the thriving frugal Man shews it in every Part of his Expence, Dress, Servants, and House; and I must, in the first Place, complain to you, as Spectator, that in these Particulars there is at this Time, throughout the City of *London*, a lamentable Change from that Simplicity of Manners, which is the true Source of Wealth and Prosperity. I just now said the Man of Thrift shews Regularity in every Thing; but you may, perhaps, laugh that I take Notice of such a Particular as I am going to do, for an Instance, that this City is declining, if their ancient Oeconomy is not restored. The Thing which gives me this Prospect, and so much Offence, is the Neglect of the *Royal Exchange*, I mean the Edifice so called, and the Walks appertaining thereunto. The *Royal Exchange* is a Fabrick that well deserves to be so called, as well to express that our Monarch's highest Glory and Advantage consists in being the Patrons of Trade, as that it is commodious for Business, and an Instance of the Grandeur both of Prince and People. But, alas! at present it hardly seems to be set apart for any such Use or Purpose. Instead of the Assembly of honourable Merchants, substantial Tradesmen, and knowing Masters

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of Ships, the Mumpers, the Halt, the Blind, and the Lame, your Venders of Trash, Apples, Plumbs, your Raggamuffins, Rakeshames, and Wenches, have justled the greater Number of the former out of that Place. Thus it is, especially on the Evening-Change; so that what with the Din of Squalings, Oaths, and Cries of Beggars, Men of greatest Consequence in our City absent themselves from the Place. This Particular, by the Way, is of evil Consequence; for if the *Change* be no Place for Men of the highest Credit to frequent, it will not be a Disgrace to those of less Abilities to absent. I remember the Time when rascally Company were kept out, and the unlucky Boys with Toys and Balls were whipped away by a Beadle. I have seen this done indeed of late, but then it has been only to chase the Lads from Chuck, that the Beadle might seize their Copper.

I must repeat the Abomination, that the Walnut Trade is carry'd on by old Women within the Walks, which makes the Place impassible by Reason of Shells and Trash. The Benches around are so filthy, that no one can sit down, yet the Beadles and Officers have the Impudence at *Christmas* to ask for their Box, tho' they deserve the Strapado. I do not think it impertinent to have mentioned this, because it speaks a Neglect in the Domestick Care of the City, and the Domestick is the truest Picture of a Man every where else.

But I designed to speak on the Business of Money and Advancement of Gain. The Man proper for this, speaking in the general, is of a sedate plain good Understanding, not apt to go out of his Way, but so behaving himself at home, that Business may come to him. Sir *William Turner*, that valuable Citizen, has left behind him a most excellent Rule, and couched it in very few Words, suited to the meanest Capacity. He would say, *Keep your Shop, and your Shop will keep you.* It must be confessed, that if a Man of a great Genius could add Steadiness to his Vivacities, or substitute slower Men of Fidelity to transact the methodical Part of his Affairs, such a one would outstrip the rest of the World: But Business and Trade is not to be managed by the same Heads which write Poetry, and make Plans for the Conduct of Life in general

general. So, tho' we are at this Day beholden to the late witty and inventive Duke of *Buckingham* for the whole Trade and Manufacture of Glass, yet I suppose there is no one will aver, that, were his Grace yet living, they would not rather deal with my diligent Friend and Neighbour, Mr. *Gumley*, for any Goods to be prepared and delivered on such a Day, than he would with that illustrious Mechanick abovemention'd. No. 509. Tuesday, October 14, 1712.

No, No, Mr. SPECTATOR, you Wits must not pretend to be rich; and it is possible the Reason may be, in some Measure, because you despise, or at least you do not value it enough to let it take up your chief Attention; which the Trader must do, or lose his Credit, which is to him what Honour, Reputation, Fame, or Glory is to other sort of Men.

I shall not speak to the Point of Cash it self, 'till I see how you approve of these my Maxims in general: But, I think, a Speculation upon *many a Little makes a Mickle; a Penny sav'd is a Penny got; Penny wise and Pound foolish; It is Need that makes the old Wife trot*, would be very useful to the World, and, if you treated them with Knowledge, would be useful to your self, for it would make Demands for your Paper among those who have no Notion of it at present. But of these Matters more hereafter. If you did this, as you excel many Writers of the present Age for Politeness, so you would outgo the Author of the true Strops of Razors for Use.

I shall conclude this Discourse with an Explanation of a Proverb, which by vulgar Errour is taken and used when a Man is reduced to an Extremity, whereas the Propriety of the Maxim is to use it when you would say, There is Plenty, but you must make such a Choice, as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

Mr. *Tobias Hobson*, from whom we have the Expression, was a very honourable Man, for I shall ever call the Man so who gets an Estate honestly. Mr. *Tobias Hobson* was a Carrier, and being a Man of great Abilities and Invention, and one that saw where there might good Profit arise, tho' the duller Men overlooked it; this ingenious Man was the first in this Island who let out Hackney-Horses. He lived in *Cambridge* and observing

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serving that the Scholars rid hard, his Manner was to keep a large Stable of Horses, with Boots, Bridles, and Whips, to furnish the Gentlemen at once, without going from College to College to borrow, as they have done since the Death of this worthy Man: I say, Mr. *Hobson* kept a Stable of forty good Cattle always ready and fit for Travelling; but when a Man came for an Horse, he was led into the Stable, where there was great Choice, but he obliged him to take the Horse which stood next to the Stable-Door; so that every Customer was alike well served according to his Chance, and every Horse ridden with the same Justice: From whence it became a Proverb, when what ought to be your Election was forced upon you, to say, *Hobson's Choice.* This memorable Man stands drawn in Fresco at an Inn (which he used) in *Bishopsgate-street*, with an hundred Pound Bag under his Arm, with this Inscription upon the said Bag,

The fruitful Mother of an hundred more.

Whatever Tradesman will try the Experiment, and begin the Day after you publish this my Discourse to treat his Customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will ensure him the same Success.

I am, Sir,

Your loving Friend,

T Hezekiah Thrift.

No. 510.
[STEELE.]

Wednesday, October 15.

——*Si sapis*
Neque praeterquam quas ipse amor molestias
Habet addas, & illas quas habet recte feras. Ter.

I WAS the other Day driving in an Hack thro' *Gerard-street*, when my Eye was immediately catch'd with the prettiest Object imaginable, the Face of a very fair Girl, between Thirteen and Fourteen, fixed at the Chin to a painted Sash, and made Part of the Landskip. It seem'd admirably done, and upon throwing my self eagerly out of the Coach to look at it, it laugh'd, and flung from the Window. This amiable Figure dwelt upon me; and I

was

was considering the Vanity of the Girl, and her pleasant Coquettry in acting a Picture 'till she was taken Notice of, and raised the Admiration of her Beholders. This little Circumstance made me run into Reflections upon the Force of Beauty, and the wonderful Influence the female Sex has upon the other Part of the Species. Our Hearts are seized with their Enchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal Men, who by that Hardness lose the chief Pleasure in them, can resist their Insinuations, tho' never so much against our own Interest and Opinion. It is common with Women to destroy the good Effects a Man's following his own Way and Inclination might have upon his Honour and Fortune, by interposing their Power over him in Matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his Loss and Disparagement. I do not know therefore a Task so difficult in humane Life, as to be Proof against the Importunities of a Woman a Man loves. There is certainly no Armour against Tears, sullen Looks, or at best constrain'd Familiarities in her whom you usually meet with Transport and Alacrity. Sir *Walter Rawleigh* was quoted in a Letter (of a very ingenious Correspondent of mine) on this Subject. That Author, who had lived in Courts, Camps, travell'd through many Countries, and seen many Men under several Climates, and of as various Complections, speaks of our Impotence to resist the Wiles of Women in very severe Terms. His Words are as follow:

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What Means did the Devil find out, or what Instruments did his own Subtlety present him, as fittest and aptest to work his Mischief by? Even the unquiet Vanity of the Woman; so as by Adam's *Hearkening to the Voice of his Wife, contrary to the express Commandment of the living God, Mankind by that her Incantation became the Subject of Labour, Sorrow, and Death; the Woman being given to Man for a Comforter and Companion, but not for a Counsellor. It is also to be noted by whom the Woman was tempted: Even by the most ugly and unworthy of all Beasts, into whom the Devil entered and perswaded. Secondly, What was the Motive of her Disobedience? Even a Desire to know what was most unfitting her Knowledge; an Affection*

which

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which has ever since remained in all the Posterity of her Sex. Thirdly, What was it that moved the Man to yield to her Perswasions? Even the same Cause which hath moved all Men since to the like Consent, namely, an Unwillingness to grieve her, or make her sad, lest she should pine, and be overcome with Sorrow. But if Adam *in the State of Perfection, and* Solomon *the Son of* David, *God's chosen Servant, and himself a Man endued with the greatest Wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator by the Perswasion and for the Love they bare to a Woman, it is not so wonderful as lamentable, that other Men in succeeding Ages have been allured to so many inconvenient and wicked Practices by the Perswasion of their Wives, or other beloved Darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious Purposes with a counterfeit Passion of dissimulate Sorrow and Unquietness.*

The Motions of the Minds of Lovers are no where so well described, as in the Works of skilful Writers for the Stage. The Scene between *Fulvia* and *Curius*, in the second Act of *Johnson's Catiline*, is an excellent Picture of the Power of a Lady over her Gallant. The Wench plays with his Affections; and as a Man of all Places in the World wishes to make a good Figure with his Mistress, upon her upbraiding him with Want of Spirit, he alludes to Enterprizes which he cannot reveal but with the Hazard of his Life. When he is worked thus far, with a little Flattery of her Opinion of his Gallantry, and Desire to know more of it out of her overflowing Fondness to him, he brags to her 'till his Life is in her Disposal.

When a Man is thus liable to be vanquished by the Charms of her he loves, the safest Way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all Expostulation with her before he executes what he has resolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a Treaty, and one must consider how senseless a Thing it is to argue with one whose Looks and Gestures are more prevalent with you, than your Reason and Arguments can be with her. It is a most miserable Slavery to submit to what you disapprove, and give up a Truth for no other Reason, but that

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that you had not Fortitude to support you in asserting it. A Man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable Wishes and Desires; but he does that in vain if he has those of another to gratify. Let his Pride be in his Wife and Family, let him give them all the Conveniencies of Life in such a Manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent Pride, and not their exorbitant Desires, which are indulged by him. In this Case all the little Arts imaginable are used to soften a Man's Heart, and raise his Passion above his Understanding; but in all Concessions of this Kind, a Man should consider whether the Present he makes flows from his own Love, or the Importunity of his Beloved: If from the latter, he is her Slave; if from the former, her Friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this Subjection to Women with that Seriousness which so important a Circumstance deserves. Why was Courage given to Man, if his Wife's Fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her Guardian and Protector, as you were designed by Nature; but, in Compliance to her Weaknesses, you have disabled your self from avoiding the Misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the Hour in which you are to be reproached by her self for that very Complaisance to her. It is indeed the most difficult Mastery over our selves we can possibly attain, to resist the Grief of her who charms us; but let the Heart ake, be the Anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffer'd and passed through, if you think to live like a Gentleman, or be conscious to your self that you are a Man of Honesty. The old Argument, that *You do not love me if you deny me this*, which first was used to obtain a Trifle, by habitual Success will oblige the unhappy Man who gives Way to it, to resign the Cause even of his Country and his Honour. T

Thursday

No. 511. Thursday, October 16, 1712.

No. 511. [ADDISON.] Thursday, October 16.

Quis non invenit turba quod amaret in illa? Ov.

'*Dear* SPEC,

FINDING that my last Letter took, I do intend to continue my Epistolary Correspondence with thee, on those dear confounded Creatures *Women*. Thou knowest, all the little Learning I am Master of is upon that Subject; I never looked in a Book, but for their Sakes. I have lately met with two pure Stories for a *Spectator*, which I am sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy Hands. The first of them I found by Chance in an *English* Book called *Herodotus*, that lay in my Friend *Dapperwit*'s Window, as I visited him one Morning. It luckily opened in the Place where I met with the following Account. He tells us that it was the Manner among the *Persians* to have several *Fairs* in the Kingdom, at which all the young unmarried Women were annually exposed to Sale. The Men who wanted Wives came hither to provide themselves: Every Woman was given to the highest Bidder, and the Money which she fetched laid aside for the publick Use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this Means the richest People had the Choice of the Market, and culled out all the most extraordinary Beauties. As soon as the Fair was thus picked, the Refuse was to be distributed among the Poor, and among those who could not go to the Price of a *Beauty*. Several of these married the *Agreeables*, without paying a Farthing for them, unless Somebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which Case the best Bidder was always the Purchaser. But now you must know, SPEC, it happened in *Persia*, as it does in our own Country, that there were as many *ugly Women* as *Beauties* or *Agreeables*, so that by Consequence, after the Magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great many that stuck upon their Hands. In order therefore to clear the Market, the Money which the Beauties had sold for was disposed of among the Ugly; so that a poor Man, who could not

not afford to have a Beauty for his Wife, was forced to take up with a Fortune; the greatest Portion being always given to the most Deformed. To this the Author adds, that every poor Man was forced to live kindly with his Wife, or, in Case he repented of his Bargain, to return her Portion with her to the next publick Sale.

What I would recommend to thee on this Occasion is, to establish such an imaginary Fair in *Great Britain*; Thou couldst make it very pleasant by matching Women of Quality with Coblers and Carmen, or describing Titles and Garters leading off in great Ceremony Shopkeepers' and Farmers' Daughters. Tho' to tell thee the Truth, I am confoundedly afraid that, as the Love of Money prevails in our Island more than it did in *Persia*, we should find that some of our greatest Men would chuse out the Portions, and rival one another for the richest Piece of Deformity; and that on the contrary, the Toasts and Belles would be bought up by extravagant Heirs, Gamesters, and Spendthrifts. Thou couldst make very pretty Reflections upon this Occasion in Honour of the *Persian* Politicks, who took Care, by such Marriages, to beautifie the upper Part of the Species, and to make the greatest Persons in the Government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious Pen.

I have another Story to tell thee, which I likewise met with in a Book. It seems the General of the *Tartars*, after having laid Siege to a strong Town in *China*, and taken it by Storm, would set to Sale all the Women that were found in it. Accordingly he put each of them into a Sack, and after having thoroughly considered the Value of the Woman who was inclosed, marked the Price that was demanded for her upon the Sack. There were a great Confluence of Chapmen, that resorted from every Part, with a Design to purchase, which they were to do *unsight unseen*. The Book mentions a Merchant in particular, who observing one of the Sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his House. As he was resting with it upon an half-way Bridge, he was resolved to take a Survey of his Purchase: Upon opening the Sack, a little old Woman popped her Head out of it, at which the Adventurer was in so great a Rage, that

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that he was going to shoot her out into the River. The old Lady however begged him first of all to hear her Story, by which he learned that she was Sister to a great *Mandarin*, who would infallibly make the Fortune of his Brother-in-Law as soon as he should know to whose Lot she fell. Upon which the Merchant again tied her up in his Sack, and carried her to his House, where she proved an excellent Wife, and procured him all the Riches from her Brother that she had promised him.

I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second Time, I could make a tolerable Vision upon this Plan. I would suppose all the unmarried Women in *London* and *Westminster* brought to Market in Sacks, with their respective Prices on each Sack. The first Sack that is sold is marked with five thousand Pound: Upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable Housewife, of an agreeable Countenance: The Purchaser, upon hearing her good Qualities, pays down her Price very chearfully. The second I would open should be a five hundred Pound Sack: The Lady in it, to our Surprise, has the Face and Person of a Toast: As we are wondering how she came to be set at so low Price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand Pound, but that the Publick had made those Abatements for her being a Scold. I would afterwards find some beautiful, modest and discreet Woman, that should be the Top of the Market; and perhaps discover half a dozen Romps tyed up together in the same Sack, at one hundred Pound an Head. The Prude and the Coquet should be valued at the same Price, tho' the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a Vision had I Time to finish it; because, to talk in thy own Way, there is a Moral in it. Whatever thou may'st think of it, prithee do not make any of thy queer Apologies for this Letter, as thou didst for my last. The Women love a gay lively Fellow, and are never angry at the Railleries of one who is their known Admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

Thine,

O HONEYCOMB.

Friday

No. 512. [ADDISON.] Friday, October 17

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Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.—Hor.

THERE is Nothing which we receive with so much Reluctance as Advice. We look upon the Man who gives it us as offering an Affront to our Understanding, and treating us like Children or Ideots. We consider the Instruction as an implicit Censure, and the Zeal which any one shews for our Good on such an Occasion as a Piece of Presumption or Impertinence. The Truth of it is, the Person who pretends to advise, does, in that Particular, exercise a Superiority over us, and can have no other Reason for it, but that, in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our Conduct or our Understanding. For these Reasons, there is Nothing so difficult as the Art of making Advice agreeable: and indeed all the Writers, both Ancient and Modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the Perfection at which they have arrived in this Art. How many Devices have been made use of, to render this bitter Potion palatable? Some convey their Instructions to us in the best chosen Words, others in the most harmonious Numbers, some in Points of Wit, and others in short Proverbs.

But among all the different Ways of giving Counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is *Fable*, in whatsoever Shape it appears. If we consider this Way of instructing or giving Advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those Exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect, in the first Place, that upon the Reading of a Fable we are made to believe we advise our selves. We peruse the Author for the Sake of the Story, and consider the Precepts rather as our own Conclusions, than his Instructions. The Moral insinuates it self imperceptibly, we are taught by Surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this Method a Man is so far overreached as to think he is directing himself, while he is following the Dictates of another

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another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most unpleasing Circumstance in Advice.

In the next Place, if we look into Human Nature, we shall find that the Mind is never so much pleased, as when she exerts her self in any Action that gives her an Idea of her own Perfections and Abilities. This natural Pride and Ambition of the Soul is very much gratified in the reading of a Fable; for in Writings of this Kind, the Reader comes in for half of the Performance; Every Thing appears to him like a Discovery of his own; he is busied all the While in applying Characters and Circumstances, and is in this Respect both a Reader and a Composer. It is no Wonder therefore that on such Occasions, when the Mind is thus pleased with it self, and amused with its own Discoveries, that it is highly delighted with the Writing which is the Occasion of it. For this Reason the *Absalon* and *Achitophel* was one of the most popular Poems that ever appeared in *English*. The Poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer it would not have so much pleased, without a Plan which gave the Reader an Opportunity of exerting his own Talents.

This oblique Manner of giving Advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient Histories, we find the wise Men of old very often chose to give Counsel to their Kings in Fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's Memory, there is a pretty Instance of this Nature in a *Turkish* Tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental Extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual Wars abroad, and his Tyranny at home, had filled his Dominions with Ruin and Desolation, and half-unpeopled the *Persian* Empire. The Visier to this great Sultan, (whether an Humorist or an Enthusiast we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the Language of Birds, so that there was not a Bird that could open his Mouth but the Visier knew what it was he said. As he was one Evening with the Emperor, in their return from Hunting, they saw a couple of Owls upon a Tree that grew near an old Wall out of an Heap

Heap of Rubbish. *I would fain know,* says the Sultan, *what those two Owls are saying to one another; listen to their Discourse, and give me an Account of it.* The Visier approached the Tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two Owls. Upon his Return to the Sultan, *Sir,* says he, *I have heard Part of their Conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an Answer, but forced him to repeat Word for Word every Thing the Owls had said. *You must know then,* said the Visier, *that one of these Owls has a Son, and the other a Daughter, between whom they are now upon a Treaty of Marriage. The Father of the Son said to the Father of the Daughter, in my Hearing, Brother, I consent to this Marriage, provided you will settle upon your Daughter fifty ruined Villages for her Portion. To which the Father of the Daughter replied, Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long Life to Sultan* Mahmoud! *whilst he reigns over us we shall never want ruined Villages.*

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The Story says, the Sultan was so touched with the Fable, that he rebuilt the Towns and Villages which had been destroyed, and from that Time forward consulted the Good of his People.

To fill up my Paper, I shall add a most ridiculous Piece of natural Magick, which was taught by no less a Philosopher than *Democritus,* namely, that if the Blood of certain Birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a Serpent of such a wonderful Virtue that whoever did eat it should be skill'd in the Language of Birds, and understand every Thing they said to one another. Whether the Dervise abovementioned might not have eaten such a Serpent, I shall leave to the Determinations of the Learned. O

Saturday

No. 513. Saturday, October 18, 1712.

No. 513. [ADDISON.] Saturday, October 18.

——— Afflata est numine quando
Jam propiore Deo———.—Virg.

THE following Letter comes to me from that Excellent Man in Holy Orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that Society who assist me in my Speculations. It is a *Thought in Sickness*, and of a very serious Nature, for which Reason I give it a Place in the Paper of this Day.

'Sir,

The Indisposition which has long hung upon me, is at last grown to such an Head, that it must quickly make an End of me, or of it self. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad State of Health there are none of your Works which I read with greater Pleasure than your *Saturday*'s Papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any Hints for that Day's Entertainment. Were I able to dress up several Thoughts of a serious Nature, which have made great Impressions on my Mind during a long Fit of Sickness, they might not be an improper Entertainment for that Occasion.

Among all the Reflections which usually rise in the Mind of a sick Man, who has Time and Inclination to consider his approaching End, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear Naked and Unbodied before him who made him. When a Man considers, that, as soon as the vital Union is dissolved, he shall see that Supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a Distance, and only in his Works; or, to speak more philosophically, when by some Faculty in the Soul he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his Presence, than we are now of the Presence of any Object which the Eye beholds, a Man must be lost in Carelessness and Stupidity, who is not alarmed at such a Thought. Dr. *Sherlock*, in his excellent Treatise upon Death, has represented, in very strong and lively Colours, the State of the Soul in its first Separation from the Body, with regard to that Invisible World which every where surrounds

surrounds us, tho' we are not able to discover it through this grosser World of Matter which is accommodated to our Senses in this Life. His Words are as follow. No. 513. Saturday, October 18, 1712.

That Death, which is our Leaving this World, is Nothing else but our putting off these Bodies, teaches us, that it is only our Union to these Bodies, which intercepts the Sight of the other World: The other World is not at such a Distance from us, as we may imagine; the Throne of God indeed is at a great Remove from this Earth, above the third Heavens, where he displays his Glory to those blessed Spirits which encompass his Throne; but as soon as we step out of these Bodies, we step into the other World, which is not so properly another World (for there is the same Heaven and Earth still) as a new State of Life. To live in these Bodies is to live in this World; to live out of them, is to remove into the next: For while our Souls are confin'd to these Bodies, and can look only thro' these material Casements, Nothing but what is material can affect us, nay, Nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect Light, and convey the Shapes and Colours of Things with it to the Eye: So that though within this visible World, there be a more glorious Scene of Things than what appears to us, we perceive Nothing at all of it: for this Vail of Flesh parts the visible and invisible World: But when we put off these Bodies, there are new and surprizing Wonders present themselves to our Views; when these material Spectacles are taken off, the Soul with its own naked Eyes sees what was invisible before: And then we are in the other World, when we can see it, and converse with it: Thus St. Paul *tells us, That* when we are at home in the Body, we are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the Body, we are present with the Lord, 2 *Cor.* 5. 6, 8. *And methinks this is enough to cure us of our Fondness for these Bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a Prison, and to look through a Grate all our Lives, which gives us but a very narrow Prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to*

be

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be set at Liberty to view all the Glories of the World: What would we give now for the least Glimpse of that invisible World, which the first Step we take out of these Bodies will present us with? There are such Things as Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, neither hath it entred into the Heart of Man to conceive: *Death opens our Eyes, enlarges our Prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious World, which we can never see, while we are shut up in Flesh; which should make us as willing to part with this Veil, as to take the Film off of our Eyes, which hinders our Sight.*

As a thinking Man cannot but be very much affected with the Idea of his appearing in the Presence of that Being *whom none can see and live,* he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being whom he appears before, will examine all the Actions of his past Life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no Scheme of Religion, besides that of Christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous Person under this Thought. Let a Man's Innocence be what it will, let his Virtues rise to the highest Pitch of Perfection attainable in this Life, there will be still in him so many secret Sins, so many human Frailties, so many Offences of Ignorance, Passion, and Prejudice, so many unguarded Words and Thoughts, and in short, so many Defects in his best Actions, that, without the Advantages of such an Expiation and Atonement as Christianity has reveal'd to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Soveraign Judge, or that he should be able *to stand in his Sight.* Our Holy Religion suggests to us the only Means whereby our Guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect Obedience accepted.

It is this Series of Thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following Hymn, which I have composed during this my Sickness.

When

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I.

When rising from the Bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,
I see my Maker, Face to Face,
O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while Pardon may be found,
And Mercy may be sought,
My Heart with inward Horrour shrinks,
And trembles at the Thought;

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in Judgment on my Soul,
O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears
Shall endless Woe prevent.

V.

Then see the Sorrow of my Heart
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give those Sorrows Weight.

VI.

For never shall my Soul despair
Her Pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
To make her Pardon sure.

There is a noble Hymn in *French*, which Monsieur *Bayle* has celebrated for a *very fine one*, and which the famous

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famous Author of the Art of Speaking calls an *Admirable one*, that turns upon a Thought of the same Nature. If I could have done it Justice in *English*, I would have sent it you translated; it was written by Monsieur *Des Barreaux*, who had been one of the greatest Wits and Libertines in *France*, but in his last Years was as remarkable a Penitent.

Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'equité;
Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice;
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera sans choquer ta justice.
Ouy, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiete
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice;
Ton interest s'oppose à ma félicité;
Et ta clémence même attend que je périsse.
Contente ton désir puis qu'il t'est glorieux;
Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;
Tonne, frappe, il est temps, rens moi guerre pour guerre.
J'adore en périssant la raison qui t'aigrit:
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de JESUS CHRIST.

If these Thoughts may be serviceable to you, I desire you will place them in a proper Light, and am ever, with great Sincerity,

Sir,

O *Your* &c.

No. 514.
[STEELE.] Monday, October 20.

—— Me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis qua nulli priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo. Virg.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I CAME home a little later than usual the other Night, and not finding my self inclined to Sleep, I took up *Virgil* to divert me 'till I shou'd be more dispos'd to Rest. He is the Author whom I always chuse on such Occasions, no one writing in so divine, so harmonious, nor so equal a Strain, which leaves the Mind compos'd, and soften'd into an agreeable Melancholy; the Temper in which

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which, of all others, I chuse to close the Day. The Passages I turn'd to were those beautiful Raptures in his *Georgicks*, where he professes himself entirely given up to the Muses, and smit with the Love of Poetry, passionately wishing to be transported to the cool Shades and Retirements of the Mountain *Hæmus*. I clos'd the Book and went to Bed. What I had just before been reading made so strong an Impression on my Mind, that Fancy seem'd almost to fulfil to me the Wish of *Virgil*, in presenting to me the following Vision.

Methought I was on a sudden plac'd in the Plains of *Boeotia*, where at the End of the Horizon I saw the Mountain *Parnassus* rising before me. The Prospect was of so large an Extent, that I had long wander'd about to find a Path which shou'd directly lead me to it, had I not seen at some Distance a Grove of Trees, which in a Plain that had nothing else remarkable enough in it to fix my Sight, immediately determin'd me to go thither. When I arriv'd at it, I found it parted out into a great Number of Walks and Allies, which often widen'd into beautiful Openings, as Circles or Ovals, set round with Yews and Cypresses, with Niches, Grottos, and Caves, plac'd on the Sides, encompass'd with Ivy. There was no Sound to be heard in the whole Place, but only that of a gentle Breeze passing over the Leaves of the Forest; every Thing besides was buried in a profound Silence. I was captivated with the Beauty and Retirement of the Place, and never so much before that Hour was pleas'd with the Enjoyment of my self. I indulg'd the Humour, and suffer'd my self to wander without Choice or Design. At length, at the End of a Range of Trees, I saw three Figures seated on a Bank of Moss, with a silent Brook creeping at their Feet. I ador'd them as the tutelar Divinities of the Place, and stood still to take a particular View of each of them. The Middle-most, whose Name was *Solitude*, sate with her Arms across each other, and seem'd rather pensive and wholly taken up with her own Thoughts, than any ways griev'd or displeas'd. The only Companions which she admitted into that Retirement, was the Goddess *Silence*, who sate on her right Hand with her Finger on her Mouth, and on her left

Contemplation

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Contemplation, with her Eyes fix'd upon the Heavens. Before her lay a celestial Globe, with several Schemes of mathematical Theorems. She prevented my Speech with the greatest Affability in the World: Fear not, said she, I know your Request before you speak it; you would be led to the Mountain of the Muses: The only Way to it lies thro' this Place, and no one is so often employ'd in conducting Persons thither as my self. When she had thus spoken she rose from her Seat, and I immediately plac'd my self under her Direction; but whilst I pass'd thro' the Grove, I cou'd not help enquiring of her who were the Persons admitted into that sweet Retirement. Surely, said I, there can Nothing enter here but Virtue and virtuous Thoughts: The whole Wood seems design'd for the Reception and Reward of such Persons as have spent their Lives according to the Dictates of their Conscience and the Commands of the Gods. You imagine right, said she; assure your self this Place was at first design'd for no other: Such it continu'd to be in the Reign of *Saturn*, when none enter'd here but holy Priests, Deliverers of their Country from Oppression and Tyranny, who repos'd themselves here after their Labours: and those whom the Study and Love of Wisdom had fitted for divine Conversation. But now it is become no less dangerous than it was before desirable: Vice has learn'd so to mimick Virtue, that it often creeps in hither under its Disguise. See there! just before you, *Revenge* stalking by, habited in the Robe of *Honour*. Observe not far from him *Ambition* standing alone; if you ask him his Name he will tell you it is *Emulation* or *Glory*. But the most frequent Intruder we have is *Lust*, who succeeds now the Deity to whom in better Days this Grove was entirely devoted. *Virtuous Love*, with *Hymen*, and the Graces attending him, once reign'd over this happy Place; a whole Train of Virtues waited on him, and no dishonourable Thought durst presume for Admittance; but now! how is the whole Prospect chang'd? and how seldom renew'd by some few who dare despise sordid Wealth, and imagine themselves fit Companions for so charming a Divinity?

The Goddess had no sooner said thus, but we were arriv'd

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arriv'd at the utmost Boundaries of the Wood, which lay contiguous to a Plain that ended at the Foot of the Mountain. Here I kept close to my Guide, being sollicited by several Phantoms, who assur'd me they wou'd shew me a nearer Way to the Mountain of the Muses. Among the rest *Vanity* was extremely importunate, having deluded infinite Numbers, whom I saw wandring at the Foot of the Hill. I turn'd away from this despicable Troop with Disdain, and addressing my self to my Guide, told her, That as I had some Hopes I shou'd be able to reach up Part of the Ascent, so I despair'd of having Strength enough to attain the Plain on the Top. But being inform'd by her that it was impossible to stand upon the Sides, and that if I did not proceed onwards I should irrecoverably fall down to the lowest Verge, I resolv'd to hazard any Labour and Hardship in the Attempt: So great a Desire had I of enjoying the Satisfaction I hop'd to meet with at the End of my Enterprize!

There were two Paths, which led up by different Ways to the Summit of the Mountain; the one was guarded by the Genius which presides over the Moment of our Births. He had it in Charge to examine the several Pretensions of those who desir'd a Pass that Way, but to admit none excepting those only on whom *Melpomene* had look'd with a propitious Eye at the Hour of their Nativity. The other Way was guarded by *Diligence*, to whom many of those Persons apply'd who had met with a Denial the other Way; but he was so tedious in granting their Request, and indeed after Admittance the Way was so very intricate and laborious, that many after they had made some Progress chose rather to return back than proceed, and very few persisted so long as to arrive at the End they propos'd. Besides these two Paths, which at length severally led to the Top of the Mountain, there was a third made up of these two, which a little after the Entrance joyn'd in one. This carried those happy Few, whose good Fortune it was to find it, directly to the Throne of *Apollo*. I don't know whether I should even now have had the Resolution to have demanded Entrance at either of these Doors, had I not seen a Peasant-like Man (followed by a numerous and lovely

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lovely Train of Youth of both Sexes) insist upon Entrance for all whom he led up. He put me in Mind of the Country Clown who is painted in the Map for leading Prince *Eugene* over the *Alps*: He had a Bundle of Papers in his Hand, and producing several, which, he said, were given to him by Hands which he knew *Apollo* would allow as Passes, among which, methoughts, I saw some of my own Writing, the whole Assembly was admitted, and gave, by their Presence, a new Beauty and Pleasure to these happy Mansions. I found the Man did not pretend to enter himself, but served as a Kind of Forester in the Lawns to direct Passengers, who by their own Merit, or Instructions he procured for them, had Virtue enough to travel that Way. I looked very attentively upon this kind homely Benefactor, and forgive me, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, if I own to you I took him for your self. We were no sooner entered but we were sprinkled three Times with the Water of the Fountain *Aganippe*, which had Power to deliver us from all Harms, but only Envy, which reach'd even to the End of our Journey. We had not proceeded far in the middle Path when we arrived at the Summit of the Hill, where there immediately appeared to us two Figures, which extreamly engaged my Attention; the one was a young Nymph in the Prime of her Youth and Beauty; she had Wings on her Shoulders and Feet, and was able to transport herself to the most distant Regions in the smallest Space of Time. She was continually varying her Dress, sometimes into the most natural and becoming Habits in the World, and at others into the most wild and freakish Garb that can be imagined. There stood by her a Man full-aged, and of great Gravity, who corrected her Inconsistencies, by showing them in this Mirror, and still flung her affected and unbecoming Ornaments down the Mountain, which fell in the Plain below, and were gathered up and worn with great Satisfaction by those that inhabited it. The Name of the Nymph was *Fancy*, the Daughter of *Liberty*, the most beautiful of all the Mountain Nymphs. The other was *Judgment*, the Offspring of *Time*, and the only Child he acknowledged to be his. A Youth who sate upon a Throne just between them, was their genuine

Offspring

Offspring; his Name was *Wit*, and his Seat was compos'd of the Works of the most celebrated Authors. I could not but see with a secret Joy, that though the *Greeks* and *Romans* made the Majority, yet our own Countrymen were the next both in Number and Dignity. I was now at Liberty to take a full Prospect of that delightful Region. I was inspir'd with new Vigour and Life, and saw every Thing in nobler and more pleasing View than before; I breath'd a purer Æther in a Sky which was a continu'd Azure, gilded with perpetual Sun-shine. The two Summits of the Mountain rose on each Side, and formed in the Midst a most delicious Vale, the Habitation of the Muses, and of such as had composed Works worthy of Immortality. *Apollo* was seated upon a Throne of Gold, and for a Canopy an aged Lawrel spread its Boughs and its Shade over his Head. His Bow and Quiver lay at his Feet. He held his Harp in his Hand, whilst the Muses round about him celebrated with Hymns his Victory over the Serpent *Python*, and sometimes sung in softer Notes the Loves of *Leucothoe* and *Daphnis*. *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton* were seated the next to them. Behind were a great Number of others, among whom I was surprized to see some in the Habit of *Laplanders*, who, notwithstanding the Uncouthness of their Dress, had lately obtained a Place upon the Mountain. I saw *Pindar* walking all alone, no one daring to accost him till *Cowley* joyn'd himself to him; but, growing weary of one who almost walk'd him out of Breath, he left him for *Horace* and *Anacreon*, with whom he seem'd infinitely delighted.

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A little further I saw another Groupe of Figures: I made up to them, and found it was *Socrates* dictating to *Xenophon* and the Spirit of *Plato*; but most of all *Musæus* had the greatest Audience about him. I was at too great a Distance to hear what he said, or to discover the Faces of his Hearers, only I Thought I now perceived *Virgil*, who had joined them, and stood in a Posture full of Admiration at the Harmony of his Words.

Lastly, At the very Brink of the Hill I saw *Boccalini* sending Dispatches to the World below of what happen'd upon *Parnassus*; but I perceived he did it without Leave of the Muses, and by Stealth, and was afraid to have

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have them revised by *Apollo*. I could now from this Height and serene Sky behold the infinite Cares and Anxieties with which Mortals below sought out their Way through the Maze of Life. I saw the Path of Virtue lie straight before them, whilst Interest, or some malicious Demon, still hurry'd them out of the Way. I was at once touch'd with Pleasure at my own Happiness, and Compassion at the Sight of their inextricable Errors. Here the two contending Passions rose so high, that they were inconsistent with the sweet Repose I enjoy'd, and awaking with a sudden Start, the only Consolation I could admit of for my Loss, was the Hopes that this Relation of my Dream will not displease you.' T

No. 515.
[STEELE.] Tuesday, October 21.

Pudet me & miseret qui harum mores cantabat mihi
Monuisse frustra . Ter.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I AM obliged to you for printing the Account I lately sent you of a Coquet who disturbed a sober Congregation in the City of *London*. That Intelligence ended at her taking Coach, and bidding the Driver go where he knew. I could not leave her so, but dogged her, as hard as she drove, to *Paul's* Church-yard, where there was a Stop of Coaches attending Company coming out of the Cathedral. This gave me Opportunity to hold up a Crown to her Coachman, who gave me the Signal, and that he would hurry on, and make no Haste, as you know the Way is when they favour a Chace. By his many kind Blunders, driving against other Coaches, and slipping off some of his Tackle, I could keep up with him, and lodged my fine Lady in the Parish of St. *James's*. As I guessed when I first saw her at Church, her Business is to win Hearts and throw 'em away, regarding Nothing but the Triumph. I have had the Happiness, by tracing her through all with whom I heard she was acquainted, to find one who was intimate with a Friend of mine, and to be introduced to her Notice. I have made so good Use of my Time, as to procure from that Intimate of hers one of

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of her Letters, which she writ to her when in the Country. This Epistle of her own may serve to alarm the World against her in ordinary Life, as mine, I hope, did those who shall behold her at Church. The Letter was written last Winter to the Lady who gave it me; and I doubt not but you will find it the Soul of an happy self-loving Dame, that takes all the Admiration she can meet with, and returns none of it in Love to her Admirers.

"*Dear Jenny,*

I am glad to find you are likely to be disposed of in Marriage so much to your Approbation as you tell me. You say you are afraid only of me, for I shall laugh at your Spouse's Airs. I beg of you not to fear it, for I am too nice a Discerner to laugh at any, but whom most other People think fine Fellows; so that your Dear may bring you hither as soon as his Horses are in Case enough to appear in Town, and you be very safe against any Raillery you may apprehend from me; for I am surrounded with Coxcombs of my own making, who are all ridiculous in a manner: Your Good-man, I presume, can't exert himself. As Men who cannot raise their Fortunes, and are uneasy under the Incapacity of shining in Courts, rail at Ambition, so do awkward and insipid Women, who cannot warm the Hearts and charm the Eyes of Men, rail at Affection: But she that has the Joy of seeing a Man's Heart leap into his Eyes at beholding her, is in no Pain for Want of Esteem among a Crew of that Part of her own Sex who have no Spirit but that of Envy, and no Language but that of Malice. I do not in this, I hope, express my self insensible of the Merit of *Leodacia*, who lowers her Beauty to all but her Husband, and never spreads her Charms but to gladden him who has a Right in them. I say, I do Honour to those who can be Coquets, and are not such; but I despise all who would be so, and in Despair of arriving at it themselves, hate and vilify all those who can. But, be that as it will, in Answer to your Desire of knowing my History: One of my chief present Pleasures is in Country-Dances; and, in Obedience to me as well as the Pleasure of coming up to me with good Grace, shewing

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shewing themselves in their Address to others in my Presence, and the like Opportunities, they are all Proficients that Way: And I had the Happiness of being the other Night where we made six Couple, and every Woman's Partner a profess'd Lover of mine. The wildest Imagination cannot form to it self, on any Occasion, higher Delight than I acknowledge my self to have been in all that Evening. I chose out of my Admirers a Set of Men who most love me, and gave them Partners of such of my own Sex who most envy'd me.

My Way is, when any Man who is my Admirer pretends to give himself Airs of Merit, as at this Time a certain Gentleman you know did, to mortify him by favouring in his Presence the most insignificant Creature I can find. At this Ball I was led into the Company by pretty Mr. *Fanfly*, who, you know, is the most obsequious well-shap'd well-bred Woman's Man in Town. I at first Entrance declared him my Partner if I danced at all; which put the whole Assembly into a Grin, as forming no Terrours from such a Rival. But we had not been long in the Room, before I over-heard the meritorious Gentleman above-mentioned, say with an Oath, There is no Raillery in the Thing, she certainly loves the Puppy. My Gentleman, when we were dancing, took an Occasion to be very soft in his Oglings upon a Lady he danced with, and whom he knew of all Women I love most to outshine. The Contest began who should plague the other most. I, who do not care a Farthing for him, had no hard Task to out-vex him. I made *Fanfly*, with a very little Encouragement, cut Capers *Coupee*, and then sink with all the Air and Tenderness imaginable. When he performed this, I observed the Gentleman you know of fall into the same Way, and imitate as well as he could the despised *Fanfly*. I cannot well give you, who are so grave a Country Lady, the Idea of the Joy we have when we see a stubborn Heart breaking, or a Man of Sense turning Fool for our Sakes; but this happened to our Friend, and I expect his Attendance whenever I go to Church, to Court, to the Play, or the Park. This is a Sacrifice due to us Women of Genius, who have the Eloquence of Beauty, an easy Mein. I mean by an easy Mein, one which can be

be on Occasion easily affected: For I must tell you, dear *Jenny*, I hold one Maxim, which is an uncommon one, to wit, That our greatest Charms are owing to Affectation. 'Tis to That that our Arms can lodge so quietly just over our Hips, and the Fan can play without any Force or Motion but just of the Wrist. 'Tis to Affectation we owe the pensive Attention of *Deidamia* at a Tragedy, the scornful Approbation of *Dulcimara* at a Comedy, and the lowly Aspect of *Lanquicelsa* at a Sermon.

To tell you the plain Truth, I know no Pleasure but in being admired, and have yet never failed of attaining the Approbation of the Man whose Regard I had a Mind to. You see all the Men who make a Figure in the World (as wise a Look as they are pleased to put upon the Matter) are moved by the same Vanity as I am. What is there in Ambition, but to make other People's Wills depend upon yours? This indeed is not to be aim'd at by one who has a Genius no higher than to think of being a very good Housewife in a Country Gentleman's Family. The Care of Poultrey and Piggs are great Enemies to the Countenance: The vacant Look of a fine Lady is not to be preserved, if she admits any Thing to take up her Thoughts but her own dear Person. But I interrupt you too long from your Cares, and my self from my Conquests.

I am,
Madam,
Your most humble Servant."

Give me Leave, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, to add her Friend's answer to this Epistle, who is a very discreet ingenious Woman.

"*Dear Gatty,*

I take your Raillery in very good Part, and am obliged to you for the free Air with which you speak of your own Gayeties. But this is but a barren superficial Pleasure; indeed, *Gatty*, we are made for Man, and in serious Sadness I must tell you, whether you your self know it or no, all these Gallantries tend to no other End but to be a Wife and Mother as fast as you can.

I am,
Madam,
Your most humble servant."

T Wednesday

No. 516. Wednesday, October 22, 1712.

No. 516. [STEELE.]

Wednesday, October 22.

Immortale odium & nunquam sanabile vulnus.

.

Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum
Odit uterque locus, quum solos credat habendos
Esse deos, quos ipse colit - - - -, - Juv.

OF all the monstrous Passions and Opinions which have crept into the World, there is none so wonderful as that those who profess the common Name of *Christians* should pursue each other with Rancour and Hatred for Differences in their Way of following the Example of their Saviour. It seems so natural, that all who pursue the Steps of any Leader should form themselves after his Manners, that it is impossible to account for Effects so different from what we might expect from those who profess themselves Followers of the highest Pattern of Meekness and Charity, but by ascribing such Effects to the Ambition and Corruption of those who are so audacious, with Souls full of Fury, to serve at the Altars of the God of Peace.

The Massacres to which the Church of *Rome* has animated the ordinary People are dreadful Instances of the Truth of this Observation; and whoever reads the History of the *Irish* Rebellion, and the Cruelties which ensued thereupon, will be sufficiently convinced to what Rage poor Ignorants may be work'd up by those who profess Holiness, and become Incendiaries, and, under the Dispensation of Grace, promote Evils abhorrent to Nature.

This Subject and Catastrophe, which deserve so well to be remarked by the Protestant World, will, I doubt not, be considered by the Reverend and Learned Prelate that preaches to Morrow before many of the Descendants of those who perished on that lamentable Day, in a Manner suitable to the Occasion, and worthy his own great Virtue and Eloquence.

I shall not dwell upon it any further, but only transcribe out of a little Tract, called *The Christian Heroe* published in 1701, what I find there in Honour of the renowned Heroe *William* III. who rescued that Nation from the

the Repetition of the same Disasters. His late Majesty, of glorious Memory, and the most Christian King are considered at the Conclusion of that Treatise as Heads of the Protestant and Roman Catholick World in the following Manner. No. 516. Wednesday, October 22, 1712.

There were not ever, before the Entrance of the Christian Name into the World, Men who have maintain'd a more renown'd Carriage, than the two great Rivals who possess the full Fame of the present Age, and will be the Theme and Examination of the future. They are exactly form'd by Nature for those Ends to which Heaven seems to have sent them amongst us: Both animated with a restless Desire of Glory, but pursue it by different Means, and with different Motives: To one it consists in an extensive undisputed Empire over his Subjects, to the other in their rational and voluntary Obedience: One's Happiness is founded in their Want of Power, the other's in their Want of Desire to oppose him: The one enjoys the Summit of Fortune with the Luxury of a *Persian*, the other with the Moderation of a *Spartan*: One is made to oppress, the other to relieve the Oppressed: The one is satisfied with the Pomp and Ostentation of Power to prefer and debase his Inferiours, the other delighted only with the Cause and Foundation of it to cherish and protect 'em: To one therefore Religion is but a convenient Disguise, to the other a vigorous Motive of Action.

For without such Ties of real and solid Honour, there is no Way of forming a Monarch, but after the Machiavilian Scheme, by which a Prince must ever seem to have all Virtues, but really to be Master of none, but is to be liberal, merciful, and just only as they serve his Interests; while, with the noble Art of Hypocrisy, Empire would be to be extended, and new Conquests be made by new Devices, by which prompt Address his Creatures might insensibly give Law in the Business of Life, by leading Men in the Entertainment of it.

Thus when Words and Show are apt to pass for the substantial Things they are only to express, there would need no more to enslave a Country but to adorn a Court: for while every Man's Vanity makes him believe himself capable

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capable of becoming Luxury, Enjoyments are a ready Bait for Sufferings, and the Hopes of Preferment Invitations to Servitude, which Slavery would be colour'd with all the Agreements, as they call it, imaginable. The noblest Arts and Artists, the finest Pens and most elegant Minds, jointly employ'd to set it off, with the various Embellishments of sumptuous Entertainments, charming Assemblies and polished Discourses: And those apostate Abilities of Men, the adored Monarch might profusely and skillfully encourage, while they flatter his Virtue, and gild his Vice at so high a Rate, that he, without Scorn of the one, or Love of the other, would alternately and occasionally use both, so that his Bounty should support him in his Rapines, his Mercy in his Cruelties.

Nor is it to give Things a more severe Look than is natural, to suppose such must be the Consequences of a Prince's having no other Pursuit than that of his own Glory; for, if we consider an Infant born into the World, and beholding it self the mightiest Thing in it, its self the present Admiration and future Prospect of a fawning People, who profess themselves Great or Mean, according to the Figure he is to make amongst them, what Fancy would not be debauched to believe they were but what they professed themselves, his mere Creatures, and use them as such by Purchasing with their Lives a boundless Renown, which he, for Want of a more just Prospect, would place in the Number of his Slaves, and the Extent of his Territories; such undoubtedly would be the tragical Effects of a Prince's Living with no Religion, which are not to be surpassed but by his having a false one.

If Ambition were spirited with Zeal, what would follow, but that his People should be converted into an Army, whose Swords can make Right in Power, and solve Controversy in Belief? And if Men should be stiff-necked to the Doctrine of that visible Church, let them be contented with an Oar and a Chain, in the Midst of Stripes and Anguish, to contemplate on him, whose Yoke is easy, and whose Burthen is light.

With a Tyranny begun on his own Subjects, and Indignation that others draw their Breath independent of his Frown or Smile, why should he not proceed to the Seizure

Seizure of the World? And if Nothing but the Thirst of Sway were the Motive of his Actions, why should Treaties be other than meer Words, or solemn national Compacts be any Thing but an Halt in the March of that Army, who are never to lay down their Arms, 'till all Men are reduced to the Necessity of hanging their Lives on his way-ward Will; who might supinely, and at Leisure, expiate his own Sins by other Men's Sufferings, while he daily meditates new Slaughter, and new Conquest?

For meer Man, when giddy with unbridled Power, is an insatiate Idol, not to be appeased with Myriads offered to his Pride, which may be puffed up by the Adulation of a base and prostrate World, into an Opinion that he is Something more than humane, by Being Something less: And, alas, what is there that mortal Man will not believe of himself, when complimented with the Attributes of God? He can then conceive Thoughts of a Power as *Omnipresent* as his: But should there be such a Foe of Mankind now upon Earth, have our Sins so far provoked Heaven, that we are left utterly Naked to his Fury? Is there no Power no Leader, no Genius, that can conduct and animate us to our Death, or our Defence? Yes, our great God never gave one to reign by his Permission, but he gave to another also to reign by his Grace.

All the Circumstances of the Illustrious Life of our Prince, seem to have conspired to make him the Check and Bridle of Tyranny; for his Mind has been strengthened and confirmed by one continued Struggle, and Heaven has educated him by Adversity to a quick Sense of the Distresses and Miseries of Mankind, which he was born to redress: In just Scorn of the trivial Glories and light Ostentations of Power, that glorious Instrument of Providence moves, like that, in a steady, calm, and silent Course, independent either of Applause or Calumny which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philosophick, an heroick, and a Christian Sense, an absolute Monarch: Who satisfied with this unchangeable, just, and ample Glory, must needs turn all his Regards from himself, to the Service of others; for he begins his Enterprizes with

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with his own Share in the Success of them; for Integrity bears in it self its Reward, nor can that which depends not on Event ever know Disappointment.

With the undoubted Character of a glorious Captain, and (what he much more values than the most splendid Titles) that of a sincere and honest Man, he is the Hope and Stay of *Europe*, an Universal Good not to be engrossed by us only; for distant Potentates implore his Friendship, and injured Empires court his Assistance. He rules the World, not by an Invasion of the People of the Earth, but the Address of its Princes; and if that World should be again rous'd from the Repose which his prevailing Arms had given it, why should we not hope that there is an Almighty, by whose Influence the terrible Enemy, that thinks himself prepar'd for Battle, may find he is but ripe for Destruction, and that there may be in the Womb of Time great Incidents, which may make the Catastrophe of a prosperous Life as unfortunate as the particular Scenes of it were successful. For there does not want a skilful Eye and resolute Arm to observe and grasp the Occasion. A Prince, who from

Fuit Ilium & ingens
Gloria ——.—Virg.

T

No. 517.
[ADDISON.] Thursday, October 23.

Heu pietas, heu prisca fides! Virg.

WE last Night received a Piece of ill News at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in Suspense, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY *is dead*. He departed this Life at his House in the Country, after a few Weeks' Sickness. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his Correspondents in those Parts, that informs him the old Man caught a Cold at the County Sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his Wishes. But this Particular comes from a Whig-Justice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER's Enemy and Antagonist. I have

Letters

Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain *Sentry* which mention Nothing of it, but are filled with many Particulars to the Honour of the good old Man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much Care of me last Summer when I was at the Knight's House. As my Friend the Butler mentions, in the Simplicity of his Heart, several Circumstances the others have passed over in Silence, I shall give my Reader a Copy of his Letter, without any Alteration or Diminution.

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'*Honoured Sir*,

Knowing that you was my old Master's good Friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy News of his Death, which has afflicted the whole Country, as well as his poor Servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his Death the last County Sessions, where he would go to see Justice done to a poor Widow Woman, and her Fatherless Children that had been wronged by a Neighbouring Gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good Master was always the poor Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the first Complaint he made was, that he had lost his Roast-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a Sirloin, which was served up according to Custom; and you know he used to take great Delight in it. From that Time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good Heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great Hope of his Recovery, upon a kind Message that was sent him from the Widow Lady whom he had made Love to the forty last Years of his Life; but this only proved a Light'ning before Death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as a Token of his Love, a great Pearl Necklace, and a Couple of Silver Bracelets set with Jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his Mother: He has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his Books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty Tenement with good Lands about it. It being a very cold Day when he made his Will, he left for Mourning, to every Man in the Parish a great Frize

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Coat, and to every Woman a black Riding-hood. It was a most moving Sight to see him take Leave of his poor Servants, commending us all for our Fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a Word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our Dear Master's Service, he has left us Pensions and Legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining Part of our Days. He has bequeathed a great Deal more in Charity, which is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the Parish, that he has left Money to build a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to say some Time ago, that if he lived two Years longer *Coverly* Church should have a Steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every Body that he made a very good End, and never speaks of him without Tears. He was buried, according to his own Directions, among the Family of the *Coverlys*, on the left Hand of his Father Sir *Arthur*. The Coffin was carried by Six of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by Six of the *Quorum*: The whole Parish followed the Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning-Suits, the Men in Frize, and the Women in Riding-hoods. Captain *Sentry*, my Master's Nephew, has taken Possession of the Hall-House, and the whole Estate. When my old Master saw him a little before his Death, he shook him by the Hand, and wished him Joy of the Estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good Use of it, and to pay the several Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quit-rents upon the Estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous Man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my Master loved, and shews great Kindness to the old House-dog, that you know my poor Master was so fond of. It would have gone to your Heart to have heard the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day of my Master's Death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no more has any of us 'Twas the melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever happened in *Worcestershire*. This being all from,

Honoured Sir,

Your most sorrowful Servant,

Edward Biscuit.

P. S.

P. S. My Master desired, some Weeks before he died, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier should be given to Sir *Andrew Freeport*, in his Name.'

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This Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler's Manner of Writing it, gave us such an Idea of our good old Friend, that upon the Reading of it there was not a dry Eye in the Club. Sir *Andrew* opening the Book found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in Particular the Act of Uniformity, with some Passages in it marked by Sir *Roger*'s own Hand. Sir *Andrew* found that they related to two or three Points, which he had disputed with Sir *Roger* the last Time he appeared at the Club. Sir *Andrew*, who would have been merry at such an Incident on another Occasion, at the Sight of the old Man's Hand-writing burst into Tears, and put the Book into his Pocket. Captain *Sentry* informs me, that the Knight has left Rings and Mourning for every one in the Club. O

No. 518.

[STEELE.] Friday, October 24.

—Miserum est alienum incumbere famae,
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis. Juv.

THIS being a Day of Business with me, I must make the present Entertainment like a Treat at an House-Warming, out of such Presents as have been sent me by my Guests. The first Dish which I serve up is a Letter come fresh to my Hand.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

It is with inexpressible Sorrow that I hear of the Death of good Sir *Roger*, and do heartily condole with you upon so melancholy an Occasion. I think you ought to have blacken'd the Edges of a Paper which brought us so ill News, and to have had it stamped likewise in Black. It is expected of you that you should write his Epitaph, and, if possible, fill his Place in the Club with as worthy and diverting a Member. I question not but you will receive many Recommendations from the Publick of such as will appear Candidates for that Post.

Since I am talking of Death, and have mentioned an Epitaph

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Epitaph, I must tell you, Sir, that I have made Discovery of a Church-Yard in which I believe you might spend an Afternoon, with great Pleasure to your self and to the Publick: It belongs to the Church of *Stebon-Heath*, commonly called *Stepney*. Whether or no it be that the People of that Parish have a particular Genius for an Epitaph, or that there be some Poet among them who undertakes that Work by the Great, I can't tell, but there are more remarkable Inscriptions in that Place than in any other I have met with, and I may say without Vanity that there is not a Gentleman in *England* better read in Tomb-stones than my self, my Studies having laid very much in Church-yards. I shall beg leave to send you a Couple of Epitaphs, for a Sample of those I have just now mentioned. They are written in a different manner; the first being in the diffused and luxuriant, the second in the close contracted Stile. The first has much of the Simple and Pathetick; the second is something Light, but Nervous. The first is thus:

Here Thomas Sapper *lyes interr'd, Ah why!*
Born in New-England, *did in* London *dy'e,*
Was the third Son of Eight, begot upon
His Mother Martha *by his Father* John.
Much favour'd by his Prince he 'gan to be,
But nipt by Death at th' Age of Twenty Three.
Fatal to him was that we Small-pox name,
By which his Mother and two Brethren came
Also to breath their last nine Years before,
And now have left their Father to deplore
The Loss of all his Children with his Wife,
Who was the Joy and Comfort of his Life.

The Second is as follows,

Here lies the Body of Daniel Saul,
Spittle fields *Weaver, and that's all.*

I will not dismiss you, whilst I am upon this Subject without sending a short Epitaph which I once met with, tho' I cannot possibly recollect the Place. The Thought of it is serious, and, in my Opinion, the finest that ever I met with upon this Occasion. You know, Sir, it is usual, after having told us the Name of the Person who lies

lies interr'd, to launch out into his Praises. This Epitaph takes a quite contrary Turn, having been made by the Person himself some time before his Death. No. 518. Friday, October 24, 1712.

Hic jacet R C in expectatione diei supremi. Qualis erat dies iste indicabit.

Here lieth *R. C.* in expectation of the last Day. What sort of a Man he was that Day will discover.

I am, Sir, &c.'

The following Letter is dated from *Cambridge.*

'*Sir,*

Having lately read, among your Speculations, an Essay upon Physiognomy, I cannot but think that if you made a Visit to this Antient University, you might receive very considerable Lights upon that Subject, there being scarce a young Fellow in it who does not give certain Indications of his particular Humour and Disposition, conformable to the Rules of that Art. In Courts and Cities every Body lays a Constraint upon his Countenance, and endeavours to look like the rest of the World; but the Youth of this Place, having not yet formed themselves by Conversation, and the Knowledge of the World, give their Limbs and Features their full Play.

As you have considered Human Nature in all its Lights, you must be extremely well apprised, that there is a very close Correspondence between the Outward and the Inward Man; that scarce the least Dawning, the least Parturiency towards a Thought can be stirring in the Mind of Man, without producing a suitable Revolution in his Exteriors, which will easily discover it self to an Adept in the Theory of the Phiz. Hence it is, that the intrinsic Worth and Merit of a Son of *Alma Mater* is ordinarily calculated from the Cast of his Visage, the Contour of his Person, the Mechanism of his Dress, the Disposition of his Limbs, the Manner of his Gate and Air, with a number of Circumstances of equal Consequence and Information. The Practitioners in this Art often make use of a Gentleman's Eyes to give them Light into the Posture of his Brains; take a Hint from his

Nose

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Nose, to judge of the size of his Intellects; and interpret the over-much Visibility and Pertness of one Ear, as an infallible mark of Reprobation, and a Sign the Owner of so saucy a Member fears neither God nor Man. In Conformity to this Scheme, a contracted Brow, a lumpish down-cast Look, a sober sedate Pace, with both Hands dangling quiet and steddy in Lines exactly parallel to each Lateral Pocket of the Galligaskins, is Logic, Metaphysics and Mathematics in Perfection. So likewise the *Belles Lettres* are typified by a Saunter in the Gate, a Fall of one Wing of the Peruke backward, an Insertion of one Hand in the Fobb, and a negligent swing of the other, with a Pinch of right and fine *Barcelona* between Finger and Thumb, a due Quantity of the same upon the upper Lip, and a Noddle-Case loaden with Pulvil. Again, a grave solemn stalking Pace is Heroic Poetry, and Politicks; an Unequal One, a Genius for the Ode, and the modern Ballad; and an open Breast, with an audacious Display of the Holland Shirt, is construed a fatal Tendency to the Art Military.

I might be much larger upon these Hints, but I know whom I write to. If you can graft any Speculation upon them, or turn them to the Advantage of the Persons concerned in them, you will do a Work very becoming the *British Spectator*, and oblige

Your very humble Servant,

Tom. Tweer.'

No. 519.

[ADDISON.] Saturday, October 25.

Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitaeque volantum,
Et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus. Virg.

THOUGH there is a great deal of Pleasure in contemplating the Material World, by which I mean that System of Bodies into which Nature has so curiously wrought the Mass of dead Matter, with the several Relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprizing in Contemplations on the World of Life, by which I mean all those Animals with which every Part of the Universe

is

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is furnished. The Material World is only the Shell of the Universe: The World of Life are its Inhabitants.

If we consider those Parts of the Material World which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our Observations and Enquiries, it is amazing to consider the Infinity of Animals with which it is stocked. Every part of Matter is peopled: Every green Leaf swarms with Inhabitants. There is scarce a single Humour in the Body of a Man, or of any other Animal, in which our Glasses do not discover Myriads of living Creatures. The Surface of Animals is also covered with other Animals, which are in the same manner the Basis of other Animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid Bodies, as in Marble it self, innumerable Cells and Cavities that are crouded with such imperceptible Inhabitants, as are too little for the naked Eye to discover. On the other Hand, if we look into the more bulky Parts of Nature, we see the Seas, Lakes and Rivers teeming with numberless Kinds of living Creatures: We find every Mountain and Marsh, Wilderness and Wood, plentifully stocked with Birds and Beasts, and every part of Matter affording proper Necessaries and Conveniencies for the Livelihood of Multitudes which inhabit it.

The Author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good Argument from this Consideration, for the *peopling* of every Planet, as indeed it seems very probable from the Analogy of Reason, that if no part of Matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great Bodies which are at such a Distance from us should not be desart and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with Beings adapted to their respective Situations.

Existence is a Blessing to those Beings only which are endowed with Perception, and is, in a manner, thrown away upon dead Matter, any further than as it is subservient to Beings which are conscious of their Existence. Accordingly we find, from the Bodies which lie under our Observation, that Matter is only made as the Basis and Support of Animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the Existence of the other.

Infinite

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Infinite Goodness is of so communicative a Nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of Existence upon every degree of Preceptive Being. As this is a Speculation which I have often pursued with great Pleasure to my self, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the Scale of Beings which comes within our Knowledge.

There are some living Creatures which are raised but just above dead Matter. To mention only that Species of Shell-fish, which are formed in the Fashion of a Cone, that grow to the Surface of several Rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the Place where they grow. There are many other Creatures but one Remove from these, which have no other Sense besides that of Feeling and Taste. Others have still an additional one of Hearing; others of Smell, and others of Sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual Progress the World of Life advances through a prodigious Variety of Species, before a Creature is formed that is compleat in all its Senses, and even among these there is such a different degree of Perfection in the Sense, which one Animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the Sense in different Animals be distinguished by the same common Denomination, it seems almost of a different Nature. If after this we look into the several inward Perfections of Cunning and Sagacity, or what we generally call Instinct, we find them rising after the same manner, imperceptibly one above another and receiving additional Improvements, according to the Species in which they are implanted. This Progress in Nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior Species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing Goodness of the Supream Being, whose Mercy extends to all his Works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little Matter, at least what falls within our Knowledge, that does not Swarm with Life: Nor is his Goodness less seen in the Diversity than in the Multitude of living Creatures. Had he only made one Species of Animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the Happi-

ness

ness of Existence; he has, therefore, *specified* in his Creation every degree of Life, every Capacity of Being. The whole Chasm in Nature, from a Plant to a Man, is filled up with diverse Kinds of Creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easie Ascent, that the little Transitions and Deviations from one Species to another, are almost insensible. This intermediate Space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of Perception which does not appear in some one part of the World of Life. Is the Goodness or Wisdom of the Divine Being more manifested in this his Proceeding?

There is a Consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing Considerations. If the Scale of Being rises by such a regular Progress, so high as Man, we may by a Parity of Reason suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those Beings which are of a Superior Nature to him, since there is an infinitely greater Space and Room for different Degrees of Perfection, between the Supreme Being and Man, than between Man and the most despicable Insect. This Consequence of so great a Variety of Beings which are superior to us, from that Variety which is interior to us, is made by Mr. *Locke*, in a Passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between Man and his Maker for the Creative Power to exert it self in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite Gap or Distance between the highest created Being, and the Power which produced him.

That there should be more Species *of intelligent Creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; That in all the visible corporeal World, we see no Chasms, or no Gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easie steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove, differ very little one from the other. There are Fishes that have Wings, and are not Strangers to the airy Region: and there are some Birds, that are Inhabitants of the Water; whose Blood is cold as Fishes, and their Flesh so like in Taste, that*

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the scrupulous are allowed them on Fish-days. There are Animals so near of kin both to Birds and Beasts, that they are in the middle between both: Amphibious Animals link the Terrestrial and Aquatique together; Seals live at Land and at Sea, and Porpoises have the warm Blood and Entrails of a Hog, not to mention what is confidently reported of Mermaids or Sea-men. There are some Brutes, that seem to have as much Knowledge and Reason, as some that are called Men; and the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms are so nearly joyn'd, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them; and so on till we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of Matter, we shall find every where that the several Species *are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite Power and Wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think, that it is suitable to the magnificent Harmony of the Universe, and the great Design and infinite Goodness of the Architect, that the* Species *of Creatures should also, by gentle degrees, Ascend upward from us toward his infinite Perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward: Which if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more* Species *of Creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest state of Being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct* Species, *we have no clear distinct* Ideas.

In this System of Being, there is no Creature so wonderful in its Nature, and which so much deserves our particular Attention, as Man, who fills up the middle Space between the Animal and Intellectual Nature the visible and invisible World, and is that Link in the Chain of Beings which has been often termed the *nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he, who in one Respect is associated with Angels and Arch-Angels, may look upon a Being of infinite Perfection as his Father, and the highest Order of Spirits as his Brethren, and may in another Respect

Respect say to *Corruption, thou art my Father, and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and my Sister.* No. 519. Saturday, October 25, 1712.

No. 520.

Monday, October 27.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? Hor.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

THE just Value you have expressed for the Matrimonial State, is the Reason that I now venture to write to you, without Fear of being ridiculous, and confess to you, that though it is three Months since I lost a very agreeable Woman, who was my Wife, my Sorrow is still fresh; and I am often, in the midst of Company, upon any Circumstance that revives her Memory, with a Reflection what she would say or do on such an Occasion; I say, upon any Occurrence of that Nature, which I can give you a Sense of, though I cannot express it wholly, I am all over Softness, and am obliged to retire, and give Way to a few Sighs and Tears, before I can be easie. I cannot but recommend the Subject of Male Widowhood to you, and beg of you to touch upon it by the first Opportunity. To those who have not lived like Husbands during the Lives of their Spouses, this would be a tasteless Jumble of Words; but to such (of whom there are not a few) who have enjoyed that State with the Sentiments proper for it, you will have every Line, which hits the Sorrow, attended with a Tear of Pity and Consolation. For I know not by what Goodness of Providence it is, that every Gush of Passion is a Step towards the Relief of it; and there is a certain Comfort in the very Act of Sorrowing, which, I suppose, arises from a secret Consciousness in the Mind, that the Affliction it is under flows from a virtuous Cause. My Concern is not indeed so outragious as at the first Transport; for I think it has subsided rather into a sober State of Mind, than any actual Perturbation of Spirit. There might be Rules formed for Men's Behaviour on this great Incident, to bring them from that Misfortune into the Condition I am at present, which is, I think, that my Sorrow has converted all Roughness of Temper into Meekness

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Meekness, Good-nature, and Complacency: But indeed when in a serious and lonely Hour I present my departed Consort to my Imagination, with that Air of Perswasion in her Countenance when I have been in Passion, that sweet Affability when I have been in good Humour, that tender Compassion when I have had any thing which gave me Uneasiness; I confess to you I am inconsolable, and my Eyes gush with Grief as if I had seen her but just then expire. In this Condition I am broken in upon by a charming young Woman, my Daughter, who is the Picture of what her Mother was on her Wedding-Day. The good Girl strives to comfort me; but how shall I let you know that all the Comfort she gives me is to make my Tears flow more easily? The Child knows she quickens my Sorrows, and rejoices my Heart at the same Time. Oh, ye Learned, tell me by what Word to speak a Motion of the Soul for which there is no Name. When she kneels and bids me be comforted, she is my Child; when I take her in my Arms, and bid her say no more, she is my very Wife, and is the very Comforter I lament the Loss of. I banish her the Room, and weep aloud, that I have lost her Mother, and that I have her.

Mr. SPECTATOR, I wish it were possible for you to have a Sense of these pleasing Perplexities; you might communicate to the guilty Part of Mankind, that they are incapable of the Happiness which is in the very Sorrows of the Virtuous.

But pray spare me a little longer; give me Leave to tell you the Manner of her Death. She took Leave of all her Family, and bore the vain Application of Medicines with the greatest Patience imaginable. When the Physician told her she must certainly die, she desired, as well as she could, that all who were present, except my self, might depart the Room. She said she had nothing to say, for she was resigned, and I knew all she knew that concerned us in this World; but she desired to be alone, that in the Presence of God only she might, without Interruption, do her last Duty to me, of thanking me for all my Kindness to her; adding, That she hoped in my last Moments I should feel the same Comfort for my Goodness

Goodness to her, as she did in that she had acquitted herself with Honour, Truth and Virtue to me. No. 520. Monday, October 27, 1712.

I curb my self, and will not tell you that this Kindness cut my Heart in twain, when I expected an Accusation for some passionate Starts of mine in some Parts of our Time together, to say nothing, but thank me for the Good, if there was any Good suitable to her own Excellence! All that I had ever said to her, all the Circumstances of Sorrow and Joy between us, crowded upon my Mind in the same Instant; and when immediately after I saw the Pangs of Death come upon that dear Body which I had often embraced with Transport: when I saw those cherishing Eyes begin to be ghastly, and their last Struggle to be to fix themselves on me, how did I lose all Patience? She expired in my Arms, and in my Distraction I thought I saw her Bosom still heave. There was certainly Life yet still left: I cried she just now spoke to me: But, alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved about me from the Distemper of my own Head; for the best of Women was breathless, and gone for ever.

Now the Doctrine I would, methinks, have you raise from this Account I have given you, is, That there is a certain Equanimity in those who are good and just, which runs into their very Sorrow, and disappoints the Force of it. Tho' they must pass thro' Afflictions in common with all who are in human Nature, yet their conscious Integrity shall undermine their Affliction; nay, that very Affliction shall add Force to their Integrity, from a Reflection of the use of Virtue in the Hour of Affliction. I sate down with a Design to put you upon giving us Rules how to overcome such Griefs as these; but I should rather advise you to teach Men to be capable of them.

You Men of Letters have what you call the fine Taste in their Apprehensions of what is properly done or said: There is something like this deeply grafted in the Soul of him who is honest and faithful in all his Thoughts and Actions. Every thing which is false, vitious, or unworthy is despicable to him, tho' all the World should approve it. At the same Time he has the most [illegible] Sensibility

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in all Enjoyments and Sufferings which it is proper for him to have, where any Duty of Life is concerned. To want Sorrow when you in Decency and Truth should be afflicted, is, I should think, a greater Instance of a Man's being a Blockhead, than not to know the Beauty of any Passage in *Virgil*. You have not yet observed, Mr SPECTATOR, that the fine Gentlemen of this Age set up for Hardness of Heart, and Humanity has very little Share in their Pretences. He is a brave Fellow who is always ready to kill a Man he hates, but he does not stand in the same Degree of Esteem who laments for the Woman he loves. I should fancy you might work up a thousand petty Thoughts, by reflecting upon the Persons most susceptible of the sort of Sorrow I have spoken of; and I dare say you will find upon Examination, that they are the wisest and the bravest of Mankind who are most capable of it.

I am,

Norwich, 7ber Octobris, 1712.

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

T . F. I'

No. 521.

[STEELE.] Tuesday, October 28.

Vera redit facies, assimulata perit.—Pe. Arb.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I HAVE been for many Years loud in this Assertion, That there are very few that can see or hear, I mean that can report what they have seen or heard; and this through Incapacity or Prejudice, one of which disables almost every Man who talks to you from representing things as he ought. For which Reason I am come to a Resolution of believing nothing I hear; and I contemn the Men given to Narration under the Appellation of a Matter of Fact Man: And according to me a Matter of Fact Man is one whose Life and Conversation is spent in the Report of what is not Matter of Fact.

I remember when Prince *Eugene* was here, there was no knowing his Height or Figure, 'till you, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, gave

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gave the Public Satisfaction in that Matter. In Relations, the Force of the Expression lies very often more in the Look, the Tone of Voice, or the Gesture, than the Words themselves; which being repeated in any other manner by the Undiscerning, bear a very different Interpretation from their original Meaning. I must confess, I formerly have turned this Humour of mine to very good Account; for whenever I heard any Narrations utter'd with extraordinary vehemence, and grounded upon considerable Authority, I was always ready to lay any Wager that it was not so. Indeed I never pretended to be so rash, as to fix the Matter any particular Way in Opposition to theirs; but as there are an hundred Ways of any thing happening, besides that it has happen'd, I only controverted its falling out in that one Manner as they settled it, and left it to the Ninety nine other Ways, and consequently had more Probability of Success. I had arrived at a particular Skill in warming a Man so far in his Narration, as to make him throw in a little of the Marvelous, and then, if he has much Fire, the next Degree is the Impossible. Now this is always the Time for fixing the Wager. But this requires the nicest Management, otherwise very probably the Dispute may arise to the old Determination by Battel. In these Conceits I have been very fortunate, and have won some Wagers of those who have professedly valued themselves upon Intelligence, and have put themselves to great Charge and Expence to be misinform'd considerably sooner than the rest of the World.

Having got a comfortable Sum by this my Opposition to publick Report, I have brought my self now to so great a Perfection in Inattention, more especially to Party Relations, that at the same time I seem with greedy Ears to devour up the Discourse, I certainly don't know one Word of it, but pursue my own Course of Thought, whether upon Business or Amusement, with much Tranquility: I say Inattention, because a late Act of Parliament has secur'd all Party-Lyars from the Penalty of a Wager, and consequently made it unprofitable to attend them. However, good Breeding obliges a Man to maintain the Figure of the keenest Attention, the true Posture in which

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in a Coffee-house I take to consist in leaning over a Table, with the Edge of it pressing hard upon your Stomach; for the more Pain the Narration is received with the more gracious is your bending over: Besides that, the Narrator thinks you forget your Pain by the Pleasure of hearing him.

Fort *Knock* has occasioned several very perplexed and inelegant Heats and Animosities; and there was one t'other Day in a Coffee-house where I was, that took upon him to clear that Business to me, for he said he was there. I knew him to be that sort of Man that had not Strength of Capacity to be informed of any thing that depended merely upon his being an Eye-Witness, and therefore was fully satisfied he could give me no Information, for the very same Reason he believed he could, for he was there. However, I heard him with the same Greediness as *Shakespear* describes in the following Lines:

I saw a Smith stand on his Hammer, thus,
With open Mouth swallowing a Taylor's News

I confess of late I have not been so much amazed at the Declaimers in Coffee-houses as I formerly was, being satisfied that they expect to be rewarded for their Vociferations. Of these Liars there are two Sorts. The Genius of the first consists in much Impudence and a strong Memory; the others have added to these Qualifications a good Understanding and smooth Language. These therefore have only certain Heads, which they are as eloquent upon as they can, and may be called Embellishers; the others repeat only what they hear from others as literally as their Parts or Zeal will permit and are called Reciters. Here was a Fellow in Town some Years ago, who used to divert himself by telling a Lie at *Charing-Cross* in the Morning at eight of the Clock, and then following it through all Parts of the Town till eight at Night; at which time he came to a Club of his Friends, and diverted them with an Account what Censure it had at *Will's* in *Covent-garden*, how dangerous it was believed to be at *Child's*, and what Inference they drew from it with Relation to Stocks at *Jonathan's*. I have had the Honour to travel with this Gentleman

Gentleman I speak of in Search of one of his Falshoods; and have been present when they have described the very Man they have spoken to, as him who first reported it, tall or short, black or fair, a Gentleman or a Raggamuffin, according as they liked the Intelligence. I have heard one of our ingenious Writers of News say, that when he has had a Customer come with an Advertisement of an Apprentice or a Wife run away, he has desired the Advertiser to compose himself a little, before he dictated the Description of the Offender: For when a Person is put into a publick Paper by a Man who is angry with him, the real Description of such Person is hid in the Deformity with which the angry Man described him; therefore this Fellow always made his Customers describe him as he would the Day before he offended, or else he was sure he would never find him out. These and many other Hints I could suggest to you for the Elucidation of all Factions; but I leave it to your own Sagacity to improve or neglect this Speculation.

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I am, Sir,

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant.'

Postscript *to the* Spectator, *Numb.* 502.

N. B. *There are in the Play of the* Self-Tormentor *of* Terence's, *which is allowed a most excellent Comedy, several Incidents which would draw Tears from any Man of Sense, and not one which would move his Laughter.* T

No. 522.
[STEELE.] Wednesday, October 29.

— — Adjuro . . . nunquam eam me deserturum,
Non, si quidquid mihi sciam esse inimicos omnis homines.
Hanc mi expetivi, contigit; conveniunt mores: valeant
Qui inter nos dissidium volunt: hanc nisi mors mi adimet nemo.
Ter.

I SHOULD esteem my self a very happy Man, if my Speculations could in the least contribute to the rectifying the Conduct of my Readers in one of the most important

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Affairs of Life, to wit, their Choice in Marriage. This State is the Foundation of Community, and the chief Band of Society; and I do not think I can be too frequent on Subjects which may give Light to my unmarried Readers, in a Particular which is so essential to their following Happiness or Misery. A virtuous Disposition, a good Understanding, an agreeable Person, and an easie Fortune, are the Things which should be chiefly regarded on this Occasion. Because my present View is to direct a young Lady, who, I think, is now in Doubt whom to take of many Lovers, I shall talk at this Time to my female Reader. The Advantages, as I was going to say, of Sense, Beauty and Riches, are what are certainly the chief Motives to a prudent young Woman of Fortune for changing her Condition; but as she is to have her Eye upon each of these, she is to ask her self whether the Man who has most of these Recommendations in the Lump is not the most desirable. He that has excellent Talents, with a moderate Estate, and an agreeable Person, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good Faculties may purchase Riches, but Riches cannot purchase worthy Endowments. I do not mean that Wit, and a Capacity to entertain, is what should be highly valued, except it is founded upon Good-nature and Humanity. There are many ingenious Men, whose Abilities do little else but make themselves and those about them uneasie: Such are those who are far gone in the Pleasures of the Town, who cannot support Life without quick Sensations and gay Reflections, and are Strangers to Tranquility, to right Reason, and a calm Motion of Spirits without Transport or Dejection. These ingenious Men, of all Men living, are most to be avoided by her who would be happy in an Husband. They are immediately sated with Possession, and must necessarily fly to new Acquisitions of Beauty, to pass away the whiling Moments and Intervals of Life: for with them every Hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a sort of Man of Wit and Sense, that can reflect upon his own Make, and that of his Partner, with the Eyes of Reason and Honour, and who believes he offends against both these, if he does not look upon the Woman (who chose him to be under his Protection in Sickness and

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and Health) with the utmost Gratitude, whether from that Moment she is shining or defective in Person or Mind: I say there are those who think themselves bound to supply with Good-nature the Failings of those who love them, and who always think those the Objects of Love and Pity, who came to their Arms the Objects of Joy and Admiration.

Of this latter sort is *Lysander*, a Man of Wit, Learning, Sobriety and Good-nature, of Birth and Estate below no Woman to accept, and of whom it might be said, should he succeed in his present Wishes, his Mistress raised his Fortune, but not that she made it. When a Woman is deliberating with her self whom she shall chuse of many near each other in other Pretensions, certainly he of best Understanding is to be preferr'd. Life hangs heavily in the repeated Conversation of one who has no Imagination to be fired at the several Occasions and Objects which come before him, or who cannot strike out of his Reflections new Paths of pleasing Discourse. Honest *Will. Thrash* and his Wife, though not married above four Months, have scarce had a Word to say to each other this Six Weeks; and one cannot form to ones self a sillier Picture, than those two Creatures in solemn Pomp and Plenty unable to enjoy their Fortunes, and at a full Stop among a Crowd of Servants, to whose Taste of Life they are beholden for the little Satisfactions by which they can be understood to be so much as barely in Being. The Hours of the Day, the Distinctions of Noon and Night, Dinner and Supper, are the greatest Notices they are capable of. This is perhaps representing the Life of a very modest Woman, join'd to a dull Fellow, more insipid than it really deserves: but I am sure it is not to exalt the Commerce with an ingenious Companion too high, to say that every new Accident or Object which comes into such a Gentleman's Way, gives his Wife new Pleasures and Satisfactions. The Approbation of his Words and Actions is a continual new Feast to her; nor can she enough applaud her good Fortune in having her Life varied every Hour; her Mind more improved, and her Heart more glad from every

Circumstance

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Circumstance which they meet with. He will lay out his Invention in forming new Pleasures and Amusements, and make the Fortune she has brought him subservient to the Honour and Reputation of her and hers. A Man of Sense who is thus obliged, is ever contriving the Happiness of her who did him so great a Distinction; while the Fool is ungrateful without Vice; and never returns a Favour because he is not sensible of it. I would, methinks, have so much to say for my self, that if I fell into the Hands of him who treated me ill, he should be sensible when he did so: His Conscience should be of my Side whatever became of his Inclination. I do not know but it is the insipid Choice which has been made by those who have the Care of young Women, that the Marriage State it self has been liable to so much Ridicule. But a well-chosen Love, moved by Passion on both Sides, and perfected by the Generosity of one Party, must be adorn'd with so many handsome Incidents on the other Side, that every particular Couple would be an Example in many Circumstances to all the rest of the Species. I shall end the Chat upon this Subject with a Couple of Letters, one from a Lover who is very well acquainted with the way of bargaining on these Occasions; and the other from his Rival, who has a less Estate, but great Gallantry of Temper. As for my Man of Prudence, he makes Love, as he says, as if he were already a Father, and laying aside the Passion, comes to the Reason of the Thing.

'*Madam,*

My Council has perused the Inventory of your Estate, and considered what Estate you have, which it seems is only yours, and to the Male Heirs of your Body; but, in Default of such Issue, to the right Heirs of your Uncle *Edward* for ever. Thus, Madam, I am advised you cannot (the Remainder not being in you) dock the Entail: by which means my Estate, which is Fee-Simple, will come by the Settlement proposed to your Children begotten by me whether they are Males or Females; but my Children begotten upon you will not inherit your Lands, except I beget a Son. Now, Madam, since Things are so, you are a Woman of that Prudence, and understand the World so well

well, as not to expect I should give you more than you can give me.

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I am, Madam,

(With great Respect)

Your most Obedient

Humble Servant,

T. W.'

The other Lover's Estate is less than this Gentleman's, but he express'd himself as follows.

'*Madam,*

I have given in my Estate to your Council, and desired my own Lawyer to insist upon no Terms which your Friends can propose for your certain Ease and Advantage: For indeed I have no Notion of making Difficulties of presenting you with what cannot make me happy without you.

I am, Madam,

Your most Devoted

Humble Servant,

B. T.'

You must know the Relations have met upon this, and the Girl being mightily taken with the latter Epistle, she is laugh'd out, and Uncle *Edward* is to be dealt with to make her a suitable Match to the worthy Gentleman who has told her he does not care a Farthing for her. All I hope for is, that the Lady *Fair* will make use of the first light Night to show *B. T.* she understands a Marriage is not to be considered as a common Bargain. T

No. 523.
[ADDISON.] Thursday, October 30.

---Nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc & Jove missus ab ipso
Interpres divum fert horrida jussa per auras.
Scilicet is superis labor est.---Virg.

I AM always highly delighted with the Discovery of any rising Genius among my Countrymen. For this Reason I have read over, with great Pleasure, the late Miscellany

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Miscellany published by Mr. *Pope*, in which there are many excellent Compositions of that ingenious Gentleman. I have had a Pleasure, of the same Kind, in perusing a Poem that is just published *on the Prospect of Peace*, and which, I hope, will meet with such a Reward from its Patrons, as so noble a Performance deserves. I was particularly well pleased to find that the Author had not amused himself with Fables out of the Pagan Theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this Nature, he alludes to it only as to a Fable.

Many of our Modern Authors, whose Learning very often extends no farther than *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, do not know how to celebrate a great Man, without mixing a parcel of School-boy Tales with the Recital of his Actions. If you read a Poem on a fine Woman, among the Authors of this Class, you shall see that it turns more upon *Venus* or *Helen*, than on the Party concerned. I have known a Copy of Verses on a great Hero highly commended, but upon asking to hear some of the beautiful Passages, the Admirer of it has repeated to me a Speech of *Apollo*, or a Description of *Polypheme*. At other times when I have searched for the Actions of a Great Man, who gave a Subject to the Writer, I have been entertained with the Exploits of a River-God, or have been forced to attend a Fury in her mischievous Progress, from one end of the Poem to the other. When we are at School it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the System of Pagan Theology, and may be allowed to enliven a Theme, or point an Epigram with an Heathen God; but when we would write a manly Panegyrick that should carry in it all the Colours of Truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have Recourse to our *Jupiters* and *Junos*.

No Thought is beautiful which is not just, and no Thought can be just which is not founded in Truth, or at least in that which passes for such.

In Mock-Heroick Poems, the Use of the Heathen Mythology is not only excusable but graceful, because it is the Design of such Compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous Machines of the Antients to low Subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of Machinery in Modern Writers. If any are of Opinion, that there is

a Necessity of admitting these Classical Legends into our Serious Compositions, in order to give them a more Poetical Turn; I would recommend to their Consideration the Pastorals of Mr. *Philips*. One would have thought it impossible for this kind of Poetry to have subsisted without Fawns and Satyrs, Wood-Nymphs and Water-Nymphs, with all the Tribe of Rural Deities. But we see he has given a new Life, and a more natural Beauty to this way of Writing, by substituting in the Place of these antiquated Fables, the superstitious Mythology which prevails among the Shepherds of our own Country.

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Virgil and *Homer* might compliment their Heroes, by interweaving the Actions of Deities with their Atchievements; but for a Christian Author to write in the Pagan Creed, to make Prince *Eugene* a Favourite of *Mars*, or to carry on a Correspondence between *Bellona* and the Marshal *De Villars*, would be downright Puerility, and unpardonable in a Poet that is past Sixteen. It is Want of sufficient Elevation in a Genius to describe Realities, and place them in a shining Light, that makes him have Recourse to such trifling antiquated Fables; as a Man may write a fine Description of *Bacchus* or *Apollo*, that does not know how to draw the Character of any of his Contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a stop to this absurd Practice, I shall publish the following Edict, by Vertue of that Spectatorial Authority with which I stand invested.

'Whereas the Time of a General Peace is, in all Appearance, drawing near; being informed that there are several ingenious Persons who intend to shew their Talents on so happy an Occasion, and being willing, as much as in me lies, to prevent that Effusion of Nonsense, which we have good Cause to apprehend; I do hereby strictly require every Person, who shall write on this Subject, to remember that he is a Christian, and not to sacrifice his Catechism to his Poetry. In order to it, I do expect of him in the first Place, to make his own Poem, without depending upon *Phoebus* for any part of it, or calling out for Aid upon any one of the Muses by Name. I do likeways positively forbid the sending of *Mercury* with any

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particular Message or Dispatch relating to the Peace, and shall by no means suffer *Minerva* to take upon her the Shape of any Plenipotentiary concerned in this Great Work. I do further declare, that I shall not allow the Destinies to have had an Hand in the Deaths of the several Thousands who have been slain in the late War, being of Opinion that all such Deaths may be very well accounted for by the Christian System of Powder and Ball. I do therefore strictly forbid the Fates to cut the Thread of Man's Life upon any Pretence whatsoever, unless it be for the sake of the Rhime. And whereas I have good Reason to fear, that *Neptune* will have a great deal of Business on his Hands, in several Poems which we may now suppose are upon the Anvil, I do also prohibit his Appearance, unless it be done in Metaphor, Simile, or any very short Allusion, and that even here he be not permitted to enter, but with great Caution and Circumspection. I desire that the same Rule may be extended to his whole Fraternity of Heathen Gods, it being my Design to condemn every Poem to the Flames in which *Jupiter* thunders, or exercises any other Act of Authority which does not belong to him: In short, I expect that no Pagan Agent shall be introduced, or any Fact related which a Man cannot give Credit to with a good Conscience. Provided always, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to several of the Female Poets in this Nation, who shall be still left in full Possession of their Gods and Goddesses, in the same manner as if this Paper had never been written.'

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Friday, October 31.

Nos populo damus— . . Sen.

WHEN I first of all took it in my Head to write Dreams and Visions, I determined to Print nothing of that nature, which was not of my own Invention. But several laborious Dreamers have of late communicated to me Works of this nature, which, for their Reputations and my own, I have hitherto suppressed. Had I printed every

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every one that came to my Hands, my Book of Speculations would have been little else but a Book of Visions. Some of my Correspondents have indeed been so very modest, as to offer at an Excuse for their not being in a Capacity to dream better. I have by me, for Example, the Dream of a young Gentleman not past Fifteen. I have likewise by me the Dream of a Person of Quality, and another called the Ladies-Dream. In these, and other Pieces of the same Nature, it is supposed the usual Allowances will be made to the Age, Condition, and Sex of the Dreamer. To prevent this Inundation of Dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I shall apply to all Dreamers of Dreams, the Advice which *Epictetus* has couched after his manner in a very simple and concise Precept. '*Never tell thy Dreams*, says that Philosopher, *for tho' thou thyself mayest take a Pleasure in telling thy Dream, another will take no Pleasure in hearing it.*' After this short Preface, I must do Justice to two or three Visions which I have lately published, and which I have owned to have been written by other Hands. I shall add a Dream to these, which comes to me from *Scotland*, by one who declares himself of that Country, and for all I know may be Second-sighted. There is, indeed, something in it of the Spirit of *John Bunyan*; but at the same time a certain Sublime, which that Author was never Master of. I shall publish it, because I question not but it will fall in with the Taste of all my popular Readers, and amuse the Imaginations of those who are more profound; declaring, at the same time, that this is the last Dream which I intend to publish this Season.

'*Sir*,

I was last *Sunday*, in the Evening, led into a serious Reflection on the Reasonableness of Virtue, and great Folly of Vice, from an Excellent Sermon I had heard that Afternoon in my Parish Church. Among other Observations, the Preacher shewed us, that the Temptations which the Tempter proposed, were all on a Supposition, that we are either Madmen or Fools, or with an Intention to render us such; that in no other Affair we would suffer ourselves to be thus imposed upon, in a Case so plainly and clearly

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clearly against our visible Interest. His Illustrations and Arguments carried so much Perswasion and Conviction with them, that they remained a considerable while fresh, and working in my Memory; 'till at last the Mind, fatigued with Thought, gave way to the forcible Oppressions of Slumber and Sleep, whilst Fancy, unwilling yet to drop the Subject, presented me with the following Vision.

Methought I was just awoke out of a Sleep, that I could never remember the beginning of; the Place where I found my self to be was a wide and spacious Plain, full of People that wandred up and down through several beaten Paths, whereof some few were streight, and in direct Lines; but most of them winding and turning like a Labyrinth; but yet it appeared to me afterwards, that these last all met in one Issue, so that many that seemed to steer quite contrary Courses, did at length meet and face one another, to the no little Amazement of many of them.

In the midst of the Plain there was a great Fountain; They called it the Spring of *Self-Love*; out of it issued two Rivulets to the Eastward and Westward, the Name of the first was *Heavenly Wisdom*, its Water was wonderfully clear, but of a yet more wonderful Effect; the other's Name was *Worldly Wisdom*, its Water was thick, and yet far from being dormant or stagnating, for it was in a continual violent Agitation; which kept the Travellers, whom I shall mention by and by, from being sensible of the foulness and thickness of the Water, which had this Effect, that it intoxicated those that drunk it, and made 'em mistake every Object that lay before them; both Rivulets were parted near their Springs into so many others, as there were streight and crooked Paths, which they attended all along to their respective Issues.

I observed from the several Paths many now and then diverting, to refresh and otherwise qualifie themselves for their Journey, to the respective Rivulets that ran near them; they contracted a very observable Courage and Steadiness in what they were about, by drinking these Waters. At the End of the Perspective of every streight Path, all which did end in one Issue and Point, appeared a high Pillar, all of Diamond, casting Rays as bright as those

those of the Sun into the Paths; which Rays had also certain sympathising and alluring Virtues in them, so that whosoever had made some considerable Progress in his Journey onwards towards the Pillar, by the repeated Impression of these Rays upon him, was wrought into an habitual Inclination and Conversion of his Sight towards it, so that it grew at last in a manner natural to him to look and gaze upon it, whereby he was kept steady in the streight Paths, which alone led to that Radiant Body, the beholding of which was now grown a Gratification to his Nature.

At the Issue of the crooked Paths there was a great black Tower, out of the Centre of which streamed a long Succession of Flames, which did rise even above the Clouds; it gave a very great Light to the whole Plain, which did sometimes out-shine the Light, and opprest the Beams of the Adamantine Pillar, tho', by the Observation I made afterwards, it appeared that it was not for any Diminution of Light, but that this lay in the Travellers, who would sometimes step out of the streight Paths, where they lost the full Prospect of the Radiant Pillar, and saw it but side-ways: but the great Light from the black Tower which was somewhat particularly scorching to them, would generally light and hasten them to their proper Climate again.

Round about the black Tower there was, methoughts, many Thousands of huge mis-shapen ugly Monsters; these had great Nets, which they were perpetually plying and casting towards the crooked Paths, and they would now and then catch up those that were nearest to them; these they took up streight, and whirled over the Walls into the Flaming Tower, and they were no more seen nor heard of.

They would sometimes cast their Nets towards the right Paths to catch the Stragglers, whose Eyes for want of frequent drinking at the Brook that ran by them, grew dim, whereby they lost their Way; these would sometimes very narrowly miss being catched away, but I could not hear whether any of these had ever been so unfortunate, that had been before very hearty in the streight Paths.

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I considered all these strange Sights with great Attention, 'till at last I was interrupted by a Cluster of the Travellers in the crooked Paths, who came up to me, bid me go along with them, and presently fell to Singing and Dancing; they took me by the Hand, and so carried me away along with them. After I had followed them a considerable while, I perceived I had lost the black Tower of Light, at which I greatly wondered; but as I looked and gazed round about me, and saw nothing, I begun to fancy my first Vision had been but a Dream, and there was no such thing in reality: but then I considered, that if I could fancy to see what was not, I might as well have an Allusion wrought on me at present, and not see what was really before me. I was very much confirmed in this Thought, by the Effect I then just observed the Water of *Worldly Wisdom* had upon me; for as I had drunk a little of it again, I felt a very sensible Effect in my Head; methought it distracted and disordered all there; this made me stop of a sudden, suspecting some Charm or Inchantment. As I was casting about within my self what I should do, and whom to apply to in this Case, I spyed at some distance off me a Man beckning, and making Signs to me to come over to him. I cryed to him, *I did not know the Way.* He then called to me audibly, to step at least out of the Path I was in, for if I staid there any longer I was in danger to be catched in a great Net that was just hanging over me, and ready to catch me up; that he wondered I was so blind, or so distracted, as not to see so imminent and visible a Danger; assuring me, that as soon as I was out of that Way he would come to me to lead me into a more secure Path. This I did, and he brought me his Palm full of the Water of *Heavenly Wisdom* which was of very great use to me, for my Eyes were streight cleared, and I saw the great Black Tower just before me; but the great Net, which I spy'd so near me, cast me in such a Terror, that I ran back as far as I could in one Breath, without looking behind me; then my Benefactor thus bespoke me You have made the wonderfullest Escape in the World, the Water you used to drink is of a bewitching Nature, you would else have been mightily shocked at the Deformities and

and Meanness of the Place; for beside the Sett of blind Fools, in whose Company you was, you may now observe many others, who are only bewitched after another no less dangerous manner. Look a little that way, there goes a crowd of Passengers, they have indeed so good a Head as not to suffer themselves to be blinded by this bewitching Water; the Black Tower is not vanished out of their Sight, they see it whenever they look up to it; but see how they go side-ways, and with their Eyes downwards, as if they were Mad, that they may thus rush into the Net, without being beforehand troubled at the Thought of so miserable a Destruction. Their Wills are so perverse, and their Hearts so fond of the Pleasures of the Place, that rather than forego them they will run all Hazards, and venture upon all the Miseries and Woes before them.

See there that other Company, tho' they should drink none of the betwitching Water, yet they take a Course betwitching and deluding; see how they chuse the crookedest Paths, whereby they have often the Black Tower behind them, and sometimes see the radiant Column side-ways, which gives them some weak Glympse of it. These Fools content themselves with that, not knowing whether any other have any more of its Influence and Light than themselves; this Road is called that of *Superstition* or *Human Invention*; they grossly over-look that which the Rules and Laws of the Place prescribe to them, and contrive some other Scheme and Sett of Directions and Prescriptions for themselves, which they hope will serve their turn. He shewed me many other kind of Fools, which put me quite out of Humour with the Place. At last he carried me to the right Paths, where I found true and solid Pleasure, which entertained me all the Way, 'till we came in closer sight of the Pillar, where the Satisfaction increased to that measure that my Faculties were not able to contain it; in the straining of them I was violently waked, not a little grieved at the vanishing of so pleasing a Dream.

Glascow, Sept. 29.'

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No. 525. [HUGHES.] Saturday, November 1.

'Ο δ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον ἐπ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἄγων ἔρως
Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποισιν - ⏑ ⏑ - ⏑ - Eurip.

IT is my Custom to take frequent Opportunities of enquiring from time to time, what Success my Speculations meet with in the Town. I am glad to find, in particular, that my Discourses on Marriage have been well received. A Friend of mine gives me to understand, from *Doctor's Commons*, that more Licences have been taken out there of late than usual. I am likewise informed of several pretty Fellows, who have resolved to commence Heads of Families by the first favourable Opportunity. One of them writes me Word that he is ready to enter into the Bonds of Matrimony, provided I will give it him under my Hand (as I now do) that a Man may shew his Face in good Company after he is married, and that he need not be ashamed to treat a Woman with Kindness, who puts her self into his Power for Life.

I have other Letters on this Subject, which say that I am attempting to make a Revolution in the World of Gallantry, and that the Consequence of it will be, that a great deal of the sprightliest Wit and Satyr of the last Age will be lost. That a bashful Fellow upon changing his Condition, will be no longer puzzled how to stand the Raillery of his facetious Companions; that he need not own he married only to plunder an Heiress of her Fortune, nor pretend that he uses her ill, to avoid the ridiculous Name of a fond Husband.

Indeed if I may speak my Opinion of great part of the Writings which once prevailed among us under the Notion of Humour, they are such as would tempt one to think there had been an Association among the Wits of those Times to rally Legitimacy out of our Island. A State of Wedlock was the common Mark for all the Adventurers in Farce and Comedy, as well as the Essayers in Lampoon and Satyr, to shoot at; and nothing was a more standing Jest in all Clubs of fashionable Mirth and gay Conversation. It was determined among those

those airy Criticks, that the Appellation of a *Sober Man* should signifie a *Spiritless Fellow*. And I am apt to think it was about the same time, that *Good-nature*, a Word so peculiarly elegant in our Language, that some have affirmed it cannot well be expressed in any other, came first to be rendered Suspicious, and in danger of being transferred from its original Sense, to so distant an Idea as that of *Folly*.

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I must confess it has been my Ambition, in the Course of my Writings, to restore, as well as I was able, the proper Ideas of Things. And as I have attempted this already on the Subject of Marriage, in several Papers, I shall here add some further Observations which occur to me on the same Head.

Nothing seems to be thought, by our fine Gentlemen, so indispensable an Ornament in fashionable Life, as Love. *A Knight Errant*, says *Don Quixot, without a Mistress, is like a Tree without Leaves*; and a Man of Mode among Us, who has not some Fair One to sigh for, might as well pretend to appear dressed, without his Periwig. We have Lovers in Prose innumerable. All our Pretenders to Rhime are profess'd Inamoratos; and there is scarce a Poet, good or bad, to be heard of, who has not some real or supposed *Sacharissa* to improve his Vein.

If Love be any Refinement, *Conjugal Love* must be certainly so in a much higher Degree. There is no Comparison between the frivolous Affectation of attracting the Eyes of Women with whom you are only captivated by Way of Amusement, and of whom perhaps you know nothing more than their Features, and a regular and uniform Endeavour to make your self valuable, both as a Friend and Lover, to one whom you have chosen to be the Companion of your Life. The first is the Spring of a thousand Fopperies, silly Artifices, Falshoods, and perhaps Barbarities; or at best arises no higher than to a kind of Dancing-School Breeding, to give the Person a more sparkling Air. The latter is the Parent of substantial Virtues and agreeable Qualities, and cultivates the Mind while it improves the Behaviour. The Passion of Love to a Mistress, even where it is most sincere, resembles

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too much the Flame of a Feaver; that to a Wife is like the Vital Heat.

I have often thought, if the Letters written by Men of Good-nature to their Wives, were to be compared with those written by Men of Gallantry to their Mistresses, the former, notwithstanding any Inequality of Stile, would appear to have the Advantage. Friendship, Tenderness, and Constancy, drest in a Simplicity of Expression, recommend themselves by a more native Elegance, than passionate Raptures, extravagant Encomiums, and slavish Adoration. If we were admitted to search the Cabinet of the beautiful *Narcissa*, among Heaps of Epistles from several Admirers, which are there preserved with equal Care, how few should we find but would make any one sick in the reading, except her who is flattered by them? But in how different a Stile must the wise *Benevolus*, who converses with that good Sense and good Humour among all his Friends, write to a Wife who is the worthy Object of his utmost Affection! *Benevolus*, both in Publick and Private, on all Occasions of Life, appears to have every Good Quality and desirable Ornament. Abroad he is reverenced and esteemed; at Home beloved and happy. The Satisfaction he enjoys there settles in to an habitual Complacency, which shines in his Countenance, enlivens his Wit, and seasons his Conversation. Even those of his Acquaintance, who have never seen him in his Retirement, are Sharers in the Happiness of it; and it is very much owing to his being the best and best beloved of Husbands, that he is the most stedfast of Friends, and the most agreeable of Companions.

There is a sensible Pleasure in contemplating such beautiful Instances of Domestick Life. The Happiness of the Conjugal State appears heightened to the highest Degree it is capable of, when we see two Persons of accomplished Minds, not only united in the same Interests and Affections, but in their Taste of the same Improvements, Pleasures and Diversions. *Pliny*, one of the finest Gentlemen, and politest Writers of the Age in which he lived, has left us, in his Letter to *Hispulla*, his Wife's Aunt, one of the most agreeable Family-Pieces of this kind I ever met with. I shall end this Discourse with a

Translation

Translation of it; and I believe the Reader will be of my Opinion, that *Conjugal Love* is drawn in it with a Delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have represented it, an Ornament as well as a Virtue. No. 525. Saturday, Nov. 1, 1712.

'PLINY *to* HISPULLA.

As I remember that great Affection which was between you and your excellent Brother, and know you love his Daughter as your own, so as not only to express the Tenderness of the best of Aunts, but even to supply that of the best of Fathers, I am sure it will be a Pleasure to you to hear that she proves worthy of her Father, worthy of You, and of your and her Ancestors. Her Ingenuity is admirable; her Frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the surest Pledge of her Virtue; and adds to this a wonderful Disposition to Learning, which she has acquired from her Affection to me. She reads my Writings, studies them, and even gets them by Heart. You'd smile to see the Concern she is in when I have a Cause to plead, and the Joy she shews when it is over. She finds Means to have the first News brought her of the Success I meet with in Court, how I am heard, and what Decree is made. If I recite any thing in Publick, she cannot refrain from placing her self privately in some Corner to hear, where with the utmost delight she feasts on my Applauses. Sometimes she sings my Verses and accompanies them with the Lute, without any Master, except Love the best of Instructors. From these Instances I take the most certain Omens of our perpetual and encreasing Happiness; since her Affection is not founded on my Youth and Person, which must gradually decay, but she is in Love with the immortal Part of me, my Glory and Reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the Happiness to receive her Education from you, who in your House was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your Recommendation. For, as you had always the greatest Respect for my Mother, you were pleased from my Infancy to form me, to commend me, and kindly to presage I should be one Day what my Wife fancies I am. Accept therefore our united Thanks.

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mine, that you have bestowed her on me, and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual Grant of Joy and Felicity.'

No. 526.

[STEELE.] Monday, November 3.

———*Fortius utere loris.*—Ovid.

I AM very loth to come to Extremities with the young Gentlemen mentioned in the following Letter, and do not care to chastise them with my own Hand, till I am forced by Provocations too great to be suffered without the absolute Destruction of my Spectatorial Dignity. The Crimes of these Offenders are placed under the Observation of one of my chief Officers, who is posted just at the Entrance of the Pass between *London* and *Westminster*. As I have great Confidence in the Capacity, Resolution, and Integrity of the Person deputed by me to give an Account of Enormities, I doubt not but I shall soon have before me all proper Notices which are requisite for the Amendment of Manners in Publick, and the Instruction of each Individual of the human Species in what is due from him, in respect to the whole Body of Mankind. The present Paper shall consist only of the above-mentioned Letter, and the Copy of a Deputation which I have given to my trusty Friend Mr. *John Sly*; wherein he is charged to notifie to me all that is necessary for my Animadversion upon the Delinquents mentioned by my Correspondent, as well as all others described in the said Deputation.

'*To the* SPECTATOR-GENERAL *of* Great Britain.

I grant it does look a little familiar, but I must call you

Dear Dumb,

Being got again to the farther End of the *Widow*'s Coffee-house, I shall from hence give you some Account of the Behaviour of our Hackney-Coachmen since my last. These indefatigable Gentlemen, without the least Design, I dare say, of Self-Interest or Advantage to themselves, do still ply as Volunteers Day and Night for the Good

Good of their Country. I will not trouble you with enumerating many Particulars, but I must by no Means omit to inform you of an Infant about six Foot high, and between twenty and thirty Years of age, who was seen in the Arms of an Hackney-Coachman driving by *Will's* Coffee-house in *Covent-Garden*, between the Hours of four and five in the Afternoon of that very Day wherein you published a Memorial against them. This impudent young Cur, tho' he could not sit in a Coach-Box without holding, yet would he venture his Neck to bid Defiance to your Spectatorial Authority, or to any thing that you countenanced. Who he was I know not, but I heard this Relation this Morning from a Gentleman who was an Eye-Witness of this his Impudence; and I was willing to take the first Opportunity to inform you of him, as holding it extreamly requisite that you should nip him in the Bud. But I am my self most concerned for my Fellow-Templers, Fellow-Students, and Fellow-Labourers in the Law, I mean such of them as are dignified and distinguished under the Denomination of Hackney-Coachmen. Such aspiring Minds have these ambitious young Men, that they cannot enjoy themselves out of a Coach-Box. It is however an unspeakable Comfort to me, that I can now tell you, that some of them are grown so bashful as to study only in the Night-time, or in the Country. The other Night I spied one of our young Gentlemen very diligent at his Lucubrations in *Fleetstreet*; and, by the Way, I should be under some Concern, lest this hard Student should one time or other crack his Brain with studying, but that I am in Hopes Nature has taken Care to fortifie him in Proportion to the great Undertakings he was designed for. Another of my Fellow-Templers, on *Thursday* last, was getting up into his Study at the Bottom of *Grays-Inn-Lane*, in order, I suppose, to contemplate in the fresh Air. Now, Sir, my Request is, that the great Modesty of these two Gentlemen may be recorded as a Pattern to the rest; and if you would but give them two or three Touches with your own Pen, tho' you might not perhaps prevail with them to desist entirely from their Meditations, yet I doubt not but you would at least preserve them from being publick

Spectacles

No. 526. Monday, Nov. 3, 1712.

Spectacles of Folly in our Streets: I say, two or three Touches with your own Pen; for I have really observed, Mr. SPEC. that those *Spectators* which are so prettily laced down the Sides with little c's, how instructive soever they may be, do not carry with them that Authority as the others. I do again therefore desire, that, for the sake of their dear Necks, you would bestow one Penful of your own Ink upon them. I know you are loth to expose them; and it is, I must confess, a thousand pities that any young Gentleman, who is come of honest Parents, should be brought to publick Shame: And indeed I should be glad to have them handled a little tenderly at the first; but if fair Means will not prevail, there is then no other Way to reclaim them, but by making Use of some wholesome Severities; and I think it is better that a Dozen or two of such good-for-nothing Fellows should be made Examples of, than that the Reputation of some Hundreds of as hopeful young Gentlemen as my self should suffer thro' their Folly. It is not, however, for me to direct you what to do; but, in short, if our Coachmen will drive on this Trade, the very first of them that I do find meditating in the Street, I shall make bold to take the Number of his Chambers, together with a Note of his Name, and dispatch them to you, that you may chastise him at your own Discretion.

I am, Dear SPEC,

For ever Yours,

Moses Greenbag,

Esq; if you please.

P. S. Tom Hammercloth, one of our Coachmen is now pleading at the Bar at the other End of the Room, but has a little too much Vehemence, and throws out his Arms too much to take his Audience with a good Grace.'

To my Loving and Well-beloved John Sly, *Haberdasher of Hats, and Tobacconist, between the Cities of* London *and* Westminster.

Whereas frequent Disorders, Affronts, Indignities, Omissions, and Trespasses, for which there are no Remedies by

by any Form of Law, but which apparently disturb and disquiet the Minds of Men, happen near the Place of your Residence; and that you are, as well by your commodious Situation as the good Parts with which you are endowed, properly qualified for the Observation of the said Offences: I do hereby authorize and depute you, from the Hours of Nine in the Morning till four in the Afternoon, to keep a strict Eye upon all Persons and Things that are conveyed in Coaches, carried in Carts, or walk on Foot from the City of *London* to the City of *Westminster*, or from the City of *Westminster* to the City of *London*, within the said Hours. You are therefore not to depart from your Observatory at the End of *Devereux-Court* during the said Space of each Day; but to observe the Behaviour of all Persons who are suddenly transported from stamping on Pebbles to sit at Ease in Chariots, what Notice they take of their Foot-Acquaintance, and send me the speediest Advice, when they are guilty of overlooking, turning from, or appearing grave and distant to their old Friends. When Man and Wife are in the same Coach, you are to see whether they appear pleased or tired with each other, and whether they carry the due Mein in the Eye of the World between Fondness and Coldness. You are carefully to behold all such as shall have Addition of Honour or Riches, and report whether they preserve the Countenance they had before such Addition. As to Persons on Foot, you are to be attentive whether they are pleased with their Condition, and are dress'd suitable to it; but especially to distinguish such as appear discreet, by a low-heeled Shooe, with the decent Ornament of a Leather-Garter. To write down the Names of such Country Gentlemen as, upon the Approach of Peace, have left the Hunting for the Military Cock of the Hat: Of all who strut, make a Noise, and swear at the Drivers of Coaches to make Haste, when they see it impossible they should pass: Of all young Gentlemen in Coach-Boxes, who labour at a Perfection in what they are sure to be excelled by the meanest of the People. You are to do all that in you lies, that Coaches and Passengers give Way according to the Course of Business, all the Morning in Term-Time towards *West-*

minster

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minster, the rest of the Year towards the *Exchange*. Upon these Directions, together with other secret Articles herein inclosed, you are to govern your self, and give Advertisement thereof to me at all convenient and spectatorial Hours when Men of Business are to be seen. Hereof you are not to fail. Given under my Seal of Office. *The* SPECTATOR.

T

No. 527.

Tuesday, November 4.

Facile invenies et perjorem et pejus moratam, . . .
. . . meliorem neque tu reperies neque sol videt.
Plautus in *Stichο*.

I AM so tender of my Women-Readers, that I cannot defer the Publication of any thing which concerns their Happiness or Quiet. The Repose of a married Woman is consulted in the first of the following Letters, and the Felicity of a Maiden Lady in the second. I call it a Felicity to have the Addresses of an agreeable Man; and I think I have not any where seen a prettier Application of a Poetical Story than that of his, in making the Tale of *Cephalus* and *Procris* the History-Picture of a Fan in so gallant a Manner as he addresses it. But see the Letters.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

'Tis now almost three Months since I was in Town about some Business; and the Hurry of it being over, took Coach one Afternoon, and drove to see a Relation, who married about six Years ago a wealthy Citizen. I found her at Home, but her Husband gone to the *Exchange*, and expected back within an Hour at the farthest. After the usual Salutations of Kindness, and a hundred Questions about Friends in the Country, we sate down to Picquet, played two or three Games, and drank Tea. I should have told you that this was my second Time of seeing her since her Marriage, but before she lived at the same Town where I went to School; so that the Plea of Relation, added to the Innocence of my Youth, prevailed upon her good Humour to indulge me in a freedom

freedom of Conversation as often, and oftner, than the strict Discipline of the School would allow of. You may easily imagine after such an Acquaintance we might be exceeding merry without any Offence, as in calling to Mind how many Inventions I had been put to in deluding the Master, how many Hands forged for Excuses, how many Times been sick in perfect Health; for I was then never sick but at School, and only then because out of her Company. We had whiled away three Hours after this Manner, when I found it past Five; and not expecting her Husband would return till late, rose up, told her I should go early next Morning for the Country; She kindly answered, she was afraid it would be long before she saw me again; so I took my leave and parted. Now, Sir, I had not been got home a Fortnight, when I received a Letter from a Neighbour of theirs, That ever since that fatal Afternoon the Lady had been most inhumanly treated, and the Husband publickly stormed that he was made a Member of too numerous a Society. He had, it seems, listened most of the Time my Cousin and I were together. As jealous Ears always hear double, so he heard enough to make him mad and as jealous Eyes always see thro' Magnifying-Glasses, so he was certain it could not be I whom he had seen, a beardless Stripling, but fancied he saw a gay Gentleman of the *Temple*, ten Years older than my self, and for that Reason, I presume, durst not come in, nor take any Notice when I went out. He is perpetually asking his Wife if she does not think the Time long (as she said she should) till she sees her Cousin again. Pray, Sir, what can be done in this Case? I have writ to him to assure him I was at his House all that Afternoon expecting to see him; His Answer is, 'tis only a Trick of hers, and that he neither can nor will believe me. The parting Kiss I find mightily nettles him, and confirms him in all his Errors. *Ben. Johnson*, as I remember, makes a Foreigner, in one of his Comedies, *admire the desperate Valour of the bold* English, *who let out their Wives to all Encounters*. The general Custom of Salutation should excuse the Favour done me, or you should lay down Rules when such Distinctions are to be given or omitted. You cannot imagine, Sir, how troubled

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troubled I am for this unhappy Lady's Misfortune; and beg you would insert this Letter, that the Husband may reflect upon this Accident coolly. It is no small Matter, the Ease of a virtuous Woman for her whole Life: I know she will conform to any Regularities (tho' more strict than the common Rules of our Country require) to which his particular Temper shall incline him to oblige her. This Accident puts me in Mind how generously *Pisistratus* the *Athenian* Tyrant behaved himself on a like Occasion, when he was instigated by his Wife to put to Death a young Gentleman, because, being passionately fond of his Daughter, he kiss'd her in Publick, as he met her in the Street; *What* (said he) *shall we do to those who are our Enemies, if we do thus to those who are our Friends?* I will not trouble you much longer, but am exceedingly concerned lest this Accident may cause a virtuous Lady to lead a miserable Life with a Husband, who has no grounds for his Jealousie but what I have faithfully related, and ought to be reckoned none. 'Tis to be feared too, if at last he sees his Mistake, yet People will be as slow and unwilling in disbelieving Scandal as they are quick and forward in believing it. I shall endeavour to enliven this plain, honest Letter, with *Ovid*'s Relation about *Cybele*'s Image. The Ship wherein it was aboard was stranded at the Mouth of the *Tiber*, and the Men were unable to move it, till *Claudia*, a Virgin, but suspected of Unchastity, by a slight Pull hawled it in. The Story is told in the 4th book of the *Fasti*.

Parent of Gods, began the weeping Fair,
Reward or punish, but oh! hear my Pray'r.
If Lewdness e'er defil'd my Virgin Bloom.
From Heav'n with Justice I receive my Doom;
But if my Honour yet has known no Stain,
Thou, Goddess, thou my Innocence maintain:
Thou, whom the nicest Rules of Goodness sway'd
Vouchsafe to follow an unblemish'd Maid.
She spoke, and touch'd the Cord with glad Surprize,
(The Truth was witness'd by ten thousand Eyes
The pitying Goddess easily comply'd,
Follow'd in Triumph, and adorn'd her Guide:
While Claudia, *blushing still for past Disgrace,*
March'd silent on with a slow solemn Pace;

Nor

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Nor yet from some was all Distrust remov'd,
Tho' Heav'n such Virtue by such Wonders prov'd.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

Philagnotes.'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

You will oblige a languishing Lover, if you will please to print the enclosed Verses in your next Paper. If you remember the *Metamorphosis*, you know *Procris*, the fond Wife of *Cephalus*, is said to have made her Husband, who delighted in the Sports of the Wood, a Present of an unerring Javelin. In Process of Time he was so much in the Forest, that his Lady suspected he was pursuing some Nymph, under the Pretence of following a Chace more innocent. Under this Suspicion she hid her self among the Trees to observe his Motions. While she lay concealed, her Husband, tired with the Labour of Hunting, came within her Hearing. As he was fainting with Heat, he cryed out, *Aura veni; Oh charming Air approach.*

The unfortunate Wife, taking the Word *Air* to be the Name of a Woman, began to move among the Bushes, and the Husband believing it a Deer, threw his Javelin and killed her. This History painted on a Fan, which I presented to a Lady, gave occasion to my growing poetical.

Come gentle Air! th' Eolian *Shepherd said,*
While Procris *panted in the secret Shade;*
Come gentle Air! the fairer Delia *cries,*
While at her Feet her Swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad Gales o'er all her Beauties stray,
Breath on her Lips, and in her Bosom play.
In Delia's *Hand this Toy is fatal found,*
Nor did that fabled Dart more surely wound.
Both Gifts destructive to the Givers prove,
Alike both Lovers fall by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright Destroyer lives,
At Random wounds, nor knows the Wounds she gives;
She views the Story with attentive Eyes,
And pities Procris *while her Lover dies.*'

Wednesday

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No. 528.
[STEELE.] Wednesday, November 5.

Dum potuit, solita gemitum virtute repressit.—Ovid.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I WHO now write to you am a Woman loaded with Injuries; and the Aggravation of my Misfortune is, that they are such which are overlooked by the Generality of Mankind, and tho' the most afflicting imaginable, not regarded as such in the general Sense of the World. I have hid my Vexation from all Mankind; but have now taken Pen, Ink, and Paper, and am resolved to unbosome my self to you, and lay before you what grieves me and all the Sex. You have very often mentioned particular Hardships done to this or that Lady; but, methinks, you have not in any one Speculation directly pointed at the partial Freedom Men take, the unreasonable Confinement Women are obliged to, in the only Circumstance in which we are necessarily to have a Commerce with them, that of Love. The Case of Celibacy is the great Evil of our Nation; and the Indulgence of the vitious Conduct of Men in that State, with the Ridicule to which Women are exposed, though never so virtuous, if long unmarried, is the Root of the greatest Irregularities of this Nation. To shew you, Sir, that though you never have given us the Catalogue of a Lady's Library as you promised, we read good Books of our own chusing, I shall insert on this Occasion a Paragraph or two out of *Echard's Roman History*. In the 44th Page of the second Volume the Author observes, That *Augustus*, upon his Return to *Rome* at the end of a War, received Complaints that too great a Number of the young men of Quality were unmarried. The Emperor thereupon assembled the whole *Equestrian* Order; and having separated the Married from the Single, did particular Honours to the former; but he told the latter, that is to say, Mr. SPECTATOR, he told the Batchelors, "That their Lives and Actions had been so peculiar, that he knew not by what Name to call 'em: not by that of Men, for they performed nothing that was manly; not by that of Citizens, for the City might perish notwithstanding

withstanding their Care; nor by that of *Romans*, for they designed to extirpate the *Roman* Name." Then proceeding to shew his tender Care and hearty Affection for his People, he further told 'em, "That their Course of Life was of such pernicious Consequence to the Glory and Grandeur of the *Roman* Nation, that he could not chuse but tell 'em, that all other Crimes put together could not equalize theirs: For they were guilty of Murder, in not suffering those to be born which should proceed from them; of Impiety, in causing the Names and Honours of their Ancestors to cease; and of Sacrilege, in destroying their Kind, which proceed from the Immortal Gods, and human Nature, the principal Thing consecrated to 'em: Therefore, in this Respect they dissolved the Government, in disobeying its Laws; betrayed their Country, by making it barren and waste; nay, and demolished their City, in depriving it of Inhabitants. And he was sensible that all this proceeded not from any kind of Virtue or Abstinence, but from a Looseness and Wantonness, which ought never to be encourag'd in any Civil Government." There are no Particulars dwelt upon that let us into the Conduct of these young Worthies, whom this great Emperor treated with so much Justice and Indignation; but any one who observes what passes in this Town, may very well frame to himself a Notion of their Riots and Debaucheries all Night, and their apparent Preparations for them all Day. It is not to be doubted but these *Romans* never passed any of their Time innocently but when they were asleep, and never slept but when they were weary and heavy with Excesses, and slept only to prepare themselves for the Repetition of them. If you did your Duty as a SPECTATOR, you would carefully examine into the Number of Births, Marriages, and Burials; and when you had deducted out of your Deaths all such as went out of the World without marrying, then cast up the Number of both Sexes born within such a Term of Years last past, you might from the single People departed make some useful Inferences or Guesses how many there are left unmarried, and raise some useful Scheme for the Amendment of the Age in that particular. I have not Patience to proceed gravely

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on

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on this abominable Libertinism; for I cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a certain lascivious Manner which all our young Gentlemen use in Publick, and examine our Eyes with a Petulancy in their own, which is a downright Affront to Modesty. A disdainful Look on such an Occasion is returned with a Countenance rebuked but by averting their Eyes from the Woman of Honour and Decency to some flippant Creature, who will, as the Phrase is, be kinder. I must set down things as they come into my Head, without standing upon Order. Ten thousand to one but the gay Gentleman who stared at the same Time is an House-keeper; for you must know they have got into a Humour of late of being very regular in their Sins, and a young Fellow shall keep his four Maids and three Footmen with the greatest Gravity imaginable. There are no less than six of these venerable House-keepers of my Acquaintance. This Humour among young Men of Condition is imitated by all the World below them, and a general Dissolution of Manners arises from the one Source of Libertinism without Shame or Reprehension in the Male Youth. It is from this one Fountain that so many beautiful helpless young Women are sacrificed, and given up to Lewdness, Shame, Poverty, and Disease: It is to this also that so many excellent young Women, who might be Patterns of conjugal Affection and Parents of a worthy Race, pine under unhappy Passions for such as have not Attention enough to observe, or Virtue enough to prefer them to their common Wenches. Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, I must be free to own to you, that I my self suffer a tasteless insipid Being, from a Consideration I have for a Man who would not, as he has said in my Hearing, resign his Liberty, as he calls it, for all the Beauty and Wealth the whole Sex is possessed of. Such Calamities as these would not happen, if it could possibly be brought about that by fining Batchelors as Papists Convict, or the like, they were distinguished to their Disadvantage from the rest of the World, who fall in with the Measures of civil Society. Lest you should think I speak this as being, according to the senseless rude Phrase, a malicious old Maid, I shall acquaint you I am a Woman of Condition not now

now three and twenty, and have had Proposals from at least ten different Men, and the greater Number of them have upon the Upshot refused me. Something or other is always amiss when the Lover takes to some new Wench: A Settlement is easily excepted against; and there is very little Recourse to avoid the vitious Part of our Youth, but throwing one's self away upon some lifeless Blockhead, who though he is without Vice, is also without Virtue. Now-a-days we must be contented if we can get Creatures which are not bad; good are not to be expected. Mr. SPECTATOR, I sate near you the other Day, and I think I did not displease your Spectatorial Eye-sight; which I shall be a better Judge of when I see whether you take Notice of these Evils your own way, or print this Memorial dictated from the disdainful heavy Heart of.

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Sir,

Your most Obedient Humble Servant,

T Rachael Welladay.'

No. 529.

[ADDISON.] Thursday, November 6.

Singula quaeque locum teneant sortita decenter.—Hor.

UPON the hearing of several late Disputes concerning Rank and Precedence, I could not forbear amusing my self with some Observations, which I have made upon the Learned World, as to this great Particular. By the Learned World I here mean at large, all those who are any way concerned in Works of Literature, whether in the Writing, Printing or Repeating Part. To begin with the Writers; I have observed that the Author of a *Folio*, in all Companies and Conversations, sets himself above the Author of a *Quarto*; the Author of a *Quarto* above the Author of an *Octavo*; and so on, by a gradual Descent and Subordination, to an Author in *Twenty-Fours*. This Distinction is so well observed, that in an Assembly of the Learned, I have seen a *Folio* Writer place himself in an Elbow-chair, when the Author of a *Duodecimo* has, out of a just Deference to his superior Quality, seated himself upon a Squabb. In a Word, Authors are usually ranged

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ranged in Company after the same manner as their Works are upon a Shelf.

The most Minute Pocket-Author hath beneath him the Writers of all Pamphlets, or Works that are only stitched. As for the Pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the Authors of single Sheets, and of that Fraternity who publish their Labours on certain Days, or on every Day of the Week. I do not find that the Precedency among the Individuals, in this latter Class of Writers, is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a Regard to the Ceremonial which prevails in the Learned World, that I never presumed to take Place of a Pamphleteer till my daily Papers were gathered into those two first Volumes, which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the Heads not only of all Pamphleteers, but of every *Octavo* Writer in *Great-Britain*, that had written but one Book. I am also informed by my Bookseller, that six *Octavos* have at all times been looked upon as an Equivalent to a *Folio*, which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the Learned World surprized, if after the Publication of half a dozen Volumes I take my Place accordingly. When my scattered Forces are thus rallied, and reduced into Regular Bodies, I flatter my self that I shall make no despicable Figure at the Head of them.

Whether these Rules, which have been received time out of Mind in the Common-Wealth of Letters, were not originally established with an Eye to our Paper Manufacture, I shall leave to the Discussion of others, and shall only remark further in this Place, that all Printers and Booksellers take the Wall of one another, according to the abovementioned Merits of the Authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that Point of Precedency which is settled among the three Learned Professions, by the Wisdom of our Laws. I need not here take Notice of the Rank which is allotted to every Doctor in each of these Professions, who are all of them, though not so high as Knights, yet a Degree above 'Squires; This last Order of Men being the illiterate Body of the Nation,

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are consequently thrown together into a Class below the three Learned Professions. I mention this for the sake of several Rural 'Squires, whose Reading does not rise so high as to *the present State of England*, and who are often apt to usurp that Precedency which by the Laws of their Country is not due to them. Their Want of Learning, which has planted them in this Station, may in some measure extenuate their Misdemeanour, and our Professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this Particular, considering that they are in a State of Ignorance, or as we usually say, do not know their Right Hand from their Left.

There is another Tribe of Persons who are Retainers to the Learned World, and who regulate themselves upon all Occasions by several Laws peculiar to their Body. I mean the Players or Actors of both Sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted Principle, that a Tragedian always takes Place of a Comedian; and 'tis very well known the merry Drolls who made us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the Table, and in every Entertainment give way to the Dignity of the Buskin. It is a Stage Maxim, Once a King and always a King. For this Reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. *Bullock*, notwithstanding the Height and Gracefulness of his Person, to sit at the Right Hand of an Hero, though he were but five Foot high. The same Distinction is observed among the Ladies of the Theatre. Queens and Heroines preserve their Rank in private Conversation, while those who are Waiting-Women and Maids of Honour upon the Stage keep their Distance also behind the Scenes.

I shall only add, that by a Parity of Reason, all Writers of Tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted before Comick Writers: Those who deal in Tragi-Comedy usually taking their Seats between the Authors of either side. There has been a long Dispute for Precedency between the Tragick and Heroick Poets. *Aristotle* would have the latter yield the *Pas* to the former, but Mr. *Dryden* and many others would never submit to this Decision. Burlesque Writers pay the same Deference to the Heroick.

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as Comic Writers to their Serious Brothers in the Drama.

By this short Table of Laws, Order is kept up, and Distinction preserved in the whole Republick of Letters.

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No. 530.

[ADDISON.] Friday, November 7.

Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga aheneа
Saevo mittere cum joco.—Hor.

IT is very usual for those who have been severe upon Marriage, in some part or other of their Lives to enter into the Fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their Raillery return upon their own Heads. I scarce ever knew a Woman-hater that did not, sooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a Blessing to another Man, falls upon such an one as a Judgment. Mr. *Congreve*'s *Old Batchelor* is set forth to us with much Wit and Humour, as an Example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by Railing at the Sex in general, very often make an honourable Amends, by chusing one of the most worthless Persons of it, for a Companion and Yoke-fellow. *Hymen* takes his Revenge in kind, on those who turn his Mysteries into Ridicule.

My Friend *Will. Honeycomb*, who was so unmercifully witty upon the Women, in a couple of Letters, which I lately communicated to the Publick, has given the Ladies ample Satisfaction by marrying a Farmer's Daughter; a piece of News which came to our Club by the last Post. The *Templer* is very positive that he has married a Dairy-maid: But *Will*, in his Letter to me on this Occasion, sets the best Face upon the Matter that he can, and gives a more tollerable account of his Spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the Letter I found that *Will* was fallen off from his former Gayety, having changed *Dear Spec*, which was his usual Salute at the Beginning of the Letter, into *My Worthy Friend*, and subscribed himself at the latter End of it at full length *William Honeycomb*. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain *Will Honeycomb*, who

who had made Love to every great Fortune that has appeared in Town for above thirty Years together, and boasted of Favours from Ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain Country Girl.

His Letter gives us the Picture of a converted Rake. The sober Character of the Husband is dashed with the Man of the Town, and enlivened with those little Cant-phrases which have made my Friend *Will* often though very pretty Company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

'*My Worthy Friend,*

I question not but you, and the rest of my Acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the Smoak and Gallantries of the Town for thirty Years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a Country-life. Had not my Dog of a Steward run away as he did, without making up his Accounts, I had still been immersed in Sin and Sea-Coal. But since my late forced Visit to my Estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every Day abroad among my Acres, and can scarce forbear filling my Letter with Breezes, Shades, Flowers, Meadows, and purling Streams. The Simplicity of Manners, which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in Perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an Instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your means the whole Club, that I have lately married one of my Tenant's Daughters. She is born of honest Parents, and tho' she has no Portion she has a great deal of Virtue. The natural Sweetness and Innocence of her Behaviour, the Freshness of her Complection, the unaffected Turn of her Shape and Person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more Execution upon me in Grogram, than the greatest Beauty in Town or Court had ever done in Brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a good Heir to my Estate, and if by her means I cannot leave to my Children what are falsely called the Gifts of Birth; high Titles and Alliances: I hope to convey to them the more real and valuable Gifts of Birth; strong Bodies and Healthy Constitutions. As for

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for your fine Women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their Graces, but no more of that. It shall be my Business hereafter to live the Life of an honest Man, and to act as becomes the Master of a Family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the Raillery of the Town, and be treated to the Tune of *the Marriage-Hater matched*; but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a Tribe of Fashionable young fluttering Coxcombs shot up, that I did not think my Post of an *homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a certain Stiffness in my Limbs, which entirely destroyed that Jauntyness of Air I was once Master of. Besides, for I may now confess my Age to thee, I have been eight and forty above these twelve Years. Since my Retirement into the Country will make a Vacancy in the Club, I could wish you would fill up my Place with my Friend *Tom Dapperwitt*. He has an infinite deal of Fire, and knows the Town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a Man in my Station, as a prudent Head of a Family, a good Husband, a careful Father (when it shall so happen), and as

Your most Sincere Friend
and Humble Servant,
O WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.'

No. 531.
[ADDISON.] Saturday, November 8.

Qui mare & terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis:

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum. Hor.

SIMONIDES being asked by *Dionysius* the Tyrant what God was, desired a Day's time to consider of it before he made his Reply. When the Day was expired, he desired two Days; and afterwards, instead of returning his Answer, demanded still double the Time to consider of it. This great Poet and Philosopher, the more he contemplated the Nature of the Deity, found that

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that he waded but the more out of his Depth; and that he lost himself in the Thought, instead of finding an End of it.

If we consider the Idea which wise Men, by the Light of Reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: That he has in him all the Perfection of a Spiritual Nature; And since we have no Notion of any kind of Spiritual Perfection but what we discover in our own Souls, we joyn Infinitude to each kind of these Perfections, and what is a Faculty in an Human Soul becomes an Attribute in God. *We* exist in Place and Time, the Divine Being fills the Immensity of Space with his Presence, and Inhabits Eternity. *We* are possessed of a little Power and a little Knowledge, the Divine Being is Almighty and Omniscient. In short, by adding Infinity to any kind of Perfection we enjoy, and by joyning all these different kinds of Perfections in one Being, we form our Idea of the great Sovereign of Nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this Observation, I shall produce Mr. *Lock*'s Authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay on Human Understanding. 'If we examine the *Idea* we have of the incomprehensible supreme Being, we shall find, that we come by it the same Way; and that the Complex *Ideas* we have both of God, and separate Spirits, are made up of the simple *Ideas* we receive from *Reflection*; *v. g.* having from what we experiment in our selves, got the *Ideas* of Existence and Duration; of Knowledge and Power; of Pleasure and Happiness; and of several other Qualities and Powers, which it is better to have, than to be without: When we would frame an *Idea* the most suitable we can to the supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our *Idea* of Infinity; and so putting them together, make our complex *Idea of God*.'

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of Spiritual Perfection, besides those which are lodged in an human Soul: but it is impossible that we should have Ideas of any kinds of Perfection, except those of which we have some small Rays and short imperfect Strokes in our selves. It would be therefore a very high Presumption

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tion to determine whether the Supream Being has not many more Attributes than those which enter into our Conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of Spiritual Perfection which is not marked out in an human Soul, it belongs in its Fulness, to the Divine Nature.

Several eminent Philosophers have imagined that the Soul, in her separate State, may have new Faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present Union with the Body; and whether these Faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the Divine Nature, and open to us hereafter new Matter of Wonder and Adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of Nature, has in him all possible Perfection, as well in *Kind* as in *Degree*; to speak according to our Methods of conceiving. I shall only add under this Head, that when we have raised our Notion of this Infinite Being as high as it is possible for the Mind of Man to go, it will fail infinitely short of what He really is. *There is no end of his Greatness:* The most exalted Creature he has made is only capable of adoring it, none but himself can comprehend it.

The Advice of the Son of *Sirach* is very just and sublime in this Light. *By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnifie him? for he is great above all his Works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his power. When you glorifie the Lord exalt him as much as you can; for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him put forth all your Strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? And who can magnifie him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his Works.*

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the Light of Reason and Philosophy. If we would see him in all the Wonders of his Mercy, we must have Recourse

to

to Revelation, which represents him to us, not only as infinitely Great and Glorious, but as infinitely Good and Just in his Dispensations towards Man. But as this is a Theory which falls under every one's Consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual Worship and Veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our Minds with the Thought of him, and annihilate our selves before him, in the Contemplation of our own Worthlessness and of his transcendent Excellency and Perfection. This would imprint in our Minds such a constant and uninterrupted Awe and Veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant Prayer, and reasonable Humiliation of the Soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little Seeds of Pride, Vanity and Self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the Minds of such whose Thoughts turn more on those comparative Advantages which they enjoy over some of their Fellow-Creatures, than on that infinite Distance which is placed between them and the Supreme Model of all Perfection. It would likewise quicken our Desires and Endeavours of uniting our selves to him by all the Acts of Religion and of Virtue.

Such an habitual Homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing Impiety of using his Name on the most trivial Occasions.

I find the following Passage in an excellent Sermon, preached at the Funeral of a Gentleman who was an Honour to his Country, and a more diligent as well as successful Enquirer into the Works of Nature, than any other our Nation has ever produced. 'He had the profoundest Veneration for the Great God of Heaven and Earth that I have ever observed in any Person. The very Name of God was never mentioned by him without a Pause and a visible Stop in his Discourse, in which one that knew him most particularly above twenty Years, has told me, that he was so exact that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.'

Every

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Every one knows the Veneration which was paid by the *Jews* to a Name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious Discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a Name in the ordinary Expressions of their Anger, Mirth, and most impertinent Passions? of those who admit it into the most familiar Questions and Assertions, ludicrous Phrases and Works of Humour? not to mention those who violate it by solemn Perjuries. It would be an Affront to Reason to endeavour to set forth the Horror and Prophaneness of such a Practice. The very Mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the Light of Nature, not to say Religion, is not utterly extinguished. O

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[STEELE.] Monday, November 10.

---- *Fungar vice cotis, acutum*
Reddere quae ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi. Hor.

IT is a very honest Action to be studious to produce other Men's Merit; and I make no Scruple of saying I have as much of this Temper as any Man in the World. It would not be a thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any Man may be Master of who will take Pains enough for it. Much Observation of the Unworthiness in being pained at the Excellence of another, will bring you to a Scorn of your self for that Unwillingness: And when you have got so far, you will find it a greater Pleasure than you ever before knew, to be zealous in promoting the Fame and Welfare of the Praise-worthy. I do not speak this as pretending to be a mortified self-denying Man, but as one who has turned his Ambition into a right Channel. I claim to my self the Merit of having extorted excellent Productions from a Person of the greatest Abilities, who would not have let them appeared by any other Means; to have animated a few young Gentlemen into worthy Pursuits, who will be a Glory to our Age; and at all Times, and by all possible Means in my Power, undermined the Interests of Ignorance, Vice, and Folly, and attempted to substitute in

in their Stead Learning, Piety, and good Sense. It is from this honest Heart that I find my self honoured as a Gentleman-Usher to the Arts and Sciences. Mr. *Tickell* and Mr. *Pope* have, it seems, this Idea of me. The former has writ me an excellent Paper of Verses in Praise, forsooth, of my self; and the other enclosed for my Perusal an admirable Poem, which, I hope, will shortly see the Light. In the mean Time I cannot suppress any Thought of his, but insert his Sentiment about the dying Words of *Adrian*. I won't determine in the Case he mentions; but have thus much to say in favour of his Argument, That many of his own works which I have seen, convince me that very pretty and very sublime Sentiments may be lodged in the same Bosom without Diminution to its Greatness.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I was the other Day in Company with five or six Men of some Learning; where chancing to mention the famous Verses which the Emperor *Adrian* spoke on his Death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a Piece of Gayety unworthy that Prince in those Circumstances. I could not but dissent from this Opinion: Methinks it was by no Means a gay, but a very serious Soliloquy to his Soul at the Point of its Departure; in which Sense I naturally took the Verses at my first reading them when I was very young, and before I knew what Interpretation the World generally put upon them:

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes Comesque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca!

Alas, my Soul! thou pleasing Companion of this Body, thou fleeting Thing that art now deserting it! whither art thou flying? to what unknown Region? Thou art all trembling, fearful, and pensive. Now what is become of thy former Wit and Humour? thou shalt jest and be gay no more! I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the Trifling in all this; 'tis the most natural and obvious Reflection imaginable to a dying Man; and if we consider the Emperor was a Heathen, that

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that Doubt concerning the future Fate of his Soul will seem so far from being the Effect of want of Thought, that 'twas scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain Confession included of his Belief in its Immortality. The diminutive Epithets of *Vagula*, *Blandula*, and the rest, appear not to me as Expressions of Levity, but rather of Endearment and Concern; such as we find in *Catullus*, and the Authors of *Hendecasyllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost Love and Tenderness for their Mistresses —— If you think me right in my Notion of the last Words of *Adrian*, be pleased to insert this in the *Spectator*; if not, to suppress it.

I am, &c.'

'To the supposed Author of the *Spectator*.

In Courts licentious, and a shameless Stage,
How long the War shall Wit with Virtue wage?
Enchanted by this prostituted Fair,
Our Youth run headlong in the fatal Snare;
In height of Rapture clasp unheeded Pains,
And suck Pollution through their tingling Veins.

Thy spotless Thoughts unshock'd the Priest may hear,
And the pure Vestal in her Bosom wear.
To conscious Blushes, and diminish'd Pride,
Thy Glass betrays what treach'rous Love would hide;
Nor harsh thy Precepts, but infus'd by Stealth,
Please while they cure, and cheat us into Health.
Thy Works in Chloe's *Toilet gain a Part,*
And with his Tailor share the Fopling's Heart;
Lash'd in thy Satyr, the penurious Cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no Harm in Wit:
From Felon Gamesters the raw Squire is free,
And Britain *owes her rescued Oaks to thee.*
His Miss the frolick Viscount dreads to toast,
Or his third Cure the shallow Templar boast;
And the rash Fool, who scorn'd the beaten Road,
Dares quake at Thunder, and confess his God.

The

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The brainless Stripling, who, expell'd to Town,
Damn'd the stiff College and pedantick Gown,
Aw'd by thy Name, is dumb, and thrice a Week
Spells uncouth Latin, *and pretends to* Greek.
A sauntring Tribe! such born to wide Estates,
With Yea and No in Senates hold Debates:
At length despis'd, each to his Fields retires,
First with the Dogs, and King amidst the Squires:
From Pert to Stupid sinks supinely down,
In Youth a Coxcomb, and in Age a Clown.

Such Readers scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring Flight
Above the Stars, and tread'st the Fields of Light:
Fame, Heav'n, and Hell, are thy exalted Theme,
And Visions such as Jove *himself might dream:*
Man sunk to Slav'ry, tho' to Glory born,
Heav'n's Pride when upright, and deprav'd his Scorn.

Such Hints alone could British Virgil *lend,*
And Thou alone deserve from such a Friend:
A Debt, so borrow'd, is illustrious Shame,
And Fame when shar'd with him is double Fame.
So flush'd with Sweets, by Beauty's Queen bestow'd,
With more than mortal Charms Æneas glow'd,
Such gen'rous Strifes Eugene *and* Marlbro' *try,*
And as in Glory, so in Friendship vie.

Permit these Lines by Thee to live--nor blame
A Muse that pants and languishes for Fame;
That fears to sink when humbler Themes she sings,
Lost in the Mass of mean forgotten Things.
Receiv'd by Thee, I prophesie my Rhymes
The Praise of Virgins in succeeding Times;
Mix'd with thy Works, their Life no Bounds shall see,
But stand protected, as inspir'd by Thee.

So some weak Shoot, which else would poorly rise,
Jove's Tree adopts, and lifts him to the Skies;
Through the new Pupil fost'ring Juices flow,
Thrust forth the Gems, and give the Flow'rs to blow
Aloft; immortal reigns the Plant unknown,
With borrow'd Life, and Vigour not his own.

To

No. 532. Monday, Nov. 10. 1712.

'*To the* SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

Mr. John Sly *humbly sheweth,*

That upon reading the Deputation given to the said Mr. *John Sly*, all Persons passing by his Observatory behaved themselves with the same Decorum, as if your Honour your self had been present.

That your said Officer is preparing, according to your Honour's secret Instructions, Hats for the several kind of Heads that make Figures in the Realms of *Great Britain*, with Cocks significant of their Powers and Faculties.

That your said Officer has taken due Notice of your Instructions and Admonitions concerning the Internals of the Head from the outward Form of the same. His Hats for Men of the Faculties of Law and Physick do but just turn up, to give a little Life to their Sagacity; his Military Hats glare full in the Face; and he has prepared a familiar easie Cock for all good Companions between the above-mentioned Extreams. For this End he has consulted the most Learned of his Acquaintance for the true Form and Dimensions of the *Lepidum Caput*, and made a Hat fit for it.

Your said Officer does further represent, That the young Divines about Town are many of them got into the Cock Military, and desires your Instructions therein.

That the Town has been for several Days very well behaved; and further your said Officer saith not.'

No. 533.
[STEELE.] Tuesday, November 1[illegible].

Immo duas dabo, inquit ille, una si parum est:
Et si duas non poenitebit, addentur duae.—Plaut.

'*To the* SPECTATOR.

Sir,

YOU have often given us very excellent Discourses against that unnatural Custom of Parents, in forcing their Children to marry contrary to their Inclinations. My own Case, without further Preface, I will lay before you, and leave you to judge of it. My Father and Mother

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Mother, both being in declining Years, would fain see me, their eldest Son, as they call it, settled. I am as much for that as they can be; but I must be settled, it seems, not according to my own, but their Liking. Upon this Account I am teiz'd every Day, because I have not yet fallen in Love, in spite of Nature, with one of a neighbouring Gentleman's Daughters; for, out of their abundant Generosity, they give me the Choice of Four. *Jack*, begins my Father, Mrs. *Katherine* is a fine Woman ——Yes, Sir; but she is rather too old—— She will make the more discreet Manager. Boy. Then my Mother plays her Part. Is not Mrs. *Betty* exceeding fair? Yes, Madam; but she is of no Conversation; she has no Fire, no agreeable Vivacity; she neither speaks nor looks with Spirit. True, son; but for those very Reasons she will be an easie, soft, obliging, tractable Creature. After all, cries an old Aunt, (who belongs to the Class of those who read Plays with Spectacles on) what think you, Nephew, of proper Mrs. *Dorothy*? What do I think? Why I think she cannot be above six Foot two Inches high. Well, well, you may banter as long as you please, but Height of Stature is commanding and majestick. Come, come, says a Cousin of mine in the Family, I'll fit him; *Fidelia* is yet behind——Pretty Miss *Fiddy* must please you—— Oh! your very humble Servant, dear Cos, she is as much too young as her eldest Sister is too old. Is it so indeed, quoth she, good Mr. *Pert*? You who are but barely turned of twenty two, and Miss *Fiddy* in half a Year's Time will be in her Teens, and she is capable of learning any Thing. Then she will be so observant; she'll cry perhaps now and then, but never be angry. Thus they will think for me in this Matter, wherein I am more particularly concerned than any Body else. If I name any Woman in the World, one of these Daughters has certainly the same Qualities. You see by these few hints, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, what a comfortable Life I lead. To be still more open and free with you, I have been passionately fond of a young Lady (whom give me leave to call *Miranda*) now for these three Years. I have often urged the Matter home to my Parents with all the Submission of a Son, but the Impatience of a Lover. Pray, Sir, think

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of three Years; what inexpressible Scenes of Inquietude, what Variety of Misery must I have gone through in three long whole Years? *Miranda's* Fortune is equal to those I have mentioned; but her Relations are not Intimates with mine. Ah! there's the Rub. *Miranda's* Person, Wit, and Humour, are what the nicest Fancy could imagine; and though we know you to be so Elegant a Judge of Beauty, yet there is none among all your various Characters of fine Women preferable to *Miranda*. In a Word, she is never guilty of doing any thing but one amiss (if she can be thought to do amiss by me), in being as blind to my Faults, as she is to her own Perfections.

I am, Sir,

Your very Humble Obedient Servant,

Dustererastus.'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

When you spent so much Time as you did lately in censuring the ambitious young Gentlemen who ride in Triumph through Town and Country in Coach-boxes, I wished you had employed those Moments in Consideration of what passes sometimes within Side of those Vehicles. I am sure I suffered sufficiently by the Insolence and ill Breeding of some Persons who travelled lately with me in a Stage-Coach out of *Essex* to *London*. I am sure, when you have heard what I have to say, you will think there are Persons under the Character of Gentlemen that are fit to be no where else but in the Coach-box. Sir, I am a young Woman of a sober and religious Education, and have preserved that Character, but on *Monday* was Fortnight it was my Misfortune to come to *London*. I was no sooner clapt in the Coach, but to my great Surprize, two Persons in the Habit of Gentlemen attack'd me with such indecent Discourse as I cannot repeat to you, so you may conclude not fit for me to hear. I had no Relief but the Hopes of a speedy End of my short Journey. Sir, form to your self what a Persecution this must needs be to a virtuous and a chast Mind; and in order to your proper handling such a Subject, fancy your Wife or Daughter, if you had

had any, in such Circumstances, and what Treatment you would think then due to such Dragoons. One of them was called a Captain, and entertained us with nothing but silly stupid Questions, or lewd Songs, all the Way. Ready to burst with Shame and Indignation, I repined that Nature had not allowed us as easily to shut our Ears as our Eyes. But was not this a kind of Rape? Why should there be Accessaries in Ravishment any more than Murther? Why should not every Contributor to the Abuse of Chastity suffer Death? I am sure these shameless Hell-Hounds deserved it highly. Can you exert your self better than on such an Occasion? If you do not do it effectually, I'll read no more of your Papers. Has every impertinent Fellow a Privilege to torment me, who pay my Coach-hire as well as he? Sir, pray consider us in this Respect as the weakest Sex, and have nothing to defend our selves; and I think it is as Gentleman-like to challenge a Woman to fight, as to talk obscenely in her Company, especially when she has not Power to stir. Pray let me tell you a Story which you can make fit for publick View. I knew a Gentleman, who having a very good Opinion of the Gentlemen of the Army, invited ten or twelve of them to sup with him; and at the same Time invited two or three Friends, who were very severe against the Manners and Morals of Gentlemen of that Profession. It happened one of them brought two Captains of his Regiment newly come into the Army, who at first Onset engaged the Company with very lewd Healths and suitable Discourse. You may easily imagine the Confusion of the Entertainer, who finding some of his Friends very uneasie, desired to tell them a Story of a great Man, one Mr *Lock*, (whom I find you frequently mention) That being invited to dine with the then Lords *Hallifax*, *Anglisey*, and *Shaftsbury*, immediately after Dinner, instead of Conversation, the Cards were immediately called for, where the bad or good Success produced the usual Passions of Gaming. Mr. *Lock*, retiring to a Window, and writing, my Lord *Anglisey* desired to know what he was writing: *Why, my Lords*, answered he, *I could not sleep last Night for the Pleasure and Improvement I expected from*

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from the Conversation of the greatest Men of the Age. This so sensibly stung them, that they gladly compounded to throw their Cards in the Fire if he would his Paper, and so a Conversation ensued fit for such Persons. This Story prest so hard upon the young Captains, together with the Concurrence of their superior Officers, that the young Fellows left the Company in Confusion. Sir, I know you hate long things; but if you like it, you may contract it, or how you will; but I think it has a Moral in it.

But, Sir, I am told you are a famous Mechanick as well as a Looker-on, and therefore humbly propose you would invent some Padlock, with full Power under your Hand and Seal, for all modest Persons, either Men or Women, to clap upon the Mouths of all such impertinent impudent Fellows: And I wish you would publish a Proclamation, that no modest Person who has a Value for her Countenance, and consequently would not be put out of it, presume to travel after such a Day without one of them in their Pockets. I fancy a smart *Spectator* upon this Subject would serve for such a Padlock; and that publick Notice may be given in your Paper where they may be had, with Directions, Price *2d.* and that Part of the Directions may be, when any Person presumes to be guilty of the above-mentioned Crime, the Party aggrieved may produce it to his Face, with a Request to read it to the Company: He must be very much hardened that could out-face that Rebuke: and his further Punishment I leave you to prescribe.

Your humble Servant,

T Penance Cruel.'

No. 534.

[STEELE.] Wednesday, November 12.

Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa Fortuna.—Juv.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I AM a young Woman of Nineteen, the only Daughter of very wealthy Parents; and have my whole Life been used with a Tenderness which did me no great Service in

in my Education. I have, perhaps, an uncommon Desire for Knowledge of what is suitable to my Sex and Quality; but, as far as I can remember, the whole Dispute about me has been, whether such a thing was proper for the Child to do, or not? or whether such or such Food was the more wholsome for the young Lady to eat? This was ill for my Shape, that for my Complection, and t'other for my Eyes. I am not extravagant, when I tell you I do not know that I have trod upon the very Earth since I was ten Years old: A Coach or Chair I am obliged to for all my Motions from one Place to another ever since I can remember. All who had to do to instruct me, have ever been bringing Stories of the notable Things I have said, and the Womanly Manner of my behaving my self upon such and such an Occasion. This has been my State till I came towards Years of Womanhood; and ever since I grew towards the Age of Fifteen, I have been abused after another Manner. Now, forsooth, I am so killing no one can safely speak to me. Our House is frequented by Men of Sense, and I love to ask Questions when I fall into such Conversation, but I am cut short with something or other about my bright Eyes. There is, Sir, a Language particular for talking to Women in; and none but those of the very first good Breeding (who are very few, and who seldom come into my way) can speak to us without regard to our Sex. Among the Generality of those they call Gentlemen, it is impossible for me to speak upon any Subject whatsoever, without provoking Somebody to say, *Oh! to be sure fine Mrs. such a one must be very particularly acquainted with all that; all the World will contribute to her Entertainment and Information.* Thus, Sir, I am so handsome, that I murther all who approach me; so wise, that I want no new Notices; and so well bred, that I am treated by all that know me like a Fool, for no one will answer as if I were their Friend or Companion. Pray, Sir, be pleased to take the Part of us Beauties and Fortunes into your Consideration, and do not let us be thus flattered out of our Senses. I have got an Hussey of a Maid, who is most craftily given to this ill Quality. I was at first diverted with a certain Absurdity the Creature was guilty of in every

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every thing she said. She is a Country Girl, and in the Dialect of the Shire she was born in, would tell me that every Body reckoned her Lady had the purest Red and White in the World. Then she would tell me I was the most like one *Sisly Dobson* in their Town, who made the Miller make away with himself, and walk afterwards in the Corn-field where they used to meet. With all this, this cunning Hussey can lay Letters in my Way, and put a Billet in my Gloves, and then stand in it she knows nothing of it. I do not know, from my Birth to this Day, that I have been ever treated by any one as I ought; and if it were not for a few Books which I delight in, I should be at this Hour a Novice to all common Sense. Would it not be worth your while to lay down Rules for Behaviour in this Case, and tell People that we fair ones expect honest plain Answers as well as other People? Why must I, good Sir, because I have a good Air, a fine Complection, and am in the Bloom of my Years, be misled in all my Actions? and have the Notions of Good and Ill confounded in my Mind, for no other Offence but because I have the Advantages of Beauty and Fortune? Indeed, Sir, what with the silly Homage which is paid to us by the sort of People I have above spoken of, and the utter Negligence which others have for us, the Conversation of us young Women of Condition is no other than what must expose us to Ignorance and Vanity, if not Vice. All this is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial Wisdom by,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Charlot Wealthy.'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, Will's *Coffee-house*

Pray, Sir, it will serve to fill up a Paper, if you put in this; which is only to ask whether that Copy of Verses, which is a Paraphrase of *Isaiah*, in one of your Speculations, is not written by Mr. *Pope*? Then you get on another Line, by putting in, with proper Distances, as at the End of a Letter,

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Abraham Dapperwit.'

'*Mr.*

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'*Mr.* Dapperwit,

I am glad to get another Line forward, by saying that excellent Piece is Mr. *Pope*'s; and so, with proper Distances,

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

S——r.'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I was a wealthy Grocer in the City, and as fortunate as diligent; but I was a single Man, and you know there are Women. One in particular came to my Shop, who I wished might, but was afraid never would, make a Grocer's Wife. I thought, however, to take an effectual Way of Courting, and sold to her at less Price than I bought, that I might buy at less Price than I sold. She, you may be sure, often came, and helped me to many Customers at the same Rate, fancying I was obliged to her. You must needs think this was a good living Trade, and my Riches must be vastly improved. In fine, I was nigh being declared Bankrupt, when I declared myself her Lover, and she her self married. I was just in a Condition to support my self, and am now in Hopes of growing Rich by losing my Customers.

Yours,

Jeremy Comfitt.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I am in the Condition of the Idol you was once pleased to mention, and Bar-keeper of a Coffee-house. I believe it is needless to tell you the Opportunities I must give, and the Importunities I suffer. But there is one Gentleman who besieges me as close as the *French* did *Bouchain*. His Gravity makes him work cautious, and his regular Approaches denote a good Engineer. You need not doubt of his Oratory, as he is a Lawyer; and especially since he has had so little Use of it at *Westminster*, he may spare the more for me.

What then can weak Woman do? I am willing to surrender, but he would have it at Discretion, and I with Discretion. In the mean Time, whilst we parly, our

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several Interests are neglected. As his Siege grows stronger, my tea grows weaker; and while he pleads at my Bar, none come to him for Counsel but in *Forma Pauperis*. Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, advise him not to insist upon hard Articles, nor by his irregular Desires contradict the well-meaning Lines of his Countenance. If we were agreed, we might settle to something, as soon as we could determine where we should get most, by the Law, at the Coffee-house, or at *Westminster*.

Your humble Servant,

Lucinda Parly.'

'*A Minuit from Mr.* John Sly.

The World is pretty regular for about forty Rod East, and ten West of the Observatory of the said Mr. *Sly*; but he is credibly informed, that when they are got beyond the Pass into the *Strand*, or those who move City-ward are got within *Temple-Bar*, they are just as they were before. It is therefore humbly proposed, that Moving-Centries may be appointed all the busie Hours of the Day between the *Exchange* and *Westminster*, and report what passes to your Honour, or your subordinate Officers, from Time to Time.'

Ordered,

That Mr. *Sly* name the said Officers, provided he will answer for their Principles and Morals. T

No. 535.

[ADDISON.] Thursday, November 13

Spem longam reseces- . Ho.

MY Four hundred and seventy first Speculation turned upon the Subject of Hope in general I design this Paper as a Speculation upon that vain and foolish Hope, which is misemployed on Temporal Objects, and produces many Sorrows and Calamities in Human Life.

It is a Precept several times inculcated by *Horace*, that we should not entertain an Hope of any thing in Life which lies at a great Distance from us: The Shortness and Uncertainty of our Time here makes such a Kind of Hope unreasonable and absurd. The Grave lies unseen

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seen between us and the Object which we reach after; Where one Man lives to enjoy the Good he has in View, ten thousand are cut off in the Pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one Hope no sooner dies in us, but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess our selves of such and such particular Enjoyments; but either by Reason of their Emptyness, or the natural Inquietude of the Mind, we have no sooner gained one Point but we extend our Hopes to another. We still find new inviting Scenes and Landskips lying behind those which at a Distance terminated our View.

The natural Consequences of such Reflections are these; that we should take Care not to let our Hopes run out into too great a Length; that we should sufficiently weigh the Objects of our Hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what we propose in their Fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our Life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a Distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by Death in our Progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the Value, our Disappointment will be greater than our Pleasure in the Fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make Life a greater Dream and Shadow than it really is.

Many of the Miseries and Misfortunes of Life proceed from our want of Consideration, in one or all of these Particulars. They are the Rocks on which the sanguine Tribe of Lovers daily split, and on which the Bankrupt, the Politician, the Alchymist and Projector are cast away in every Age. Men of warm Imaginations and towring Thoughts are apt to over-look the Goods of Fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the Sight at a Distance; to neglect solid and substantial Happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to contemn that Good which lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its Schemes for a long and durable Life; presses forward to imaginary Points

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Points of Bliss; and grasps at Impossibilities: and consequently very often ensnares Men into Beggary, Ruin and Dishonour.

What I have here said may serve as a Moral to an *Arabian* Fable, which I find translated into *French* by Monsieur *Galland*. The Fable has in it such a wild, but natural Simplicity, that I question not but my Reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several Amusements of Hope which have sometimes passed in his Mind, as a near Relation to the *Persian* Glass-Man.

Alnaschar, says the Fable, was a very idle Fellow, that never would set his Hand to any Business during his Father's Life. When his Father died he left him to the value of an hundred Drachmas in *Persian* Mony. *Alnaschar*, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in Glasses, Bottles, and the finest Earthen Ware. These he piled up in a large open Basket, and having made choice of a very little Shop placed the Basket at his Feet, and leaned his Back upon the Wall, in Expectation of Customers. As he sate in this Posture with his Eyes upon the Basket, he fell into a most amusing Train of Thought, and was over-heard by one of his Neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner. *This Basket*, says he, *cost me at the Wholesale Merchant's an Hundred Drachmas, which is all I have in the World. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in Retail. These two hundred Drachmas will in a very little while rise to four Hundred, which of course will amount in time to four Thousand. Four Thousand Drachmas cannot fail of making Eight Thousand. As soon as by this means I am Master of Ten Thousand, I will lay aside my Trade of a Glass-man and turn Jeweller. I shall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls and all sorts of rich Stones. When I have got together as much Wealth as I can well desire, I will make a Purchase of the finest House I can find with Lands, Slaves, Eunuchs and Horses. I shall then begin to enjoy my self, and make a noise in the World. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my Traffick till I have got together an Hundred Thousand Drachmas.*

When

When I have thus made my self Master of an hundred thousand Drachmas, I shall naturally set my self on the foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand Visier's Daughter in Marriage, after having represented to that Minister the Information which I have received of the Beauty, Wit, Discretion, and other high Qualities which his Daughter possesses. I will let him know, at the same time, that it is my Intention to make him a Present of a Thousand Pieces of Gold on our Marriage Night. As soon as I have married the Grand Visier's Daughter, I'll buy her ten black Eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for Mony. I must afterwards make my Father-in-Law a Visit with a great Train and Equipage. And when I am placed at his Right Hand, which he will do of Course, if it be only to Honour his Daughter, I will give him the thousand Pieces of Gold which I promised him, and afterwards, to his great Surprise, will present him another Purse of the same Value, with some short Speech, as, Sir, you see I am a Man of my Word. I always give more than I promise.

When I have brought the Princess to my House, I shall take particular care to breed in her a due Respect for me, before I give the Reins to Love and Dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own Apartment, make her a short Visit, and talk but little to her. Her Women will represent to me that she is inconsolable by Reason of my Unkindness, and beg me with Tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my Back upon her all the first Night. Her Mother will then come and bring her Daughter to me, as I am seated upon my Sofa. The Daughter, with Tears in her Eyes, will fling her self at my Feet, and beg of me to receive her into my Favour: Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough Veneration for my Person, draw up my Legs and spurn her from me with my Foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several Paces from the Sofa.

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical Vision, and could not forbear acting with his Foot what he

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he had in his Thoughts: So that unluckily striking his Basket of Brittle Ware, which was the Foundation of all his Grandeur, he kicked his Glasses to a great distance from him into the Street, and broke them into ten thousand Pieces. O

No. 536.
[ADDISON.] Friday, November 14.

O verae Phrygiae, neque enim Phryges!——Virg.

AS I was the other Day standing in my Bookseller's Shop, a pretty young Thing about Eighteen Years of Age, stept out of her Coach, and brushing by me, beck'ned the Man of the Shop to the further End of his Counter, where she whispered something to him with an attentive Look, and at the same time presented him with a Letter: After which pressing the End of her Fan upon his Hand, she delivered the remaining Part of her Message, and withdrew. I observed, in the midst of her Discourse, that she flushed, and cast an Eye upon me over her Shoulder, having been informed, by my Bookseller, that I was the Man of the short Face whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming Creature smiled in my Face, and dropped me a Curtsie. She scarce gave me time to return her Salute, before she quitted the Shop with an easie Scuttle, and stepped again into her Coach, giving the Footman Directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her Departure my Bookseller gave me a Letter, superscribed *To the ingenious Spectator*, which the young Lady had desired him to deliver into my own Hands, and to tell me that the speedy Publication of it would not only oblige her self, but a whole Tea-Table of my Friends. I opened it therefore, with a Resolution to Publish it whatever it should contain, and am sure, if any of my Male Readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleased with it as my self, had they seen the Face of the pretty Scribe.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, *London, Nov.* 1712.

You are always ready to receive any useful Hint or Proposal

Proposal, and such, I believe, you will think one that may put you in a way to employ the most idle Part of the Kingdom; I mean that Part of Mankind who are known by the Name of the Women's-Men, or Beaus, &c. Mr. SPECTATOR, you are sensible these pretty Gentlemen are not made for any Manly Imployments, and for want of Business are often as much in the Vapours as the Ladies. Now what I propose is this, that since Knotting is again in Fashion, which has been found a very pretty Amusement, that you would recommend it to these Gentlemen as something that may make them useful to the Ladies they admire. And since 'tis not inconsistent with any Game, or other Diversion, for it may be done in the Play-House, in their Coaches, at the Tea-Table, and, in short, in all Places where they come for the sake of the Ladies (except at Church, be pleased to forbid it there to prevent Mistakes) it will be easily complyed with. 'Tis beside an Imployment that allows, as we see by the fair Sex, of many Graces, which will make the Beaus more readily come into it; it shews a white Hand and Diamond Ring to great Advantage; it leaves the Eyes at full Liberty to be employed as before, as also the Thoughts, and the Tongue. In short, it seems in every Respect so proper, that 'tis needless to urge it further, by speaking of the Satisfaction these Male Knotters will find, when they see their Work mix'd up in a Fringe, and worn by the Fair Lady for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, Mr. SPECTATOR, I cannot but be pleased I have hit upon something that these Gentlemen are capable of; for 'tis sad so considerable a Part of the Kingdom, (I mean for Numbers) should be of no manner of use. I shall not trouble you farther at this time, but only to say, that I am always your Reader, and generally your Admirer.

C. B.

P.S. The sooner these fine Gentlemen are set to Work the better, there being at this time several fine Fringes that stay only for more Hands.'

I shall, in the next Place, present my Reader with the Description

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Description of a Sett of Men who are common enough in the World, tho' I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following Letter.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

Since you have lately, to so good Purpose, enlarged upon Conjugal Love, it's to be hoped you'll discourage every Practice that rather proceeds from a Regard to Interest than to Happiness. Now you cannot but observe, that most of our fine young Ladies readily fall in with the Direction of the Graver sort, to retain in their Service, by some small Encouragement, as great a Number as they can of supernumerary and insignificant Fellows, which they use like Whiflers, and commonly call *Shoeing-Horns*. These are never designed to know the length of the Foot, but only when a good Offer comes to whet and spur him up to the Point. Nay 'tis the Opinion of that grave Lady, Madam *Matchwell*, that it's absolutely convenient for every prudent Family to have several of these Implements about the House, to clap on as occasion serves, and that every Spark ought to produce a Certificate of his being a Shoeing-Horn, before he be admitted as a Shoe. A certain Lady, whom I could name, if it was necessary, has at present more Shoeing-Horns of all Sizes, Countries, and Colours, in her Service, than ever she had new Shoes in her Life. I have known a Woman make use of a Shoeing-Horn for several Years, and finding him unsuccessful in that Function, convert him at length into a Shoe. I am mistaken if your Friend, Mr. WILLIAM HONYCOMBE, was not a cast Shoeing-Horn before his late Marriage. As for my self, I must frankly declare to you, that I have been an arrant Shoeing-Horn for above these Twenty Years. I served my first Mistress in that Capacity above Five of the Number before she was Shod. I confess, though she had many who made their Applications to her, I always thought my self the best Shoe in her Shop, and it was not till a Month before her Marriage that I discovered what I was. This had like to have broke my

my Heart, and raised such Suspicions in me, that I told the next I made Love to, upon receiving some unkind Usage from her, that I began to look upon my self as no more than her Shoeing-Horn. Upon which, my Dear, who was a Coquet in her Nature, told me I was Hypochondriacal, and that I might as well look upon my self to be an Egg or a Pipkin. But in a very short time after she gave me to know that I was not mistaken in my self. It would be tedious to recount to you the Life of an unfortunate Shoeing-Horn, or I might entertain you with a very long and melancholy Relation of my Sufferings. Upon the whole, I think, Sir, it would very well become a Man in your Post, to determine in what Cases a Woman may be allowed, with Honour, to make use of a Shoeing-Horn, as also to declare whether a Maid on this side Five and Twenty, or a Widow who has not been Three Years in that State, may be granted such a Privilege, with other Difficulties which will naturally occur to you upon that Subject.

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I am, Sir,

With the most profound Veneration,

Your, &c.'

O

No. 537.
[HUGHES.]

Saturday, November 15.

Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν. —Arat

'*To the* SPECTATOR

Sir,

IT has been usual to remind Persons of Rank, on great Occasions in Life, of their Race and Quality, and to what Expectations they were born; that by considering what is worthy of them, they may be withdrawn from mean Pursuits, and encouraged to laudable Undertakings. This is turning Nobility into a Principle of Virtue, and making it productive of Merit, as it is understood to have been originally a Reward of it.

It is for the like Reason I imagine, that you have in some of your Speculations asserted to your Readers the *Dignity of Human Nature.* But you cannot be insensible that

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that this is a controverted Doctrine; there are Authors who consider Human Nature in a very different View, and Books of Maxims have been written to shew the *Falsity of all Human Virtues*. The Reflections which are made on this Subject usually take some Tincture from the Tempers and Characters of those that make them. Politicians can resolve the most shining Actions among Men into Artifice and Design; Others, who are sowered by Discontent, Repulses, or ill Usage, are apt to mistake their Spleen for Philosophy; Men of profligate Lives, and such as find themselves incapable of rising to any Distinction among their Fellow-Creatures, are for pulling down all Appearances of Merit, which seem to upbraid them; and Satyrists describe nothing but Deformity. From all these Hands we have such Draughts of Mankind as are represented in those burlesque Pictures, which the *Italians* call *Caracaturas*; where the Art consists in preserving amidst distorted Proportions and aggravated Features, some distinguishing Likeness of the Person, but in such a Manner as to transform the most agreeable Beauty into the most odious Monster.

It is very disingenuous to level the best of Mankind with the worst, and for the Faults of Particulars to degrade the whole Species. Such Methods tend not only to remove a Man's good Opinion of others, but to destroy that Reverence for himself, which is a great Guard of Innocence, and a Spring of Virtue.

It is true indeed that there are surprizing Mixtures of Beauty and Deformity, of Wisdom and Folly, Virtue and Vice, in the Human Make; such a Disparity is found among Numbers of the same Kind, and every Individual, in some Instances, or at some Times, is so unequal to himself, that *Man* seems to be the most wavering and inconsistent Being in the whole Creation. So that the Question in Morality, concerning the Dignity of our Nature, may at first Sight appear like some difficult Questions in natural Philosophy, in which the Arguments on both sides seem to be of equal Strength. But as I began with considering this Point as it relates to Action, I shall here borrow an admirable Reflection from Monsieur *Paschal* which I think sets it in its proper Light

It

It is of dangerous Consequence, says he, *to represent to Man how near he is to the Level of Beasts, without shewing him at the same time his* Greatness. *It is likewise dangerous to let him see his Greatness, without his* Meanness. *It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both.* Whatever Imperfections we may have in our Nature, it is the Business of Religion and Virtue to rectifie them, as far as is consistent with our present State. In the mean time, it is no small Encouragement to generous Minds to consider that we shall put them all off with our Mortality. That sublime Manner of Salutation with which the *Jews* approach'd their Kings,

O King, *live for ever!*

may be addressed to the lowest and most despised Mortal among us, under all the Infirmities and Distresses with which we see him surrounded. And whoever believes the *Immortality of the Soul*, will not need a better Argument for the Dignity of his Nature, nor a stronger Incitement to Actions suitable to it.

I am naturally led by this Reflection to a Subject I have already touched upon in a former Letter, and cannot without Pleasure call to Mind the Thoughts of *Cicero* to this Purpose, in the close of his Book concerning *Old Age*. Every one who is acquainted with his Writings, will remember that the Elder *Cato* is introduced in that Discourse as the Speaker, and *Scipio* and *Lelius* as his Auditors. This venerable Person is represented looking forward as it were from the Verge of extream old Age, into a future State, and rising into a Contemplation on the unperishable Part of his Nature, and its Existence after Death. I shall collect Part of his Discourse. And as you have formerly offered some Arguments for the Soul's Immortality, agreeable both to Reason and the Christian Doctrine, I believe your Readers will not be displeased to see how the same great Truth shines in the Pomp of the *Roman* Eloquence.

"This, says *Cato*, is my firm Persuasion, that since the human Soul exerts it self with so great Activity; since it has

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has such a Remembrance of the Past, such a Concern for the Future, since it is enriched with so many Arts, Sciences and Discoveries, it is impossible but the Being which contains all these must be Immortal.

"The elder *Cyrus*, just before his Death, is represented by XENOPHON speaking after this manner. '*Think not, my dearest Children, that when I depart from you I shall be no more, but remember that my Soul, even while I lived among you, was invisible to you; yet by my Actions you were sensible it existed in this Body. Believe it therefore Existing still, though it be still unseen. How quickly would the Honours of illustrious Men perish after Death, if their Souls performed nothing to preserve their Fame? For my own Part, I never could think that the Soul while in a mortal Body, lives, but when departed out of it, dies; or that its Consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious Habitation. But when it is freed from all corporeal Alliance, then it truly exists. Further, since the Human Frame is broken by Death, tell us what becomes of its Parts? It is visible whither the Materials of other Beings are translated, namely, to the Source from whence they had their Birth. The Soul alone, neither present nor departed, is the Object of our Eyes.*'

Thus *Cyrus*. But to proceed. No One shall persuade me, *Scipio*, that your worthy Father, or your Grandfathers *Paulus* and *Africanus*, or *Africanus* his Father, or Uncle, or many other excellent Men whom I need not name, performed so many Actions to be remembered by Posterity, without being sensible that Futurity was their Right. And, if I may be allowed an old Man's Privilege, to speak of my self, do you think I would have endured the Fatigue of so many wearisome Days and Nights both at home and abroad, if I imagined that the same Boundary which is set to my Life must terminate my Glory? Were it not more desirable to have worn out my Days in Ease and Tranquility, free from Labour, and without Emulation? But I know not how, my Soul has always raised itself, and looked forward on Futurity in this View and Expectation, that when it shall depart out of Life, it shall then live for ever; and if this were not

not true, that the Mind is immortal, the Souls of the most worthy would not, above all others, have the strongest Impulse to Glory.

What besides this is the Cause that the wisest Men dye with the greatest Æquanimity, the ignorant with the greatest Concern? Does it not seem that those Minds which have the most extensive Views foresee they are removing to a happier Condition, which those of a narrower Sight do not perceive? I, for my part, am transported with the Hope of seeing your Ancestors, whom I have honoured and loved, and am earnestly desirous of meeting not only those excellent Persons whom I have known, but those too of whom I have heard and read, and of whom I my self have written; nor would I be detained from so pleasing a Journey. O happy Day, when I shall escape from this Croud, this Heap of Pollution, and be admitted to that Divine Assembly of exalted Spirits! When I shall go not only to those great Persons I have named, but to my *Cato*, my Son, than whom a better Man was never born, and whose Funeral Rites I my self performed, whereas he ought rather to have attended mine. Yet has not his Soul deserted me, but seeming to cast back a Look on me, is gone before to those Habitations to which it was sensible I should follow him. And though I might appear to have born my Loss with Courage, I was not unaffected with it, but I comforted my self in the Assurance that it would not be long before we should meet again, and be divorced no more."

I am, Sir, &c.

I question not but my Reader will be very much pleased to hear, that the Gentleman who has obliged the World with the foregoing Letter, and who was the Author of the 210th Speculation on the Immortality of the Soul, the 375th on Virtue in Distress, the 525th on Conjugal Love, and two or three other very fine ones among those which are not Lettered at the End, will soon publish a noble Poem, Intitled An Ode to the Creator of the World, *occasioned by the Fragments of* Orpheus.

Monday

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No. 538. [ADDISON.] Monday, November 17.

——————*ultra*
Legem tendere opus.—Hor.

SURPRISE is so much the Life of Stories, that every one aims at it who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth Delivery, an elegant Choice of Words, and a sweet Arrangement, are all beautifying *Graces*, but not the Particulars in this Point of Conversation which either long command the Attention, or strike with the Violence of a sudden Passion, or occasion the Burst of Laughter which accompanies Humour. I have sometimes fancyed that the Mind is in this Case like a Traveller who sees a fine Seat in Haste; he acknowledges the Delightfulness of a Walk set with Regularity, but would be uneasie if he were obliged to pass it over, when the first view had let him into all its Beauties from one End to the other.

However, a Knowledge of the Success which Stories will have when they are attended with a Turn of Surprize, as it has happily made the Characters of some, so has it also been the Ruin of the Characters of others. There is a Sett of Men who outrage Truth, instead of affecting us with a Manner in telling it; who over-leap the Line of Probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common Road; and endeavour only to make their Hearers stare, by imposing upon them with a Kind of Nonsense against the Philosophy of Nature, or such a Heap of Wonders told upon their own Knowledge, as it is not likely one Man should ever have met with.

I have been led to this Observation by a Company into which I fell accidentally. The Subject of *Antipathies* was a proper Field wherein such false Surprizers might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to shew it in its full Extent of traditional History. Some of them, in a learned Manner, offered to our Consideration the miraculous Powers which the Effluviums of Cheese have over Bodies whose Pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious Manner; others gave an Account of such who could indeed bear the Sight of Cheese

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Cheese, but not the Taste; for which they brought a Reason from the Milk of their Nurses. Others again discoursed, without endeavouring at Reasons, concerning the unconquerable Aversion which some Stomachs have against a Joint of Meat when it is whole, and the eager Inclination they have for it when, by its being cut up, the Shape which had affected them is altered. From hence they passed to Eels, then to Parsnips, and so from one Aversion to another, till we had worked up our selves to such a Pitch of Complaisance, that when the Dinner was to come in, we enquired the Name of every Dish, and hoped it would be no Offence to any in Company, before it was admitted. When we had sate down, this Civility amongst us turned the Discourse from Eatables to other Sorts of Aversions, and the eternal Cat, which plagues every Conversation of this Nature, began then to engross the Subject. One had sweated at the Sight of it, another had smelled it out as it lay concealed in a very distant Cupboard, and he who crowned the whole Set of these Stories, reckoned up the Number of Times in which it had occasioned him to swoon away: At last, says he, that you may all be satisfied of my invincible Aversion to a Cat, I shall give an unanswerable Instance: As I was going through a Street of *London*, where I never had been till then, I felt a general Damp and Faintness all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, till I chanced to cast my Eyes upwards, and found that I was passing under a Signpost on which the Picture of a Cat was hung.

The Extravagance of this Turn in the Way of Surprize, gave a Stop to the Talk we had been carrying on: Some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own Way; so that the Gentleman had Opportunity to press the Belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own that I did not all this while disbelieve every thing that was said; but yet I thought some in the Company had been endeavouring who should pitch the Bar farthest; that it had for some Time been a measuring Cast, and at last my Friend of the Cat and Signpost had thrown beyond them all.

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I then considered the Manner in which this Story had been received, and the Possibility that it might have passed for a Jest upon others, if he had not laboured against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two Ways which the well-bred World generally takes to correct such a Practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general Silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own Behalf. It is often the Effect of Prudence in avoiding a Quarrel, when they see another drive so fast, that there is no stopping him without being run against, and but very seldom the Effect of Weakness in believing suddenly. The Generality of Mankind are not so grosly ignorant as some overbearing Spirits would perswade themselves; and if the Authority of a Character or a Caution against Danger make us suppress our Opinions, yet neither of these are of Force enough to suppress our Thoughts of them. If a Man who has endeavoured to amuse his Company with Improbabilities could but look into their Minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their Sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his Attempt in doing so. His Endeavour to glory at their Expence becomes a Ground of Quarrel, and the Scorn and Indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate Punishment: And indeed (if we should even go no further) Silence, or a negligent Indifference has a deeper Way of Wounding than Opposition; because Opposition proceeds from an Anger that has a sort of generous Sentiment for the Adversary mingling along with it, while it shews that there is some Esteem in your Mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with: But Silence, or a negligent Indifference, proceeds from Anger, mixed with a Scorn that shews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other Method which the World has taken for correcting this Practice of false Surprize, is to over-shoot such Talkers in their own Bow, or to raise the Story with further Degrees of Impossibility, and set up for a Voucher to them in such a Manner as must let them

see

see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a Discourse was once managed upon the Effects of Fear. One of the Company had given an Account how it had turned his Friend's Hair grey in a Night, while the Terrors of a Shipwreck encompassed him. Another taking the Hint from hence, began, upon his own Knowledge, to enlarge his Instances of the like Nature to such a Number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them; and as he still grounded these upon different Causes, for the sake of the Variety, it might seem at last, from his Share of the Conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the Passion of Fear should all his Life escape so common an Effect of it. By this Time some of the Company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him; But one rebuked the rest with an Appearance of Severity, and, with the known old Story in his Head, assured them they need not scruple to believe that the Fear of any thing can make a Man's Hair grey, since he knew one whose Perriwig had suffered so by it. Thus he stopped the Talk, and made them easie. Thus is the same Method taken to bring us to Shame which we fondly take to encrease our Character. It is indeed a kind of Mimickry by which another puts on our Air of Conversation to show us to our selves: He seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a Resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know he will not lie under the Imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with a conscientious Shame for what you have been saying; Then it is that you are inwardly griev'd at the Sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against your self; the Laugh of the Company runs against you; the censuring World is obliged to you for that Triumph which you have allowed them at your own Expence; and Truth, which you have injured, has a near Way of being revenged on you, when by the bare Repetition of your Story you become a frequent Diversion for the Publick.

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No. 538. Monday, Nov. 17, 1712.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

The other Day, walking in *Pancras* Church-yard, I thought of your Paper wherein you mention Epitaphs, and am of Opinion this has a Thought in it worth being communicated to your Readers,

Here Innocence and Beauty lies, whose Breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely Death.
Hence did she go just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does Sin and Sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next Blessing to a Life well spent.

I am, Sir,
Your Servant.'

No. 539.

Tuesday, November 18.

Heteroclyta sunto. Quae Genus.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I AM a young Widow of a good Fortune and Family, and just come to Town; where I find I have Clusters of pretty Fellows come already to visit me, some dying with Hopes, others with Fears, tho' they never saw me. Now what I would beg of you, would be to know whether I may venture to use these pert Fellows with the same Freedom as I did my Country Acquaintance. I desire your Leave to use them as to me shall seem meet, without Imputation of a Jilt; for since I make Declaration that not one of them shall have me, I think I ought to be allowed the Liberty of insulting those who have the Vanity to believe it is in their Power to make me break that Resolution. There are Schools for learning to use Foils, frequented by those who never design to fight; and this useless Way of aiming at the Heart, without Design to wound it on either Side, is the Play with which I am resolved to divert my self: The Man who pretends to win, I shall use like him who comes into a Fencing-School to pick a Quarrel. I hope, upon this Foundation, you will give me the free Use of the natural and artificial Force of my Eyes, Looks, and Gestures. As for verbal Promises, I will make none, but shall

shall have no Mercy on the conceited Interpreters of Glances and Motions. I am particularly skilled in the downcast Eye, and the Recovery into a sudden full Aspect, and away again, as you may have seen sometimes practised by us Country Beauties beyond all that you have observed in Courts and Cities. Add to this, Sir, that I have a ruddy heedless Look, which covers Artifice the best of any thing. Tho' I can dance very well, I affect a tottering untaught way of walking, by which I appear an easie Prey; and never exert my instructed Charms till I find I have engaged a Pursuer. Be pleased, Sir, to print this Letter, which will certainly begin the Chace of a rich Widow: The many Foldings, Escapes, Returns, and Doublings which I make, I shall from Time to Time communicate to you, for the better Instruction of all Females who set up, like me, for reducing the present exorbitant Power and Insolence of Man.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful Correspondent,

Relicta Lovely.'

'*Dear Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I depend upon your profess'd Respect for virtuous Love, for your immediate answering the Design of this Letter; which is no other than to lay before the World the Severity of certain Parents who desire to suspend the Marriage of a discreet young Woman of Eighteen three Years longer, for no other Reason but that of her being too young to enter into that State. As to the Consideration of Riches, my Circumstances are such, that I cannot be suspected to make my Addresses to her on such low Motives as Avarice or Ambition. If ever Innocence, Wit, and Beauty, united their utmost Charms, they have in her. I wish you would expatiate a little on this Subject, and admonish her Parents that it may be from the very Imperfection of Human Nature it self, and not any personal Frailty of her or me, that our Inclinations baffled at present may alter; and while we are arguing with our selves to put off the Enjoyment of our present Passions, our Affections may change their

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their Objects in the Operation. It is a very delicate Subject to talk upon; but if it were but hinted, I am in Hopes it would give the Parties concerned some Reflection that might expedite our Happiness. There is a Possibility, and I hope I may say it without Imputation of Immodesty to her I love with the highest Honour; I say, there is a Possibility this Delay may be as painful to her as it is to me. If it be as much, it must be more, by Reason of the severe Rules the Sex are under in being denyed even the Relief of Complaint. If you oblige me in this, and I succeed, I promise you a Place at my Wedding, and a Treatment suitable to your Spectatorial Dignity.

Your most humble Servant,

Eustace.'

'*Sir,*

I yesterday heard a young Gentleman, that looked as if he was just come to the Town and a Scarf, upon Evil-speaking; which Subject, you know, Archbishop *Tillotson* has so nobly handled in a Sermon in his *Folio*. As soon as ever he had named his Text, and had opened a little the Drift of his Discourse, I was in great Hopes he had been one of Sir ROGER'S Chaplains. I have conceived so great an Idea of the charming Discourse above, that I should have thought one Part of my Sabbath very well spent in hearing a Repetition of it. But alas! *Mr.* SPECTATOR, this Reverend Divine gave us his Grace's Sermon, and yet I don't know how; even I, that I am sure have read it at least twenty times, could not tell what to make of it, and was at a Loss sometimes to guess what the Man aimed at. He was so just indeed as to give us all the Heads and the Sub-divisions of the Sermon; and farther, I think there was not one beautiful Thought in it but what we had. But then, Sir, this Gentleman made so many pretty Additions; and he could never give us a Paragraph of the Sermon, but he introduced it with something which, methought, looked more like a Design to shew his own Ingenuity, than to instruct the People. In short, he added and curtailed in such a Manner that he vexed me; insomuch that I could

could not forbear thinking, (what, I confess, I ought not to have thought of in so holy a Place) that this young Spark was as justly blameable as *Bullock* or *Penkethman* when they mend a noble play of *Shakespear* or *Johnson*. Pray, Sir, take this into your Consideration; and if we must be entertained with the Works of any of those great Men, desire these Gentlemen to give them us as they find them, that so when we read them to our Families at home, they may the better remember they have heard it at Church.

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Sir,

Your Humble Servant.'

No. 540.
[STEELE.]

Wednesday, November 19.

—— *Non deficit alter.*—Virg.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

THERE is no Part of your Writings which I have in more Esteem than your Criticism upon *Milton*. It is an honourable and candid Endeavour to set the Works of our noble Writers in the graceful Light which they deserve. You will lose much of my kind Inclination towards you, if you do not attempt the Encomium of *Spencer* also, or at least indulge my Passion for that charming Author so far as to print the loose Hints I now give you on that Subject.

Spencer's general Plan is the Representation of six Virtues, Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesie, in six Legends by six Persons. The six Personages are supposed under proper Allegories suitable to their respective Characters, to do all that is necessary for the full Manifestation of the respective Virtues which they are to exert.

These one might undertake to shew, under the several Heads, are admirably drawn; no Images improper, and most surprizingly beautiful. The Red-cross Knight runs through the whole Steps of the Christian Life; *Guyon* does all that Temperance can possibly require; *Britomartis* (a Woman) observes the true Rules of unaffected Chastity; *Arthegal* is in every Respect

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Respect of Life strictly and wisely just; *Calidore* is rightly Courteous.

In short, in *Fairy-Land*, where Knights-Errant have a full Scope to range, and to do even what *Ariostos* or *Orlandos* could not do in the World without breaking into Credibility, *Spencer*'s Knights have, under these six Heads, given a full and truly Poetical System of Christian, Publick, and Low Life.

His Legend of Friendship is more diffuse, and yet even there the Allegory is finely drawn, only the Heads various; one Knight could not there support all the Parts.

To do Honour to his Country, Prince *Arthur* is an Universal Hero; in Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, and Justice super-excellent. For the same Reason, and to compliment Queen *Elizabeth*, *Gloriana*, Queen of Fairies, whose Court was the Asylum of the Oppressed, represents that glorious Queen. At her Commands all these Knights set forth, and only at hers the Red-cross Knight destroys the Dragon, *Guyon* overturns the Bower of Bliss, *Arthegal* (i. e. *Justice*) beats down *Geryoneo* (i. e. *Philip* II. King of *Spain*) to rescue *Belge* (i. e. *Holland*) and he beats the *Grantorto* (the same *Philip* in another Light) to restore *Irena* (i. e. *Peace to* Europe).

Chastity being the first Female Virtue, *Britomartis* is a *Britain*; her Part is fine, though it requires Explication. His Stile is very Poetical; no Puns, Affectations of Wit, forced Antitheses, or any of that low Tribe.

His old Words are all true *English*, and Numbers exquisite; and since of Words there is the *Multa Renascentur*, since they are all proper, such a Poem should not (any more than *Milton*'s) subsist all of it of common ordinary Words. See Instances of Descriptions.

Causeless Jealousie in *Britomartis*, V. 6. 14. in its Restlessness.

Like as a wayward Child, whose sounder Sleep
Is broken, with some fearful Dreams affright,
With froward Will doth set himself to weep,
Ne can be still'd for all his Nurse's Might,
But kicks, and squalls, and shrieks for fell Despight;
Now scratching her, and her loose Locks misusing,

Now

Now seeking Darkness, and now seeking Light;
Then craving Suck, and then the Suck refusing;
Such was this Ladie's Loves in her Love's fond accusing.

Curiosity occasioned by Jealousie, upon Occasion of her Lover's Absence. *Ibid. St.* 8, 9.

Then as she looked long, at last she spy'd
One coming towards her with hasty Speed,
Well ween'd she then, e'er him she plain descry'd,
That it was one sent from her Love indeed:

Whereat her Heart was fill'd with Hope and Dread,
Ne wou'd she stay till he in Place cou'd come,
But ran to meet him forth, to know his Tidings sonme;
Even in the Door him meeting, she begun,

And where he is, thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; And hath he lost or won?

Care and his *House* are described thus, IV. 6, 33, 34, 35.

Not far away, not meet for any Guest,
They spy'd a little Cottage, like some poor Man's Nest,

34.

There entring in, they found the good Man sell,
Full busily unto his Work ybent,
Who was so weel a wretched wearish Elf,
With hollow Eyes and raw-bone Cheeks forspent,
As if he had in Prison long been pent;
Full black and grisely did his Face appear,
Besmear'd with Smoak, that nigh his Eye-sight blent;
With rugged Beard and hoary shagged Heare,
The which he never wont to comb, or comely shear.

35.

Rude was his Garment, and to Rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared;
His blistred Hands amongst the Cinders brent,
And Fingers filthy, with long Nails prepared,
Right fit to rend the Food on which he fared.
His name was Care; a Blacksmith by his Trade,
That neither Day nor Night from working spared,
But to small Purpose Iron Wedges made.
These be unquiet Thoughts that careful Minds invade.

Homer's Epithets were much admired by Antiquity: See what great Justness and Variety there is in these Epithets of the Trees in the Forest where the Red-cross Knight lost *Truth.* B. I. Cant. I. St. 8, 9.

The

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The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The Vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The Builder Oak, sole King of Forests all,
The Aspine good for Staves, the Cypress Funeral.

9.

The Lawrel, Meed of mighty Conquerors,
And Poets sage; the Fir that weepeth still,
The Willow worn of forlorn Paramours,
The Eugh obedient to the Bender's Will,
The Birch for Shafts, the Sallow for the Mill;
The Myrrhe sweet bleeding in the bitter Wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Platane round,
The Carver Holm, the Maple seldom inward sound.

I shall trouble you no more, but desire you to let me conclude with these Verses, though I think they have already been quoted by you: They are Directions to young Ladies oppress with Calumny. VI. 6. 14.

The best (said he) *that I can you advise,*
Is to avoid the Occasion of the Ill;
For when the Cause whence Evil doth arise
Removed is, the Effect surceaseth still.
Abstain from Pleasure and restrain your Will,
Subdue Desire, and bridle loose Delight,
Use scanted Diet, and forbear your Fill,
Shun Secrecy, and talk in open Sight,
So shall you soon repair your present evil Plight.' T

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[HUGHES.] Thursday, November 20.

Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; juvat aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum maerore gravi deducit & angit;
Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.—Hor.

MY Friend the TEMPLAR, whom I have so often mentioned in these Writings, having determined to lay aside his Poetical Studies, in order to a closer Pursuit of the Law, has put together, as a Farewell Essay, some Thoughts concerning *Pronunciation* and *Action*, which he has given me leave to communicate to the Publick. They are chiefly collected from his Favourite Author, *Cicero*, who is known to have been an intimate Friend of *Roscius* the Actor, and a good Judge of Dramatical Performances, as well as the most Eloquent Pleader of the Time in which he lived.

Cicero

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Cicero concludes his celebrated Books *de Oratore* with some Precepts for Pronunciation and Action, without which Part he affirms that the best Orator in the World can never succeed; and an indifferent one, who is Master of this, shall gain much greater Applause. What could make a stronger Impression, says he, than those Exclamations of *Gracchus*——*Whither shall I turn? Wretch that I am! To what Place betake my self? Shall I go to the* Capitol?——*Alas! it is overflowed with my Brother's Blood. Or shall I retire to my House? Yet there I behold my Mother plung'd in Misery, weeping and despairing!* These Breaks and Turns of Passion, it seems, were so enforced by the Eyes, Voice and Gesture of the Speaker, that his very Enemies could not refrain from Tears. I insist, says *Tully*, upon this the rather, because our Orators, who are as it were Actors of the Truth it self, have quitted this manner of speaking, and the Players, who are but Imitators of Truth, have taken it up.

I shall, therefore, pursue the Hint he has here given me, and for the Service of the *British* Stage I shall Copy some of the Rules which this great *Roman* Master has laid down; yet, without confining my self wholly to his Thoughts or Words; and to adapt this Essay the more to the Purpose for which I intend it, instead of the Examples he has inserted in this Discourse, out of the ancient Tragedies, I shall make use of parallel Passages out of the most Celebrated of our own.

The Design of Art is to assist Action as much as possible in the Representation of Nature; for the Appearance of Reality is that which moves us in all Representations, and these have always the greater Force, the nearer they approach to Nature, and the less they shew of Imitation.

Nature herself has assigned, to every Emotion of the Soul, its peculiar Cast of the Countenance, Tone of Voice, and Manner of Gesture; and the whole Person, all the Features of the Face and Tones of the Voice answer, like Strings upon musical Instruments, to the Impressions made on them by the Mind. Thus the Sounds of the Voice, according to the various Touches which raise them, form

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form themselves into an Acute or Grave, Quick or Slow, Lowd or Soft Tone. These too may be subdivided into various Kinds of Tones, as the gentle, the rough, the contracted, the diffused, the continued, the intermitted, the broken, abrupt, winding, softned, or elevated. Every one of these may be employed with Art and Judgment; and all supply the Actor, as Colours do the Painter, with an expressive Variety.

Anger exerts its peculiar Voice in an acute, raised, and hurrying Sound. The passionate Character of King *Lear*, as it is admirably drawn by *Shakespear*, abounds with the strongest Instances of this kind.

> ——*Death! Confusion!*
> *Fiery?*——*what Quality?*——*why* Gloster! Gloster!
> *I'd speak with the Duke of* Cornwall *and his Wife. . . .*
> *Are they inform'd of this? My Breath and Blood!*
> *Fiery? the fiery Duke?* &c.

Sorrow and Complaint demand a Voice quite different, flexible, slow, interrupted, and modulated in a mournful Tone; as in that pathetical Soliloquy of Cardinal *Wolsey* on his Fall.

> *Farewell! A long Farewell to all my Greatness!*
> *This is the State of Man!—to-day he puts forth*
> *The tender Leaves of Hope; to-morrow Blossoms,*
> *And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him.*
> *The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,*
> *And when he thinks, good easie Man, full surely*
> *His Greatness is a ripening, nips his Root,*
> *And then he falls as I do.*

We have likewise a fine Example of this in the whole Part of *Andromache* in the *Distrest Mother*, particularly in these lines,

> *I'll go, and in the Anguish of my Heart*
> *Weep o'er my Child—If he must dye, my Life*
> *Is wrapt in his, I shall not long survive.*
> *'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd Life,*
> *Groan'd in Captivity, and outliv'd* Hector.
> *Yes, my* Astyanax, *we 'll go together!*
> *Together to the Realms of Night we 'll go;*
> *There to thy ravish'd Eyes thy Sire I'll show,*
> *And point him out among the Shades below.*

Fear expresses itself in a low, hesitating and abject Sound

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Sound. If the Reader considers the following Speech of Lady *Macbeth*, while her Husband is about the Murder of *Duncan* and his Grooms, he will imagine her even affrighted with the Sound of her own Voice while she is speaking it.

Alas! I am afraid they have awak'd
And 'tis not done; th' Attempt and not the Deed
Confounds us—hark!—I laid the Daggers ready,
He cou'd not miss them. Had he not resembled
My Father as he slept, I had done it.

Courage assumes a louder Tone, as in that Speech of Don *Sebastian*,

Here satiate all your Fury;
Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
I have a Soul that like an ample Shield
Can take in all, and Verge enough for more.

Pleasure dissolves into a luxurious, mild, tender and joyous Modulation; as in the following Lines in *Caius Marius*,

Lavinia! *O there's Musick in the Name,*
That softning me to infant Tenderness
Makes my Heart spring, like the first Leaps of Life.

And Perplexity is different from all these; grave, but not bemoaning, with an earnest uniform Sound of Voice; as in that celebrated Speech of *Hamlet*,

To be, or not to be?—that is the Question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep;
No more; and by a Sleep to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand natural Shocks
That Flesh is Heir to; 'Tis a Consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep—
To sleep, perchance to dream! Ay, there's the Rub,
For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this Mortal Coil,
Must give us pause.—There's the Respect
That makes Calamity of so long Life;
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
Th' Oppressor's Wrong, the proud Man's Contumely,
The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay
The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient Merit of th' unworthy takes,

When

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When he himself might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin? who wou'd Fardles bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary Life?
But that the Dread of something after Death,
The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather chuse those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

As all these Varieties of Voice are to be directed by the Sense, so the Action is to be directed by the Voice, and with a beautiful Propriety, as it were, to enforce it. The Arm, which by a strong Figure *Tully* calls *the Orator's Weapon*, is to be sometimes raised and extended, and the Hand, by its Motion, sometimes to lead, and sometimes to follow the Words as they are uttered. The Stamping of the Foot too has its proper Expression in Contention, Anger, or absolute Command. But the Face is the Epitome of the whole Man, and the Eyes are, as it were the Epitome of the Face; for which Reason, he says, the best Judges among the *Romans* were not extreamly pleased, even with *Roscius* himself in his Masque. No Part of the Body, besides the Face, is capable of as many Changes as there are different Emotions in the Mind, and of expressing them all by those Changes. Nor is this to be done without the Freedom of the Eyes; therefore *Theophrastus* called one, who barely rehearsed his Speech with his Eyes fixt, an *absent Actor*.

As the Countenance admits of so great Variety, it requires also great Judgment to govern it. Not that the Form of the Face is to be shifted on every Occasion, lest it turn to Farce and Buffoonery; but it is certain, that the Eyes have a wonderful Power of marking the Emotions of the Mind, sometimes by a stedfast Look, sometimes by a careless one; now by a sudden Regard, then by a joyful Sparkling, as the Sense of the Words is diversifyed; for Action is, as it were, the Speech of the Features and Limbs, and must therefore conform it self always to the Sentiments of the Soul. And it may be observed, that in all which relates to the Gesture, there is a wonderful Force implanted by Nature; since the Vulgar, the Unskillful, and even the most Barbarous are chiefly affected by this. None are moved by the Sound of Words, but those

those who understand the Language; and the Sense of many things is lost upon Men of a dull Apprehension; but Action is a kind of Universal Tongue; all Men are subject to the same Passions, and consequently know the same Marks of them in others, by which they themselves express them.

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Perhaps some of my Readers may be of Opinion, that the Hints I have here made use of, out of *Cicero*, are somewhat too refined for the Players on our Theatre; in answer to which I venture to lay it down, as a Maxim, that without good Sense no one can be a good Player, and that he is very unfit to personate the Dignity of a *Roman* Hero, who cannot enter into the Rules for Pronunciation and Gesture delivered by a *Roman* Orator.

There is another thing which my Author does not think too minute to insist on, though it is purely mechanical; and that is the right *pitching* of the Voice. On this Occasion he tells the Story of *Gracchus*, who employed a Servant with a little Ivory Pipe to stand behind him, and give him the right Pitch, as often as he wandred too far from the proper Modulation. Every Voice, says *Tully*, has its particular Medium and Compass, and the Sweetness of Speech consists in leading it through all the Variety of Tones naturally, and without touching any Extreme. Therefore, says he, *Leave the Pipe at home, but carry the Sense of this Custom with you.*

No. 542.
[ADDISON.] Friday, November 21.

Et sibi praeferri se gaudet——.—Ovid.

WHEN I have been present in Assemblies where my Paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleased to hear those who would detract from the Author of it observe, that the Letters which are sent to the *Spectator* are as good, if not better, than any of his Works. Upon this Occasion many Letters of Mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the *Spectator* writ to himself, and which others Commend because they fancy he received them from his Correspondents. Such are those from the *Valetudinarian*; the Inspector of the Sign

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Sign-posts; the Master of the Fan Exercise; with that of the Hooped Petticoat; that of *Nicholas Hart* the annual Sleeper; that from Sir *John Envill*; that upon the *London* Cries; with Multitudes of the same Nature. As I love nothing more than to mortifie the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them, they have very often praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my Writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy Gentlemen proving, by undeniable Arguments, that I was not able to pen a Letter which I had written the Day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous Expressions, and giving the Company Reason to suspect that they themselves did me the Honour to send me such or such a particular Epistle, which happened to be talked of with the Esteem or Approbation of those who were present. These rigid Criticks are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the Lion, the wild Boar, and the Flower-pots in the Play-house, did not actually write those Letters which came to me in their Names. I must therefore inform these Gentlemen, that I often chuse this way of casting my Thoughts into a Letter, for the following Reasons; First, out of the Policy of those who try their Jest upon another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little Praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose Author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an Opportunity of introducing a great variety of Characters into my Work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the Person of the *Spectator*. Fourthly, because the Dignity Spectatorial would have suffered, had I published as from my self those several ludicrous Compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious Names and Characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in, more naturally, such additional Reflections as have been placed at the End of them.

There are others who have likewise done me a very particular Honour, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it, that I have translated or borrowed many

many of my Thoughts out of Books which are written in other Languages. I have heard of a Person, who is more famous for his Library than his Learning, that has asserted this more than once in his private Conversation. Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own Knowledge; but had he read the Books which he has collected, he would find this Accusation to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this Point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous perhaps to a Fault in quoting the Authors of several Passages which I might have made my own. But as this Assertion is in reality an Encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small Reputation which might accrue to me from any of these my Speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary Manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose Objections have given me a greater Concern, as they seem to reflect, under this Head, rather on my Morality than on my Invention. These are they who say an Author is guilty of Falsehood, when he talks to the Publick of Manuscripts which he never saw, or describes Scenes of Action or Discourse in which he was never engaged. But these Gentlemen would do well to consider, there is not a Fable or Parable which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this Exception; since nothing, according to this Notion, can be related innocently which was not once Matter of Fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary Reader may be able to discover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in these Occurrences as Truth, and what as Fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several Objections which have been made against these my Works, I must take Notice that there are some who affirm a Paper of this Nature should always turn upon diverting Subjects, and others who find Fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate Tendency to the Advancement of Religion or Learning. I shall leave these Gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves; since I

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see one half of my Conduct patronized by each side. Were I serious on an improper Subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the Censure of my Readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my Writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance Vice and Ignorance, and support the Interest of true Wisdom and Virtue, I should be more severe upon my self than the Publick is disposed to be. In the mean while I desire my Reader to consider every particular Paper or Discourse as a distinct Tract by it self, and independant of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this Paper with the following Letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own my self indebted to their respective Writers.

'*Sir*,

I was this Morning in a Company of your Well-wishers, when we read over, with great Satisfaction, *Tully*'s Observations on Action adapted to the *British* Theatre; Though, by the way, we were very sorry to find that you have disposed of another Member of your Club. Poor Sir *Roger* is dead, and the worthy Clergyman dying. Captain *Sentry* has taken Possession of a fair Estate, *Will Honeycomb* has married a Farmer's Daughter, and the *Templar* withdraws himself into the Business of his own Profession. What will all this end in! We are afraid it portends no good to the Publick. Unless you very speedily fix a Day for the Election of new Members, we are under Apprehensions of losing the *British Spectator*. I hear of a Party of Ladies who intend to address you on this Subject, and question not, if you do not give us the Slip very suddenly, that you will receive Addresses from all Parts of the Kingdom to continue so useful a Work. Pray deliver us out of this Perplexity, and among the Multitude of your Readers you will particularly oblige,

Your most Sincere Friend
and Servant,
Philo-Spec.'

O

Saturday

No. 543.
[ADDISON.]

Saturday, November 22.

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Saturday,
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1712.

——*Facies non omnibus una*
Nec diversa tamen——.—Ov.

THOSE who were skillful in Anatomy among the Ancients, concluded from the outward and inward Make of an Human Body, that it was the Work of a Being transcendently Wise and Powerful. As the World grew more enlightened in this Art, their Discoveries gave them fresh Opportunities of admiring the Conduct of Providence in the Formation of an Human Body. *Galen* was converted by his Dissections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a Survey of this his Handywork. There were, indeed, many Parts of which the old Anatomists did not know the certain Use, but as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable Art to their several Functions, they did not question but those, whose Uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same Wisdom for respective Ends and Purposes. Since the Circulation of the Blood has been found out, and many other great Discoveries have been made by our Modern Anatomists, we see new Wonders in the Human Frame, and discern several important Uses for those Parts, which Uses the Ancients knew nothing of. In short, the Body of Man is such a Subject as stands the utmost Test of Examination. Tho' it appears formed with the nicest Wisdom upon the most superficial Survey of it, it still mends upon the Search, and produces our Surprize and Amazement in Proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an Human Body, may be applied to the body of every Animal which has been the Subject of Anatomical Observations.

The Body of an Animal is an Object adequate to our Senses. It is a particular System of Providence, that lies in a narrow Compass. The Eye is able to command it, and by successive Enquiries can search into all its Parts. Could the body of the whole Earth, or indeed the whole Universe, be thus submitted to the Examination of our Senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our Enquiries, too unwieldy for the Management of the Eye

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and Hand, there is no Question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a Frame as that of an Human Body. We should see the same Concatenation and Subserviency, the same Necessity and Usefulness, the same Beauty and Harmony in all and every of its Parts, as what we discover in the Body of every single Animal.

The more extended our Reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense Objects, the greater still are those Discoveries which it makes of Wisdom and Providence in the Work of the Creation. As Sir *Isaac Newton*, who stands up as the Miracle of the present Age, can look through a whole Planetary System; consider it in its Weight, Number, and Measure; and draw from it as many Demonstrations of infinite Power and Wisdom, as a more confined Understanding is able to deduce from the System of an Human Body.

But to return to our Speculations on Anatomy, I shall here consider the Fabrick and Texture of the Bodies of Animals in one Particular View, which, in my Opinion, shews the Hand of a thinking and all-wise Being in their Formation, with the Evidence of a thousand Demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontested Principle, that Chance never acts in a perpetual Uniformity and Consistence with it self. If one should always fling the same Number with ten thousand Dice, or see every Throw just five times less, or five times more in Number, than the Throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible Power which directs the Cast? This is the Proceeding which we find in the Operations of Nature. Every kind of Animal is diversifyed by different Magnitudes, each of which gives Rise to a different Species. Let a Man trace the Dog or Lion Kind, and he will observe how many of the Works of Nature are published, if I may use the Expression, in a variety of Editions. If we look into the Reptile World, or into those different Kinds of Animals that fill the Element of Water, we meet with the same Repetitions among several Species, that differ very little from one another, but in Size and Bulk. You find the same Creature, that is drawn at large, copied out in several Proportions, and ending in Miniature. It would be tedious to produce

Instances

Instances of this regular Conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the Natural History of Animals. The Magnificent Harmony of the Universe is such, that we may observe innumerable *Divisions* running upon the same *Ground*. I might also extend this Speculation to the dead Parts of Nature, in which we may find Matter disposed into many *similar* Systems, as well in our Survey of Stars and Planets, as of Stones, Vegetables, and other sublunary Parts of the Creation. In a Word, Providence has shewn the Richness of its Goodness and Wisdom, not only in the Production of many Original Species, but in the Multiplicity of Descants which it has made on every Original Species in particular.

But to pursue this Thought still farther: Every living Creature, considered in it self, has many very complicated Parts that are exact Copies of some other Parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One *Eye* would have been sufficient for the Subsistence and Preservation of an Animal; but, in order to better his Condition, we see another placed with a Mathematical Exactness in the same most advantageous Situation, and in every Particular of the same Size and Texture. Is it possible for Chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her Operations? Should a Million of Dice turn up twice together the same Number, the Wonder would be nothing in Comparison with this. But when we see this Similitude and Resemblance in the Arm, the Hand, the Fingers; when we see one half of the Body entirely correspond with the other in all those minute Strokes, without which a Man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single Part repeated an hundred times in the same Body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless Fibres, and these Parts differing still in Magnitude, as the Convenience of their particular Situation requires, sure a Man must have a strange Cast of Understanding, who does not discover the Finger of God in so wonderful a Work. These Duplicates in those Parts of the Body, without which a Man might have very well subsisted, tho' not so well with them, are a plain Demonstration of an all-wise Contriver; as those

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those more numerous Copyings, which are found among the Vessels of the same Body, are evident Demonstrations that they could not be the Work of Chance. This Argument receives additional Strength, if we apply it to every Animal and Insect, within our Knowledge, as well as to those numberless living Creatures that are Objects too minute for an Human Eye; and if we consider how the several Species in this whole World of Life resemble one another in very many Particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective States of Existence. It is much more probable that an hundred Million of Dice should be casually thrown an hundred Million of Times in the same Number, than that the Body of any single Animal should be produced by the fortuitous Concourse of Matter. And that the like Chance should arise in innumerable Instances, requires a Degree of Credulity that is not under the direction of Common-Sense. We may carry this Consideration yet further, if we reflect on the two Sexes in every living Species, with their Resemblances to each other, and those particular Distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great World of Life.

There are many more Demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent Wisdom, Power and Goodness in the Formation of the Body of a living Creature, for which I refer my Reader to other Writings, particularly to the Sixth Book of the Poem Entitled *Creation*, where the Anatomy of the human Body is described with Great Perspicuity and Elegance. I have been particular on the Thought which runs through this Speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others. O

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[STEELE.] Monday, November 24.

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Nunquam ita quisquam bene subducta ratione ad vitam fuit,
Quin res, aetas, usus semper aliquid apportet novi,
Aliquid moneat, ut illa, quae te scire credas, nescias,
Et, quae tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.—Ter.

THERE are, I think, Sentiments in the following Letter from my Friend Captain SENTREY, which discover a rational and equal Frame of Mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate Change of Condition.

'*Coverley-Hall, Nov. 15. Worcestershire.*

Sir,

I am come to the Succession of the Estate of my honoured Kinsman Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY; and I assure you I find it no easie Task to keep up the Figure of Master of the Fortune which was so handsomely enjoyed by that honest plain Man. I cannot (with Respect to the great Obligations I have, be it spoken) reflect upon his Character, but I am confirmed in the Truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the Club, to wit, That a Man of a warm and well-disposed Heart with a very small Capacity, is highly superior in humane Society to him who with the greatest Talents is cold and languid in his Affections. But, alas! why do I make a Difficulty in speaking of my worthy Ancestor's Failings? His little Absurdities and Incapacity for the Conversation of the politest Men are dead with him, and his greater Qualities are even now useful to him. I know not whether by naming those Disabilities I do not enhance his Merit, since he has left behind him a Reputation in his Country which would be worth the Pains of the wisest Man's whole Life to arrive at. By the Way I must observe to you, that many of your Readers have mistook that Passage in your Writings, wherein Sir ROGER is reported to have enquired into the private Character of the young Woman at the Tavern. I know you mentioned that Circumstance as an Instance of the Simplicity and Innocence of his Mind, which made him imagine it a very easie thing to reclaim one of those Criminals, and not as an Inclination in him to be guilty with

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with her. The less Discerning of your Readers cannot enter into that Delicacy of Description in the Character: But indeed my Chief Business at this Time is to represent to you my present State of Mind, and the Satisfactions I promise to my self in the Possession of my new Fortune. I have continued all Sir ROGER's Servants, except such as it was a Relief to dismiss into little Beings within my Manor: Those who are in a List of the good Knight's own Hand to be taken Care of by me, I have quartered upon such as have taken new Leases of me, and added so many Advantages during the Lives of the Persons so quartered, that it is the Interest of those whom they are joined with to cherish and befriend them upon all Occasions. I find a considerable Sum of ready Mony, which I am laying out among my Dependants at the common Interest, but with a Design to lend it according to their Merit rather than according to their Ability. I shall lay a Tax upon such as I have highly obliged, to become Security to me for such of their own poor Youth, whether Male or Female, as want Help towards getting into some Being in the World. I hope I shall be able to manage my Affairs so, as to improve my Fortune every Year, by doing Acts of Kindness. I will lend my Mony to the Use of none but indigent Men, secured by such as have ceased to be indigent by the Favour of my Family or my self. What makes this the more practicable is, that if they will do any one Good with my Mony, they are welcome to it upon their own Security: And I make no Exception against it, because the Persons who enter into the Obligations do it for their own Family. I have laid out four thousand Pounds this Way, and it is not to be imagined what a Crowd of People are obliged by it. In Cases where Sir ROGER has recommended I have lent Mony to put out Children, with a Clause which makes void the Obligation, in case the Infant dies before he is out of his Apprenticeship; by which Means the Kindred and Masters are extreamly careful of breeding him to Industry, and he may repay it himself by his Labour, in three Years Journey-work after his Time is out for the Use of his Securities. Opportunities of this Kind are all that have occurred since I came to my Estate; but I assure you I will preserve

preserve a constant Disposition to catch at all the Occasions I can to promote the Good and Happiness of my Neighbourhood.

But give me Leave to lay before you a little Establishment which has grown out of my past Life, that, I doubt not, will administer great Satisfaction to me in that Part of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

There is a Prejudice in favour of the Way of Life to which a Man has been educated, which I know not whether it would not be faulty to overcome: It is like a Partiality to the Interest of one's own Country before that of any other Nation. It is from an Habit of Thinking, grown upon me from my Youth spent in Arms, that I have ever held Gentlemen, who have preserved Modesty, Good-nature, Justice, and Humanity in a Soldier's Life, to be the most valuable and worthy Persons of the humane Race. To pass through imminent Dangers, suffer painful Watchings, frightful Alarms, and laborious Marches for the greater Part of a Man's Time, and pass the rest in Sobriety conformable to the Rules of the most virtuous civil Life, is a Merit too great to deserve the Treatment it usually meets with among the other Part of the World. But I assure you, Sir, were there not very many who have this Worth, we could never have seen the glorious Events which we have in our Days. I need not say more to illustrate the Character of a Soldier, than to tell you he is the very contrary to him you observe loud, saucy, and over-bearing in a red Coat about Town. But I was going to tell you, that in Honour of the Profession of Arms, I have set apart a certain Sum of Mony for a Table for such Gentlemen as have served their Country in the Army, and will please from Time to Time to sojourn all, or any Part of the Year, at *Coverly*. Such of them as will do me that Honour shall find Horses, Servants, and all Things necessary for their Accommodation, and Enjoyment of all the Conveniences of Life in a pleasant various Country. If Collonel *Camperfelt* be in Town, and his Abilities are not employ'd another Way in the Service, there is no Man would be more welcome here. That Gentleman's thorough Knowledge in his Profession, together with the Simplicity of his Manners, and Goodness of his Heart, would

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would induce others like him to Honour my Abode; and I should be glad my Acquaintance would take themselves to be invited or not, as their Characters have an Affinity to his.

I would have all my Friends know, that they need not fear (though I am become a Country Gentleman) I will trespass against their Temperance and Sobriety. No, Sir, I shall retain so much of the good Sentiments for the Conduct of Life, which we cultivated in each other at our Club, as to contemn all inordinate Pleasures: But particularly remember, with our beloved *Tully*, that the Delight in Food consists in Desire, not Satiety. They who most passionately pursue Pleasure seldomest arrive at it. Now I am writing to a Philosopher, I cannot forbear mentioning the Satisfaction I took in the Passage I read Yesterday in the same *Tully*. A Nobleman of *Athens* made a compliment to *Plato* the Morning after he had supped at his House, *Your Entertainments do not only please when you give them, but also the Day after.*

I am, My worthy Friend,

Your most Obedient Humble Servant,

T WILLIAM SENTREY.'

No. 545.

[STEELE.] Tuesday, November 25.

Quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque Hymenaeos Exercemus.—Virg.

I CANNOT but think the following Letter from the Emperor of *China* to the Pope of *Rome*, proposing a Coalition of the *Chinese* and *Roman* Churches, will be acceptable to the Curious. I must confess I my self being of Opinion that the Emperor has as much Authority to be Interpreter to him he pretends to expound, as the Pope has to be Vicar to the Sacred Person he takes upon him to represent, I was not a little pleased with their Treaty of Alliance. What Progress the Negotiation between his Majesty of *Rome* and his Holiness of *China* makes, (as we daily Writers say upon Subjects where we are at a Loss) Time will let us know. In the mean time, since they agree in the Fundamentals of Power and Authority, and differ only

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only in Matters of Faith, we may expect the Matter will go on without Difficulty.

Copia di Littera del Re della China al Papa, interpretata dal Padre Segretario dell' India della Compagnia di Giesu.

'A Voi Benedetto sopra i benedetti PP, ed Interpretatore grande de Pontifici e Pastore Xmo, dispensatore dell' oglio de i Rè d' Europe Clemente XI.

Il Favorito amico di Dio Gionata 7° Potentissimo sopra tutti i potentissimi della terra, Altissmo sopra tutti gl' Altissmi sotto il sole e la luna, che sede nella sede di smeraldo della China sopra cento scalini d'oro, ad interpretare la lingua di Dio a tutti i descendenti fedeli d'Abramo, che da la vita e la morte a cento quindici regni, ed a cento settante Isole, scrive con la penna dello Struzzo vergine, e manda salute ed accresimento di vecchiezza.

Essendo arrivato il tempo in cui il fiore della reale nostro gioventu deve maturare i Frutti della nostra vecchiezza, e confortare con quell' i desiderii de i populi nostri divoti, e propagare il seme di quella pianta che deve proteggerli, habbiamo Stabilito d'accompagnarci con una virgine eccelsa ed amorosa allattata alla mammella della leonessa forte e dell' Agnella mansueta. Percio essendo ci stato figurato sempre il vostro populo Europeo Romano per paese di donne invitte, i forte, e caste; allongiamo la nostra mano potente, a stringere una di loro, e questa sara una vostra nipote, o nipote di qualche altrogran Sacerdote Latino, che sia quardata dall' occhio dritto di Dio, sara seminata in lei l' Autorita di Sarra, la Fedelta d' Esther, e la sapienza di Abba; la vogliamo con l'occhio che guarda il cielo, e la terra e con la bocca della Conchiglia che si pasce della ruggiada del matino. La sua eta non passi ducento corsi della Luna, la sua statura sia alta quanto la spicca dritta del grano verde, e la sua grossezza quanto un manipolo di grano secco. Noi la mandaremmo a vestire per li nostri mandatici Ambasciadori, e chi la conduranno a noi, e noi incontraremmo alla riva del fiume grande facendola salire sue nostro cocchio. Ella potra

potra adorare appresso di noi il suo Dio, con venti quatro altre a sua ellezzione, e potra cantare con loro come la Tortora alla Primavera.

Sodisfando noi Padre e amico nostro questa nostra brama, sarete caggione di unire in perpetua amicitia cotesti vostri Regni d'Europa al nostro dominante Imperio, e si abbracciranno le vostri leggi come l' edera abbraccia la pianta, e noi medesemi Spargeremo del nostro seme reale in coteste Provincei, riscaldando i letti di vostri Principi con il fuoco amoroso delle nostre Amazoni, d' alcune delle quali i nostri mandatici Ambasciadori vi porteranno le Somiglianze dipinte. V. Confirmiamo di tenere in pace le due buone religiose famiglie delli Missionarii gli' Figlioli d' Ignazio, e li bianchi e neri figlioli di Dominico il cui consiglio degl' uni e degl' altri ci serve di scorta del nostro regimento e di lume ad interpretare le divine Legge come appuncto fa lume l'oglio che si getta in Mare. In tanto Alzandoci dal nostro Trono per Abbracciarvi, vi dichiariamo nostro conguinto e Confederato, ed ordiniamo che questo foglio sia segnato col nostro Segno Imperiale dalla nostra Citta, Capo del Mondo, il quinto giorno della terza lunatione l' anno quarto del nostro Imperio.

Sigillo e un sole nelle cui faccia e anche quella della Luna ed intorno tra i Raggi vi sono traposte alcune Spade.

Dico il Traduttore che secondo il Ceremonial di questo Lettere e recedentissimo specialmente Fessere scritto con la penna dello Struzzo virgine con la quelle non sogliosi scrivere quei Re che le pregiere a Dio e scrivendo a qualche altro Principe del Mondo, la maggior Finezza che usino, e scrivergli con la penna del Pavone.'

A Letter from the Emperor of *China* to the Pope, interpreted by a Father Jesuit, Secretary of the *Indies*.

'*To you blessed above the blessed, great Emperor of Bishops, and Pastor of Christians, Dispenser of the Oyl of the Kings of* Europe, Clement XI.

The Favourite Friend of God *Gionata* the VIIth, most powerful above the most powerful of the Earth, highest

highest above the highest under the Sun and Moon, who sits on a Throne of Emerald of *China*, above 100 Steps of Gold, to interpret the Language of God to the Faithful, and who gives Life and Death to 115 Kingdoms, and 170 Islands; he writes with the Quill of a Virgin *Ostrich*, and sends Health and Increase of old Age.

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Being arrived at the Time of our Age, in which the Flower of our Royal Youth ought to ripen into Fruit toward old Age, to comfort therewith the Desire of our devoted People, and to propagate the Seed of that Plant which must protect them: We have determined to accompany our selves with an high Amorous Virgin, suckled at the Breast of a wild Lioness, and a meek Lamb: And imagining with our selves that your *European* Roman People is the Father of many unconquerable and chaste Ladies, We stretch out our powerful Arm to embrace one of them, and she shall be one of your Nieces, or the Niece of some other great Latin Priest, the Darling of God's Right Eye. Let the Authority of *Sarah* be sown in her, the Fidelity of *Esther*, and the Wisdom of *Abba*. We would have her Eye like that of a *Dove*, which may look upon Heaven and Earth, with the Mouth of a Shell-Fish to feed upon the Dew of the Morning; Her Age must not exceed 200 Courses of the Moon; let her Stature be equal to that of an Ear of green Corn, and her Girth a Handful.

We will send our *Mandarine*'s Embassadors to cloath her, and to conduct her to us, and we will meet her on the Bank of the great River, making her to leap up into our Chariot. She may with us worship her own God, together with Twenty four Virgins of her own Chusing, and she may Sing with them, as the *Turtle* in the Spring. You, O Father and Friend, complying with this our Desire, may be an Occasion of uniting in perpetual Friendship our high Empire with your *European* Kingdoms, and we may embrace your Laws, as the *Ivy* embraces the Tree; and we our selves may scatter our Royal Blood into your Provinces, warming the chief of your Princes with the amorous Fire of our *Amazons*, the resembling Pictures of some of which

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which our said *Mandarine's* Embassadors shall convey to you.

We exhort you to keep in Peace two good Religious Families of *Missionaries*, the black Sons of *Ignatius*, and the white and black Sons of *Dominicus*, that the Counsel both of the one and the other may serve as a Guide to us in our Government, and a Light to interpret the Divine Law, as the Oyl cast into the Sea produces Light.

To conclude, we rising up in our Throne to embrace you, we declare you our Ally and Confederate; and have ordered this Leaf to be Sealed with our Imperial Signet, in our Royal City, the Head of the World, the 8th Day of the third Lunation, and the 4th Year of our Reign.'

Letters from *Rome* say, the whole Conversation both among Gentlemen and Ladies has turned upon the Subject of this Epistle ever since it arrived. The Jesuit who translated it says, it loses much of the Majesty of the Original in the *Italian*. It seems there was an Offer of the same Nature made by a Predecessor of the present Emperor to *Lewis* the XIIIth of *France*, but no Lady of that Court would take the Voyage, that Sex not being at that Time so much used in politick Negociations. The Manner of Treating the Pope is according to the *Chinese* Ceremonial, very respectful. For the Emperor writes to him with the Quill of a Virgin *Ostrich*, which was never used before but in Writing Prayers. Instructions are preparing for the Lady who shall have so much Zeal as to undertake this Pilgrimage, and be an Empress for the Sake of her Religion. The Principal of the *Indian* Missionaries has given in a List of the reigning Sins in *China*, in Order to prepare the Indulgencies necessary to this Lady and her Retinue, in advancing the Interests of the *Roman Catholick Religion* in those Kingdoms.

'*To the* SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

May it please your Honour,

I have of late seen *French* Hats of a prodigious Magnitude pass by my Observatory.

T

John Sly.'

Wednesday

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[STEELE.]

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Omnia patefacienda ut ne quid omnino, quod venditor norit, emptor ignoret. -Tull.

IT gives me very great Scandal to observe, wherever I go, how much Skill, in buying all Manner of Goods, there is necessary to defend your self from being cheated in whatever you see exposed to Sale. My Reading makes such a strong Impression upon me, that I should think my self a Cheat in my Way if I should translate any thing from another Tongue, and not acknowledge it to my Readers. I understood from common Report, that Mr. *Cibber* was introducing a *French* Play upon our Stage, and thought my self concerned to let the Town know what was his and what foreign. When I came to the Rehearsal, I found the House so partial to one of their own Fraternity, that they gave every thing which was said such Grace, Emphasis, and Force in their Action, that it was no easie Matter to make any Judgment of the Performance. Mrs. *Oldfield*, who, it seems, is the heroick Daughter, had so just a Conception of her Part, that her Action made what she spoke appear decent, just, and noble. The Passions of Terrour and Compassion, they made me believe, were very artfully raised, and the whole Conduct of the Play artful and surprizing. We Authors do not much relish the Endeavours of Players in this kind, but have the same Disdain as Physicians and Lawyers have when Attornies and Apothecaries give Advice. *Cibber* himself took the Liberty to tell me that he expected I would do him Justice, and allow the Play well prepared for his Spectators, whatever it was for his Readers. He added very many Particulars not uncurious concerning the Manner of taking an Audience, and laying wait not only for their superficial Applause, but also for insinuating into their Affections and Passions by the artful Management of the Look, Voice, and Gesture of the Speaker. I could not but consent that the heroick Daughter appeared in the Rehearsal a moving Entertainment wrought out of a great and exemplary Virtue.

The

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The Advantages of Action, Show, and Dress on these Occasions are allowable, because the Merit consists in being capable of imposing upon us to our Advantage and Entertainment. All that I was going to say about the Honesty of an Author in the Sale of his Ware was, that he ought to own all that he had borrowed from others, and lay in a clear Light all that he gives his Spectators for their Mony, with an Account of the first Manufacturers. But I intended to give the Lecture of this Day upon the common and prostituted Behaviour of Traders in ordinary Commerce. The Philosopher made it a Rule of Trade, that your Profit ought to be the common Profit; and it is unjust to make any Step towards Gain, wherein the Gain of even those to whom you sell is not also consulted. A Man may deceive himself if he thinks fit, but he is no better than a Cheat who sells any thing without telling the Exceptions against it, as well as what is to be said to its Advantage. The scandalous Abuse of Language and hardening of Conscience which may be observed every Day in going from one Place to another, is what makes a whole City to an unprejudiced Eye a Den of Thieves. It was no small Pleasure to me for this Reason to remark, as I passed by *Cornhill*, that the Shop of that worthy honest, though lately unfortunate Citizen, Mr. *John Moreton*, so well known in the Linnen Trade, is fitting up anew. Since a Man has been in a distressed Condition, it ought to be a great Satisfaction to have passed through it in such a Manner as not to have lost the Friendship of those who suffered with him, but to receive an honourable Acknowledgment of his Honesty from those very Persons to whom the Law had consigned his Estate.

The Misfortune of this Citizen is like to prove of a very general Advantage to those who shall deal with him hereafter: For the Stock with which he now sets up being the Loan of his Friends, he cannot expose that to the Hazards of giving Credit, but enters into a Ready-Mony Trade, by which Means he will both buy and sell the best and cheapest. He imposes upon himself a Rule of affixing the Value of each Piece he sells to the Piece it self; so that the most ignorant Servant or Child

Child will be as good a Buyer at his Shop as the most skillful in the Trade. For all which you have all his Hopes and Fortune for your Security. To encourage Dealing after this Way, there is not only the avoiding the most infamous Guilt in ordinary Bartering; but this Observation, That he who buys with ready Mony saves as much to his Family, as the State exacts out of his Land for the Security and Service of his Country; that is to say, in plain *English*, Sixteen will do as much as Twenty Shillings.

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'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

My Heart is so swelled with grateful Sentiments on Account of some Favours which I have lately received, that I must beg Leave to give them Utterance amongst the Crowd of other anonymous Correspondents; and Writing, I hope, will be as great a Relief to my forced Silence, as it is to your natural Taciturnity——My generous Benefactor will not suffer me to speak to him in any Terms of Acknowledgment, but ever treats me as if he had the greatest Obligations, and uses me with a Distinction that is not to be expected from one so much my Superior in Fortune, Years, and Understanding. He insinuates, as if I had a certain Right to his Favours from some Merit, which his particular Indulgence to me has discovered; but that is only a beautiful Artifice to lessen the Pain an honest Mind feels in receiving Obligations, when there is no Probability of returning them.

A Gift is doubled when accompanied with such a Delicacy of Address; but what to me gives it an inexpressible Value, is its coming from the Man I most esteem in the World. It pleases me indeed as it is an Advantage and Addition to my Fortune; but when I consider it is an Instance of that good Man's Friendship, it overjoys, it transports me: I look on it with a Lover's Eye, and no longer regard the Gift, but the Hand that gave it. For my Friendship is so entirely void of any gainful Views, that it often gives me Pain to think it should have been chargeable to him, and I cannot at some melancholy Hours help doing his Generosity

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Generosity the Injury of fearing it should cool on this Account, and that the last Favour might be a sort of Legacy of a departing Friendship.

I confess these Fears seem very groundless and unjust; but you must forgive them to the Apprehension of one possessed of a great Treasure, who is frighted at the most distant Shadow of Danger.

Since I have thus far opened my Heart to you, I will not conceal the secret Satisfaction I feel there of knowing the Goodness of my Friend will not be unrewarded. I am pleased with thinking the Providence of the Almighty hath sufficient Blessings in Store for him, and will certainly discharge the Debt, tho' I am not made the happy Instrument of doing it.

However, nothing in my Power shall be wanting to shew my Gratitude; I will make it the Business of my Life to thank him, and shall esteem (next to him) those my best Friends, who give me the greatest Assistance in this good Work. Printing this Letter would be some little Instance of my Gratitude; and your Favour herein will very much oblige

Your most Humble Servant, &c.

Novemb. 24.

T W. C.

No. 547.
[ADDISON.] Thursday, November 27.

Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier.—Hor.

IT is very difficult to praise a Man without putting him out of Countenance. My following Correspondent has found out this uncommon Art, and, together with his Friends, has celebrated some of my Speculations after such a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my Readers think I am to blame in Publishing my own Commendations, they will allow I should have deserved their Censure as much, had I suppressed the Humour in which they are conveyed to me.

'*Sir*

No. 547. Thursday, Nov. 27, 1712.

'*Sir*,

I am often in a private Assembly of Wits of both Sexes, where we generally descant upon your Speculations, or upon the Subjects on which you have treated. We were last *Tuesday* talking of those two Volumes which you have lately Published. Some were commending one of your Papers, and some another, and there was scarce a single Person in the Company that had not a favourite Speculation. Upon this a Man of Wit and Learning told us, he thought it would not be amiss if we paid the *Spectator* the same Compliment that is often made in our Publick Prints to Sir *William Read*, Dr. *Grant*, Mr. *Moor* the Apothecary, and other eminent Physicians, where it is usual for the Patients to Publish the Cures which have been made upon them, and the several Distempers under which they laboured. The Proposal took, and the Lady where we visited having the two last Volumes in large Paper interleaved for her own private use, ordered them to be brought down, and laid in the Window, whither every one in the Company retired, and writ down a particular Advertisement in the Stile and Phrase of the like Ingenious Compositions which we frequently meet with at the end of our News-Papers. When we had finished our Work, we read them with a great deal of Mirth at the Fireside, and agreed, *Nemine Contradicente*, to get them transcribed, and sent to the *Spectator*. The Gentleman who made the Proposal entred the following Advertisement before the Title Page, after which the rest succeeded in order.

Remedium efficax & universum; or, An Effectual Remedy adapted to all Capacities; shewing how any Person may Cure himself of Ill-nature, Pride, Party-Spleen, or any other Distemper incident to the Human System, with an easie way to know when the Infection is upon him. This Panacea is as innocent as Bread, agreeable to the Taste, and requires no Confinement. It has not its Equal in the Universe, as abundance of the Nobility and Gentry throughout the Kingdom have experienced.

N. B. No Family ought to be without it.

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Over the two Spectators *on Jealousie, being the two first in the Third Volume.*

I, *William Crazy*, aged Threescore and seven, having been for several Years afflicted with uneasie Doubts, Fears, and Vapours, occasioned by the Youth and Beauty of *Mary* my Wife, aged Twenty five, do hereby for the Benefit of the Publick give Notice, that I have found great Relief from the two following Doses, having taken them two Mornings together with a Dish of Chocolate. Witness my hand. *&c.*

For the Benefit of the Poor.

In Charity to such as are troubled with the Disease of Levée-Haunting, and are forced to seek their Bread every Morning at the Chamber Doors of great Men, I *A. B.* do testifie, that for many Years past I laboured under this fashionable Distemper, but was cured of it by a Remedy which I bought of Mrs. *Baldwin*, contained in an Half Sheet of Paper, marked N° 193. where any one may be provided with the same Remedy at the price of a single Penny.

An infallible Cure for *Hypocondriack Melancholy*, N° 173. 184. 191. 203. 209. 221. 233. 235. 239. 245. 247. 251.

Probatum est. *Charles Easie.*

I, *Christopher Query* having been troubled with a certain Distemper in my Tongue, which shewed it self in impertinent and superfluous Interrogatories, have not asked one unnecessary Question since my Perusal of the Prescription marked N° 228.

The *Britannick Beautifier*, being an Essay on Modesty, N° 231, which gives such a delightful Blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest Friend. Is nothing of Paint or in the least hurtful. It renders the Face delightfully handsome; is not subject to be rubb'd off, and cannot be parallell'd by either Wash, Powder, Cosmetick, *&c.* It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World.

Martha Gloworm.

I, *Samuel Self*, of the Parish of St *James's*, having a Constitution which naturally abounds with Acids, made use of a Paper of Directions marked N° 177, recommending a healthful Exercise called *Good-Nature*, and have found it a most excellent Sweetner of the Blood. No. 547. Thursday, Nov. 27, 1712.

Whereas I, *Elizabeth Rainbow*, was troubled with that Distemper in my Head, which about a Year ago was pretty Epidemical among the Ladies, and discovered it self in the Colour of their Hoods, having made use of the Doctor's Cephalick Tincture, which he exhibited to the Publick in one of his last Year's Papers, I recovered in a very few Days.

I, *George Gloom*, have for a long time been troubled with the Spleen, and being advised by my Friends to put my self into a Course of *Steele*, did for that end make use of Remedies conveyed to me several Mornings in short Letters, from the Hands of the invisible Doctor. They were marked at the bottom, *Nathaniel Henroost, Alice Threadneedle, Rebecca Nettletop, Tom Loveless, Mary Meanwell, Thomas Smoaky, Anthony Freeman, Tom. Maggot, Rustick Sprightly, &c.* which have had so good an Effect upon me, that I now find my self chearful, lightsome and easie; and therefore do recommend them to all such as labour under the same Distemper.'

Not having room to insert all the Advertisements which were sent me, I have only picked out some few from the Third Volume, reserving the Fourth for another Opportunity. O

No. 548.

Friday, November 28.

——Vitiis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille est,
Qui minimis urgetur.—Hor.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, *Nov.* 27, 1712.

I HAVE read this Day's Paper with a great deal of Pleasure, and could send you an Account of several Elixirs and Antidotes in your Third Volume, which your Correspondents have not taken Notice of in their Advertisements

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tisements; and at the same time must own to you, that I have seldom seen a Shop furnished with such a Variety of Medicaments, and in which there are fewer Soporifics. The several Vehicles you have invented for conveying your unacceptable Truths to us, are what I most particularly admire, as I am afraid they are Secrets which will die with you. I do not find that any of your Critical Essays are taken Notice of in this Paper, notwithstanding I look upon them to be excellent Cleansers of the Brain, and could venture to superscribe them with an Advertisement which I have lately seen in one of our News Papers, wherein there is an Account given of a Soveraign Remedy for restoring the Taste of all such Persons whose Palates have been vitiated by Distempers, unwholesome Food, or any the like Occasions. But to let fall the Allusion, notwithstanding your Criticisms, and particularly the Candour which you have discovered in them, are not the least taking Part of your Works, I find your Opinion concerning *Poetical Justice*, as it is expressed in the first Part of your Fortieth *Spectator*, is controverted by some eminent Criticks; and as you now seem, to our great Grief of Heart, to be winding up your Bottoms, I hoped you would have enlarged a little upon that Subject. It is indeed but a single Paragraph in your Works, and I believe those who have read it with the same Attention I have done, will think there is nothing to be objected against it. I have however drawn up some Additional Arguments to strengthen the Opinion which you have there delivered, having endeavoured to go to the Bottom of that Matter, which you may either publish or suppress as you think fit.

Horace in my Motto says, that all Men are vicious, and that they differ from one another, only as they are more or less so. *Boileau* has given the same Account of our Wisdom as *Horace* has of our Virtue.

Tous les hommes sont fous et, malgré tous leurs soins,
Ne diffèrent entre eux, que du plus ou du moins.

All Men, says he, are Fools, and in spight of their Endeavours to the contrary, differ from one another only as they are more or less so.

Two

Two or three of the old *Greek* Poets have given the same turn to a Sentence which describes the Happiness of Man in this Life; No. 548. Friday, Nov. 28, 1712.

Τὸ ζῆν ἀλύπως ἀνδρός ἐστιν εὐτυχοῦς.

That Man is most happy who is the least miserable. It will not perhaps be unentertaining to the Polite Reader, to observe how these three beautiful Sentences are formed upon different Subjects by the same way of thinking; but I shall return to the first of them.

Our Goodness being of a comparative, and not an absolute Nature, there is none who in strictness can be called a Virtuous Man. Every one has in him a natural Alloy, tho' one may be fuller of Dross than another; For this Reason I cannot think it right to introduce a perfect or a faultless Man upon the Stage; not only because such a Character is improper to move Compassion, but because there is no such thing in Nature. This might probably be one reason why the SPECTATOR in one of his Papers took notice of that late invented Term called *Poetical Justice*, and the wrong Notions into which it has led some Tragick Writers. The most perfect Man has Vices enough to draw down Punishments upon his Head, and to justifie Providence in regard to any Miseries that may befal him. For this Reason I cannot think, but that the Instruction and Moral are much finer, where a Man who is virtuous in the main of his Character falls into Distress, and sinks under the Blows of Fortune at the end of a Tragedy, than when he is represented as Happy and Triumphant. Such an Example corrects the Insolence of Human Nature, softens the Mind of the Beholder with Sentiments of Pity and Compassion, comforts him under his own private Affliction, and teaches him not to judge of Men's Virtues by their Successes. I cannot think of one real Hero in all Antiquity so far raised above Human Infirmities, that he might not be very naturally represented in a Tragedy as plunged in Misfortunes and Calamities. The Poet may still find out some prevailing Passion or Indiscretion in his Character, and shew it in such a manner, as will sufficiently acquit the Gods of any Injustice in his Sufferings

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ings. For, as *Horace* observes in my Text, the best Man is faulty, tho' not in so great a degree as those whom we generally call vicious Men.

If such a strict Poetical Justice, as some Gentlemen insist upon, was to be observed in this Art, there is no manner of Reason why it should not extend to Heroic Poetry as well as a Tragedy. But we find it so little observed in *Homer*, that his *Achilles* is placed in the greatest point of Glory and Success, though his Character is Morally Vicious, and only Poetically Good, if I may use the Phrase of our Modern Criticks. The *Æneid* is filled with Innocent unhappy Persons. *Nisus* and *Eurialus*, *Lausus* and *Pallas* come all to unfortunate ends. The Poet takes Notice in particular, that in the Sacking of *Troy*, *Ripheus* fell, who was the most just Man among the *Trojans*,

———cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus aequi.
Dijs aliter visum est———

and that *Pantheus* could neither be preserved by his transcendent Piety, nor by the holy Fillets of *Apollo*, whose Priest he was

———nec te tua plurima Pantheu
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis insula texit.—Æn. L. 2.

I might here mention the Practice of ancient Tragick Poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*, but as this Particular is touched upon in the Paper above-mentioned, I shall pass it over in Silence. I could produce Passages out of *Aristotle* in favour of my Opinion, and if in one Place he says that an absolutely Virtuous Man should not be represented as unhappy, this does not justifie any one who shall think fit to bring in an absolutely virtuous Man upon the Stage. Those who are acquainted with that Author's way of writing know very well, that to take the whole Extent of his Subject into his Divisions of it, he often makes use of such Cases as are imaginary, and not reducible to Practice: He himself declares that such Tragedies as ended unhappily bore away the Prize in Theatrical Contentions, from those which ended happily; and for the Fortieth Speculation, which I am now considering, as it has given Reasons why these are more apt to

to please an Audience, so it only proves that these are generally preferable to the other, tho' at the same time it affirms that many excellent Tragedies have and may be written in both kinds. No. 548. Friday, Nov. 28, 1712.

I shall conclude with observing, that tho' the *Spectator* above-mentioned is so far against the Rule of Poetical Justice as to affirm that good Men may meet with an unhappy Catastrophe in Tragedy, it does not say that ill Men may go off unpunish'd. The Reason for this Distinction is very plain, namely, because the best of Men are vicious enough to justifie Providence for any Misfortunes and Afflictions which may befall them, but there are many Men so Criminal that they can have no Claim or Pretence to Happiness. The best of Men may deserve Punishment, but the worst of Men cannot deserve Happiness.'

No. 549.
[ADDISON.] Saturday, November 29.

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen -- --, Juv.

I BELIEVE most People begin the World with a Resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of Solitude or Retirement, when they have made themselves easie in it. Our Unhappiness is, that we find out some Excuse or other for deferring such our good Resolutions till our intended Retreat is cut off by Death. But among all kinds of People there are none who are so hard to part with the World, as those who are grown old in the heaping up of Riches. Their Minds are so warped with their constant Attention to Gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their Souls another Bent, and convert them towards these Objects, which, though they are proper for every Stage of Life, are so more especially for the last. *Horace* describes an old Usurer as so charmed with the Pleasures of a Country Life, that in order to make a Purchase he called in all his Mony; but what was the event of it? Why in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this Series of Thought by a Discourse which I had last Week with my worthy Friend

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Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a Man of so much natural Eloquence, good Sense, and Probity of Mind, that I always hear him with a particular Pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining Members of our Club, Sir ANDREW gave me an Account of the many busie Scenes of Life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky Hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good Fortune; but in the Temper of Mind he was then, he termed them Mercies, Favours of Providence, and Blessings upon an honest Industry. Now, says he, you must know, my good Friend, I am so used to consider my self as Creditor and Debtor, that I often state my Accounts after the same manner, with regard to Heaven and my own Soul. In this case, when I look upon the Debtor-side, I find such innumerable Articles, that I want Arithmetick to cast them up; but when I look upon the Creditor-side, I find little more than blank Paper. Now tho' I am very well satisfied that it is not in my Power to ballance Accounts with my Maker, I am resolved however to turn all my future Endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surprized, my Friend, if you hear that I am betaking my self to a more thoughtful kind of Life, and if I meet you no more in this Place.

I could not but approve so good a Resolution, notwithstanding the Loss I shall suffer by it. Sir ANDREW has since explained himself to me more at large in the following Letter, which is just come to my Hands.

'*Good Mr.* SPECTATOR,

Notwithstanding my Friends at the Club have always rallied me, when I have talked of retiring from Business, and repeated to me one of my own Sayings, *that a Merchant has never enough till he has got a little more*, I can now inform you that there is one in the World who thinks he has enough, and is determined to pass the Remainder of his Life in the Enjoyment of what he has. You know me so well, that I need not tell you, I mean, by the Enjoyments of my Possessions, the making of them useful to the Publick. As the greatest Part of my Estate

Estate has been hitherto of an unsteady and volatile Nature, either tost upon Seas or fluctuating in Funds; it is now fixt and setled in Substantial Acres and Tenements. I have removed it from the Uncertainty of Stocks, Winds and Waves, and disposed of it in a considerable Purchase. This will give me great Opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is in setting my poor Neighbours to Work, and giving them a comfortable Subsistence out of their own Industry. My Gardens, my Fishponds, my Arable and Pasture Grounds shall be my several Hospitals, or rather Work-houses, in which I propose to maintain a great many indigent Persons, who are now starving in my Neighbourhood. I have got a fine Spread of improveable Lands, and in my own Thoughts am already plowing up some of them, fencing others; planting Woods, and draining Marshes. In fine, as I have my Share in the Surface of this Island, I am resolved to make it as beautiful a Spot as any in Her Majesty's Dominions; at least there is not an Inch of it which shall not be cultivated to the best Advantage, and do its utmost for its Owner. As in my Mercantile Employment I so disposed of my Affairs, that from whatever Corner of the Compass the Wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of my Ships; I hope, as a Husbandman, to contrive it so, that not a Shower of Rain, or a Glimpse of Sun-shine, shall fall upon my Estate without bettering some part of it, and contributing to the Products of the Season. You know it has been hitherto my Opinion of Life that it is thrown away when it is not some way useful to others. But when I am riding out by my self, in the fresh Air on the open Heath that lies by my House, I find several other Thoughts growing up in me. I am now of Opinion, that a Man of my Age may find Business enough on himself, by setting his Mind in order, preparing it for another World, and reconciling it to the Thoughts of Death. I must, therefore, acquaint you, that besides those usual Methods of Charity, of which I have before spoken, I am at this very Instant finding out a convenient Place where I may build an Alms-house, which I intend to endow very handsomely, for a Dozen superannuated Husbandmen. It will be a great Pleasure

to

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to me to say my Prayers twice a Day with Men of my own Years, who all of them, as well as my self, may have their Thoughts taken up how they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I remember an excellent Saying that I learned at School, *Finis coronat opus.* You know best whether it be in *Virgil* or in *Horace*; it is my business to apply it. If your Affairs will permit you to take the Country Air with me sometimes, you shall find an Apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every Day entertained with Beef or Mutton of my own feeding; Fish out of my own Ponds; and Fruit out of my own Gardens. You shall have free Egress and Regress about my House, without having any Questions asked you, and in a Word such an hearty Welcome as you may expect from

Your most Sincere Friend
and humble Servant,

ANDREW FREEPORT.'

The Club of which I am a Member being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my Reader next Week, upon a Project relating to the Institution of a new one. O

No. 550.
[ADDISON.] Monday, December 1.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor HIATU?—Hor.

SINCE the late Dissolution of the Club whereof I have often declared my self a Member, there are very many Persons who by Letters, Petitions, and Recommendations, put up for the next Election. At the same Time I must complain, that several indirect and underhand Practices have been made use of upon this Occasion. A certain Country Gentleman begun to *tapp* upon the first Information he received of Sir ROGER'S Death, when he sent me up Word, that if I would get him chosen in the Place of the Deceased, he would present me with a Barrel of the best *October* I had ever drank in my Life. The Ladies are in great Pain to know whom I intend to elect in the Room of WILL. HONEYCOMBE. Some of them indeed are of Opinion that Mr. HONEYCOMBE did not take sufficient Care of their Interests in the Club, and are therefore desirous of having in it hereafter a Representative

tative of their own Sex. A Citizen, who subscribes himself *Y. Z.*, tells me that he has one and twenty Shares in the *African* Company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, which he thinks would raise the Credit of that Fund. I have several Letters dated from *Jenny Man's*, by Gentlemen who are Candidates for Captain SENTRY'S Place, and as many from a Coffee-house in *Paul's* Church-yard, of such who would fill up the Vacancy occasioned by the Death of my worthy Friend the Clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular Respect. No. 550. Monday, Dec. 1, 1712.

Having maturely weighed these several Particulars, with the many Remonstrances that have been made to me on this Subject, and considering how invidious an Office I shall take upon me if I make the whole Election depend upon my single Voice, and being unwilling to expose my self to those Clamours, which, on such an Occasion, will not fail to be raised against me for Partiality, Injustice, Corruption, and other Qualities which my Nature abhors, I have formed to my self the Project of a Club as follows.

I have Thoughts of issuing out Writs to all and every of the Clubs that are established in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*, requiring them to chuse out of their respective Bodies a Person of the greatest Merit, and to return his Name to me before *Lady-day*, at which Time I intend to sit upon Business.

By this Means I may have Reason to hope, that the Club over which I shall preside will be the very Flower and Quintessence of all other Clubs. I have communicated this my Project to none but a particular Friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his Happiness in that kind of Wit which is commonly known by the Name of a Punn. The only Objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up Enemies to my self if I act with so regal an Air; and that my Detractors, instead of giving me the usual Title of SPECTATOR, will be apt to call me the *King of Clubs*.

But to proceed on my intended Project: It is very well known that I at first set forth in this Work with the

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the Character of a silent Man; and I think I have so well preserved my Taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three Sentences in the Space of almost two Years. As a Monosyllable is my Delight, I have made very few Excursions in the Conversations which I have related beyond a Yes or a No. By this Means my Readers have lost many good things which I have had in my Heart, tho' I did not care for uttering them.

Now in order to diversify my Character, and to shew the World how well I can talk if I have a Mind, I have Thoughts of being very loquacious in the Club which I have now under Consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this Affair, I design upon the first Meeting of the said Club to have *my Mouth opened* in Form, intending to regulate my self in this Particular by a certain Ritual which I have by me, that contains all the Ceremonies which are practised at the opening of the Mouth of a Cardinal. I have likewise examined the Forms which were used of old by *Pythagoras*, when any of his Scholars, after an Apprenticeship of Silence, was made free of his Speech. In the mean Time, as I have of late found my Name in foreign Gazettes upon less Occasions, I question not but in their next Articles from *Great Britain*, they will inform the World that *the* SPECTATOR'S *Mouth is to be opened on the twenty fifth of* March *next*. I may perhaps publish a very useful Paper at that Time of the Proceedings in that Solemnity, and of the Persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter. O

No. 551.

Tuesday, December 2.

Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.—Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

WHEN Men of worthy and excelling Genius's have obliged the World with beautiful and instructive Writings, it is in the Nature of Gratitude that Praise should be returned them, as one proper consequent Reward

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Reward of their Performances. Nor has Mankind ever been so degenerately sunk but they have made this Return, and even when they have not been wrought up by the generous Endeavour so as to receive the Advantages designed by it. This Praise, which arises first in the Mouth of particular Persons, spreads and lasts according to the Merit of Authors; and when it thus meets with a full Success, changes its Denomination, and is called *Fame*. They who have happily arrived at this, are, even, while they live, enflamed by the Acknowledgments of others, and spurred on to new Undertakings for the Benefit of Mankind, notwithstanding the Detraction which some abject Tempers would cast upon them: But when they decease, their Characters being freed from the Shadow which *Envy* laid them under, begin to shine out with greater Splendour; their Spirits survive in their Works; they are admitted into the highest Companies, and they continue pleasing and instructing Posterity from Age to Age. Some of the best gain a Character, by being able to shew that they are no Strangers to them; and others obtain a new Warmth to labour for the Happiness and Ease of Mankind, from a Reflection upon those Honours which are paid to their Memories.

The Thought of this took me up as I turned over those Epigrams which are the Remains of several of the *Wits* of *Greece*, and perceived many dedicated to the Fame of those who had excelled in beautiful poetick Performances. Wherefore, in Pursuance to my Thought, I concluded to do something along with them to bring their Praises into a new Light and Language, for the Encouragement of those whose modest Tempers may be deterred by the Fear of Envy or Detraction from fair Attempts, to which their Parts might render them equal. You will perceive them as they follow to be conceived in the Form of Epitaphs, a sort of Writing which is wholly set apart for a short pointed Method of Praise.

On *Orpheus*, written by *Antipater*.

No longer, Orpheus, *shall thy sacred Strains*
Lead Stones and Trees and Beasts along the Plains;
No

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No longer sooth the boistrous Wind to sleep,
Or still the Billows of the raging Deep:
For thou art gone, the Muses mourn'd thy Fall
In solemn Strains, thy Mother most of all.
Ye mortals, idly for your Sons ye moan,
If thus a Goddess cou'd not save her own.

Observe here, that if we take the Fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that Age when the Epigram was written, the Turn appears to have Piety to the Gods, and a resigning Spirit in its Application: But if we consider the Point with Respect to our present Knowledge, it will be less esteemed; tho' the Author himself, because he believed it, may still be more valued than any one who should now write with a Point of the same Nature.

On *Homer*, by *Alpheus* of *Mytilene*.

Still in our Ears Andromache *complains,*
And still in Sight the Fate of Troy *remains,*
Still Ajax *fights, still* Hector *'s dragg'd along,*
Such strange Enchantment dwells in Homer's *Song;*
Whose Birth cou'd more than one poor Realm adorn,
For all the World is proud that he was born.

The Thought in the first Part of this is natural, and depending upon the Force of Poesy: In the latter Part it looks as if it would aim at the History of seven Towns contending for the Honour of *Homer*'s Birth-place; but when you expect to meet with that common Story, the Poet slides by, and raises the whole *World* for a kind of *Arbiter*, which is to end the Contention amongst its several Parts.

On *Anacreon*, by *Antipater*.

This Tomb be thine, Anacreon; *all around*
Let Ivy wreath, let Flourets deck the Ground,
And from its Earth, enrich'd by such a Prize,
Let Wells of Milk and Streams of Wine arise:
So will thine Ashes yet a Pleasure know,
If any Pleasure reach the Shades below.

The

The Poet here written upon is an easie gay Author, and he who writes upon him has filled his own Head with the Character of his Subject. He seems to love his Theme so much, that he thinks of nothing but pleasing him as if he were still alive, by entring into his libertine Spirit: so that the Humour is easie and gay, resembling *Anacreon* in its Air, raised by such Images, and pointed with such a Turn as he might have used. I give it a Place here, because the Author may have designed it for his Honour; and I take an Opportunity from it to advise others, that when they would praise, they cautiously avoid every looser Qualification, and fix only where there is a real Foundation in Merit.

On *Eurípides*, by *Ion*.

Divine Euripides, *this Tomb we see*
So fair, is not a Monument for thee
So much as thou for it, since all will own
Thy Name and lasting Praise adorns the Stone.

The Thought here is fine, but the Fault is that it is general, that it may belong to any great Man, because it points out no particular Character. It would be better, if when we light upon such a Turn, we join it with something that circumscribes and bounds it to the Qualities of our Subject. He who gives his Praise in gross, will often appear either to have been a Stranger to those he writes upon, or not to have found any thing in them which is Praise-worthy.

On *Sophocles*, by *Simonides*.

Winde, gentle Ever-green, to form a Shade
Around the Tomb where Sophocles *is laid;*
Sweet Ivy winde thy Boughs, and intertwine
With blushing Roses and the clustring Vine:
Thus will thy lasting Leaves with Beauties hung,
Prove grateful Emblems of the Lays he sung;
Whose Soul, exalted like a God *of* Wit,
Among the Muses *and the* Graces *writ.*

This Epigram I have opened more than any of the former: The Thought towards the latter End seemed closer

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closer couched, so as to require an Explication. I fancy'd the Poet aimed at the Picture which is generally made of *Apollo* and the *Muses*, he sitting with his Harp in the Middle, and they around him. This looked beautiful to my Thought, and because the Image arose before me out of the Words of the Original as I was reading it, I ventured to explain them so.

On *Menander*, the Author unnamed.

The very Bees, O sweet Menander, *hung*
To taste the Muses' *Spring upon thy Tongue;*
The very Graces *made the Scenes you writ*
Their happy Point of fine Expression hit.
Thus still you live, you make your Athens *shine,*
And raise its Glory to the Skies in thine.

This Epigram has a Respect to the Character of its Subject; for *Menander* writ remarkably with a Justness and Purity of Language. It has also told the Country he was born in, without either a set or a hidden Manner, while it twists together the Glory of the Poet and his Nation, so as to make the Nation depend upon his for an Encrease of its own.

I will offer no more Instances at present to shew that they who deserve Praise have it returned them from different Ages. Let these which have been laid down shew Men that Envy will not always prevail. And to the End that Writers may more successfully enliven the Endeavours of one another, let them consider, in some such Manner as I have attempted, what may be the justest Spirit and Art of Praise. It is indeed very hard to come up to it. Our Praise is trifling when it depends upon Fable; it is false when it depends upon wrong Qualifications; it means nothing when it is general; it is extreamly difficult to hit when we propose to raise Characters high, while we keep to them justly. I shall end this with transcribing that excellent Epitaph of Mr. *Cowley*, wherein, with a kind of grave and philosophick Humour, he very beautifully speaks of himself (withdrawn from the World, and dead to all the Interests of it) as of a Man really deceased. At the same Time it is an Instruction how to leave the Publick with a good Grace.

Epitaphium

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Epitaphium Vivi Authoris.

Hic, O Viator, sub Lare parvulo
Couleius hic est conditus, hic jacet
Defunctus humani Laboris
Sorte, supervacuaque Vita;
Non Indecora pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti Nobilis Otio,
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animosus hostis.
Possis ut illum dicere mortuum
En Terra jam nunc Quantula sufficit!
Exempta sit Curis, Viator,
Terra sit illa levis, precare.
Hic sparge Flores, sparge breves Rosas,
Nam Vita gaudet Mortua Floribus,
Herbisque Odoratis Corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem.

The Publication of these Criticisms having procured me the following Letter from a very Ingenious Gentleman, I cannot forbear inserting it in the Volume, tho' it did not come soon enough to have a Place in any of my single Papers.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

Having read over, in your Paper, N° 551, some of the Epigrams made by the *Grecian* Wits, in Commendation of their celebrated Poets; I could not forbear sending you another, out of the same Collection, which I take to be as great a Compliment to *Homer*, as any that has yet been paid him.

Τίς ποθ' ὁ τὸν Τροϊης πόλεμον, &c.

Who first transcrib'd the famous Trojan *War,*
And wise Ulysses' *Acts, O* Jove *make known:*
For, since 'tis certain, Thine those Poems are,
No more let Homer *boast they are his own.*

If you think it worthy of a Place in your Speculations, for ought I know (by that means) it may in time be Printed as often in *English*, as it has already been in *Greek*. I am (like the rest of the World)

Sir,

4th Decemb. *Your great Admirer,*

G. R.'

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The Reader may observe that the Beauty of this Epigram is different from that of any in the foregoing. An Irony is looked upon as the finest Palliative of Praise; and very often conveys the noblest Panegyric under the Appearance of Satire. *Homer* is here seemingly accused and treated as a Plagiary, but what is drawn up in the form of an Accusation is certainly, as my Correspondent observes, the greatest Compliment that could have been paid to that Divine Poet.

'*Dear Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I am a Gentleman of pretty good Fortune, and of a Temper impatient of any thing which I think an Injury; however, I always quarrelled according to Law, and instead of attacking my Adversary by the dangerous Method of Sword and Pistol, I made my Assaults by that more secure one of Writ or Warrant. I cannot help telling you, that either by the Justice of my Causes, or the Superiority of my Counsel, I have been generally successful; and, to my great Satisfaction I can say it, that by three Actions of Slander, and half a Dozen Trespasses, I have for several Years enjoyed a perfect Tranquillity in my Reputation and Estate. By these Means also I have been made known to the Judges, the Serjeants of our Circuit are my intimate Friends, and the Ornamental Counsel pay a very profound Respect to one who has made so great a Figure in the Law. Affairs of Consequence having brought me to Town, I had the Curiosity t'other Day to visit *West minster-Hall*; and having placed my self in one of the Courts, expected to be most agreeably entertained. After the Court and Counsel were, with due Ceremony, seated, up stands a Learned Gentleman and began, When this *Matter* was last *stirred* before your Lordship; The next humbly moved to *quash* an *Indictment*; another complained that his Adversary had *snapped a Judgment*; the next informed the Court that his Client was *stripped* of his *Possession*; another begged Leave to acquaint his Lordship, they had been *saddled* with Costs. At last up got a grave Serjeant, and told us, his Client had been *hung up* a whole Term by a *Writ of Error*. At this I could bear it no longer, but came hither, and resolved to apply my

my self to your Honour to interpose with these Gentlemen, that they would leave off such low and unnatural Expressions; For surely though the Lawyers subscribe to hideous *French* and false *Latin*, yet they should let their Clients have a little decent and proper *English* for their Mony. What Man that has Value for a good Name, would like to have it said in a publick Court, that Mr. such a one was *stripped, saddled*, or *hung up*? This being what has escaped your Spectatorial Observation, be pleased to correct such an illiberal Cant among professed Speakers, and you 'll infinitely oblige

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Your humble Servant,

Joe's Coffee-house, November 28. Philonicus.'

No. 552.
[STEELE.]

Wednesday, December 3.

———*Qui praegravat artes*
Infra se positas, extinctus amabitur idem.—Hor.

AS I was tumbling about the Town the other Day in an Hackney-Coach, and delighting my self with busie Scenes in the Shops on each Side of me, it came into my Head, with no small Remorse, that I had not been frequent enough in the Mention and Recommendation of the industrious Part of Mankind. It very naturally, upon this Occasion, touched my Conscience in particular, that I had not acquitted my self to my Friend Mr. *Peter Motteux*. That industrious Man of Trade, and formerly Brother of the Quill, has dedicated to me a Poem upon Tea. It would injure him, as a Man of Business, if I did not let the World know that the Author of so good Verses writ them before he was concerned in Traffick. In order to expiate my Negligence towards him, I immediately resolved to make him a Visit. I found his spacious Warehouses filled and adorned with Tea, China, and Indian Ware. I could observe a beautiful Ordonnance of the Whole, and such different and considerable Branches of Trade carried on in the same House, I exulted in seeing disposed by a Poetical Head. In one Place were exposed to view Silks of various Shades and Colours, rich Brocades, and

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and the wealthiest Products of foreign Looms. Here you might see the finest Laces held up by the fairest Hands; and there examined by the beauteous Eyes of the Buyers the most delicate Cambricks, Muslins, and Linnens. I could not but congratulate my Friend on the humble, but, I hoped, beneficial use he had made of his Talents, and wished I could be a Patron to his Trade, as he had pleased to make me of his Poetry. The honest Man has, I know, that modest Desire of Gain which is peculiar to those who understand better Things than Riches; and I dare say he would be contented with much less than what is called Wealth at that Quarter of the Town which he inhabits, and will oblige all his Customers with Demands agreeable to the Moderation of his Desires.

Among other Omissions of which I have been also guilty with Relation to Men of Industry of a superior Order, I must acknowledge my Silence towards a proposal frequently enclosed to me by Mr. *Renatus Harris, Organ-Builder.* The Ambition of this Artificer is to erect an Organ in St *Paul*'s Cathedral over the West Door at the Entrance into the Body of the Church, which in Art and Magnificence shall transcend any Work of that Kind ever before invented. The Proposal in perspicuous Language sets forth the Honour and Advantage such a Performance would be to the *British* Name, as well as that it would apply the Power of Sounds in a Manner more amazingly forcible than, perhaps, has yet been known, and I am sure to an End much more worthy. Had the vast Sums which have been laid out upon Operas without Skill or Conduct, and to no other Purpose but to suspend or vitiate our Understandings, been disposed this Way, we should now, perhaps, have an Engine so formed as to strike the Minds of half a People at once in a Place of Worship with a Forgetfulness of present Care and Calamity, and a Hope of endless Rapture, Joy and Hallelujah hereafter.

When I am doing this Justice, I am not to forget the best Mechanick of my Acquaintance, that useful Servant to Science and Knowledge, Mr. *John Rowley*; but I think I lay a great Obligation on the Publick, by acquainting them with his Proposals for a Pair of new Globes.

After

After his Preamble, he promises in the said Proposals, that,

In the Celestial Globe,

'Care shall be taken that the Fixed Stars be placed according to their true Longitude and Latitude, from the many and correct Observations of *Hevelius*, *Cassini*, Mr. *Flamsteed*, Reg. Astronomer, Dr. *Halley*, *Savilian* Professor of Geometry in *Oxon*; and from whatever else can be procured to render the Globe more exact, instructive, and useful.

That all the Constellations be drawn in a curious, new, and particular Manner; each Star is so just, distinct, and conspicuous a Proportion, that its Magnitude may be readily known by bare Inspection, according to the different *Light* and *Sizes* of the Stars. That the Tract or Way of such Comets as have been well observed, but not hitherto expressed in any Globe, be carefully delineated in this.'

In the Terrestrial Globe,

'That by reason the Descriptions formerly made, both in the *English* or *Dutch* great Globes, are Erroneous, *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America* be Drawn in a Manner wholly new; by which Means it is to be noted, that the Undertakers will be obliged to alter the Latitude of some Places in 10 Degrees, the Longitude of others in 20 Degrees: Besides which great and necessary Alterations, there be many remarkable Countries, Cities, Towns, Rivers, and Lakes, omitted in other Globes, inserted here according to the best Discoveries made by our late Navigators. Lastly, that the Course of the Trade-Winds, the *Monsoons* and other Winds periodically shifting between the Tropicks, be visibly expressed.

Now in Regard that this Undertaking is of so universal Use, as the Advancement of the most necessary Parts of the Mathematicks, as well as tending to the Honour of the *British* Nation, and that the Charge of carrying it on is very expensive, it is desired that all Gentlemen who are willing to promote so great a Work, will be pleased to subscribe the following Conditions.

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I. The Undertakers engage to furnish each Subscriber with a Celestial and Terrestial Globe, each of 30 Inches Diameter, in all Respects curiously adorned, the Stars gilded, the Capital Cities plainly distinguished, the Frames, Meridians, Horizons, Hour Circles and Indexes so exactly finished up and accurately divided, that a Pair of these Globes will really appear, in the Judgment of any disinterested and intelligent Person, worth fifteen Pounds more than will be demanded for them by the Undertakers.

II. Whosoever will be pleased to Subscribe, and pay Twenty Five Pounds in the manner following for a Pair of these Globes, either for their own Use, or to present them to any College in the Universities, or any publick Library or School, shall have his Coat of Arms, Name, Title, Seat, or Place of Residence, *&c.* inserted in some convenient Place of the Globe.

III. That every Subscriber do at first pay down the Sum of Ten Pounds, and Fifteen Pounds more upon the Delivery of each Pair of Globes perfectly fitted up: And that the said Globes be delivered within Twelve Months after the Number of Thirty Subscribers be compleated; and that the Subscribers be served with Globes in the Order in which they subscribed.

IV. That a Pair of these Globes shall not hereafter be sold to any Person but the Subscribers under Thirty Pounds.

V. That if there be not thirty Subscribers within four Months after the first of *December*, 1712, the Money paid shall be returned on Demand by Mr *John Warner*, Goldsmith, near *Temple Bar*, who shall receive and pay the same according to the above-mentioned Articles.'

T

No. 553.
[ADDISON.] Thursday, December 4.

Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.—Hor.

THE Project which I published on *Monday* last has brought me in several Packets of Letters. Among the rest I have received one from a certain Projector, wherein after having represented, that in all probability the

the Solemnity of *opening my Mouth* will draw together a great Confluence of Beholders, he proposes to me the hiring of *Stationer's-Hall* for the more convenient exhibiting of that Publick Ceremony. He undertakes to be at the Charge of it himself, provided he may have the erecting of Galleries on every side, and the letting of them out upon that Occasion. I have a Letter also from a Bookseller, petitioning me in a very humble manner, that he may have the Printing of the Speech which I shall make to the Assembly upon the first opening of my Mouth. I am informed from all Parts, that there are great Canvassings in the several Clubs about Town, upon the chusing of a proper Person to sit with me on those arduous Affairs to which I have summoned them. Three Clubs have already proceeded to Election, whereof one has made a double Return. If I find that my Enemies shall take Advantage of my Silence to begin Hostilities upon me, or if any other Exigency of Affairs may so require, since I see Elections in so great a forwardness, we may possibly meet before the Day appointed; or if Matters go on to my Satisfaction, I may perhaps put off the Meeting to a further Day; but of this Publick Notice shall be given.

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In the mean time, I must confess that I am not a little gratified and obliged by that Concern which appears in this great City, upon my present Design of laying down this Paper. It is likewise with much Satisfaction, that I find some of the most outlying Parts of the Kingdom alarmed upon this Occasion, having received Letters to expostulate with me about it, from several of my Readers of the remotest Boroughs of *Great Britain*. Among these I am very well pleased with a Letter dated from *Berwick upon Tweed*, wherein my Correspondent compares the Office which I have for some time executed in these Realms, to the Weeding of a great Garden; which, says he, it is not sufficient to weed once for all, and afterwards to give over, but that the Work must be continued daily, or the same Spots of Ground which are cleared for a while, will in a little time be over-run as much as ever. Another Gentleman lays before me several Enormities that are already sprouting, and which he believes will discover

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discover themselves in their full Growth immediately after my Disappearance. There is no doubt, says he, but the Ladies' Heads will shoot up as soon as they know they are no longer under the *Spectator*'s Eye; and I have already seen such monstrous broad-brimmed Hats under the Arms of Foreigners, that I question not but they will overshadow the Island within a Month or two after the dropping of your Paper. But among all the Letters which are come to my Hands, there is none so handsomely written as the following one, which I am the more pleased with, as it is sent me from Gentlemen who belong to a Body which I shall always Honour, and where (I cannot speak it without a secret Pride) my Speculations have met with a very kind Reception. It is usual for Poets upon the Publishing of their Works, to Print before them such Copies of Verses as have been made in their Praise. Not that you must imagine they are pleased with their own Commendations, but because the elegant Compositions of their Friends should not be lost. I must make the same Apology for the Publication of the ensuing Letter, in which I have suppressed no part of those Praises that are given my Speculations with too lavish and good-natured an Hand, though my Correspondents can witness for me, that at other times I have generally blotted out those Parts in the Letters which I have received from them.

O

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, *Oxford, Nov. 25.*

In spight of your Invincible Silence you have found out a Method of being the most agreeable Companion in the World: That kind of Conversation which you hold with the Town, has the good Fortune of being always pleasing to the Men of Taste and Leisure, and never offensive to those of Hurry and Business. You are never heard, but at what *Horace* calls *dextro tempore*, and have the Happiness to observe the Politick Rule, which the same discerning Author gave his Friend, when he enjoyn'd him to deliver his Book to *Augustus*.

Si validus, si lætus erit, si denique poscet.

You never begin to talk, but when People are desirous to hear you; and I defie any one to be out of Humour till

till you leave off. But I am led unawares into Reflections, foreign to the Original Design of this Epistle; which was to let you know, that some unfeigned Admirers of your inimitable Papers, who could, without any Flattery, greet you with the Salutation used to the Eastern Monarchs, viz. *O Spec, live for ever*, have lately been under the same Apprehensions with Mr. *Philo-Spec*; that the Haste you have made to dispatch your best Friends, portends no long Duration to your own short Visage. We could not, indeed, find any just Grounds for Complaint in the Method you took to dissolve that venerable Body; No, the World was not worthy of your Divine. WILL. HONEYCOMB could not, with any Reputation, live single any longer. It was high time for the TEMPLAR to turn himself to *Cook*. And Sir ROGER'S dying was the wisest thing he ever did in his Life. It was, however, Matter of great Grief to us, to think that we were in danger of losing so Elegant and Valuable an Entertainment. And we could not, without Sorrow, reflect that we were likely to have nothing to interrupt our Sips in the Morning, and to suspend our Coffee in mid-air, between our Lips and right Ear, but the ordinary Trash of News-papers. We resolved, therefore, not to part with you so. But since, to make use of your own Allusion, the Cherries began now to crowd the Market, and their Season was almost over, we consulted our future Enjoyments, and endeavoured to make the exquisite Pleasure that delicious Fruit gave our Taste as lasting as we could, and by drying them protract their Stay beyond its natural Date. We own that thus they have not a Flavour equal to that of their juicy Bloom; but yet, under this Disadvantage, they pique the Palate, and become a Salver better than any other Fruit at its first Appearance. To speak plain, there are a number of us who have begun your Works afresh, and meet two Nights in the Week in order to give you a Rehearing. We never come together without drinking your Health, and as seldom part without general Expressions of Thanks to you for our Night's Improvement. This we conceive to be a more useful Institution that any other

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other Club whatever, not excepting even that of *ugly Faces*. We have one manifest Advantage over that renowned Society, with respect to Mr. *Spectator*'s Company. For though they may brag that you sometimes make your personal Appearance amongst them, it is impossible they should ever get a Word from you. Whereas you are with us the Reverse of what *Phædria* would have his Mistress be in his Rival's Company, *Present in your Absence*. We make you talk as much and as long as we please, and let me tell you, you seldom hold your Tongue for the whole Evening. I promise my self you will look with an Eye of Favour upon a Meeting which owes its Original to a mutual Emulation among its Members, who shall shew the most profound Respect for your Paper; not but we have a very great Value for your Person; and I dare say you can no where find four more sincere Admirers, and humble Servants, than

T F. G S. J T. E T.

No. 554.

Friday, December 5.

——Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.—Virg.

I AM obliged for the following Essay, as well as for that which lays down Rules out of *Tully* for Pronunciation and Action, to the Ingenious Author of a Poem just Published, Entitled *An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the Fragments of* Orpheus.

It is a Remark made, as I remember, by a celebrated *French* Author, that *no Man ever pushed his Capacity as far as it was able to extend*. I shall not enquire whether this Assertion be strictly true. It may suffice to say, that Men of the greatest Application and Acquirements can look back upon many vacant Spaces, and neglected Parts of Time, which have slipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one considering Person in the World, but is apt to fancy with himself, at some time or other, that if his Life were to begin again, he could fill it up better.

The

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The Mind is most provoked to cast on itself this ingenuous Reproach, when the Examples of such Men are presented to it, as have far outshot the generality of their Species, in Learning, Arts, or any valuable Improvements.

One of the most extensive and improved Genius's we have had any Instance of in our own Nation, or in any other, was that of Sir *Francis Bacon* Lord *Verulam*. This great Man, by an extraordinary Force of Nature, Compass of Thought, and indefatigable Study, had amassed to himself such Stores of Knowledge as we cannot look upon without Amazement. His Capacity seems to have grasped All that was revealed in Books before his Time; and not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new Tracks of Science, too many to be travelled over by any one Man, in the Compass of the longest Life. These, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect Coastings in Maps, or supposed Points of Land, to be further discovered, and ascertained by the Industry of After-Ages, who should proceed upon his Notices or Conjectures.

The Excellent Mr. *Boyle* was the Person, who seems to have been designed by Nature to succeed to the Labours and Enquiries of that extraordinary Genius I have just mentioned. By innumerable Experiments He, in a great Measure, filled up those Plans and Out-Lines of Science, which his Predecessor had sketched out. His Life was spent in the Pursuit of Nature, through a great Variety of Forms and Changes, and in the most rational, as well as devout Adoration of its Divine Author.

It would be impossible to name many Persons, who have extended their Capacities so far as these two, in the Studies they pursued; but my learned Readers, on this Occasion, will naturally turn their Thoughts to a *Third*, who is yet living, and is likewise the Glory of our own Nation. The Improvements which others had made in Natural and Mathematical Knowledge have so vastly increased in his Hands, as to afford at once a wonderful Instance how great the Capacity is of an Human Soul, and how inexhaustible the Subject of its Enquiries; so true is that Remark in Holy Writ, that, *tho' a wise Man seek to find out the Works of God from the beginning to the End, yet shall he not be able to do it.*

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I cannot help mentioning here one Character more, of a different kind indeed from these, yet such a one as may serve to shew the wonderful Force of Nature and of Application, and is the most singular Instance of an Universal Genius I have ever met with. The Person I mean is *Leonardo da Vinci*, an *Italian* Painter, descended from a noble Family in *Tuscany*, about the beginning of the Sixteenth Century. In his Profession of History-Painting he was so great a Master, that some have affirmed he excelled all who went before him. It is certain that he raised the envy of *Michael Angelo*, who was his Contemporary, and that from the Study of his Works *Raphael* himself learned his best Manner of Designing. He was a Master too in Sculpture and Architecture, and skilful in Anatomy, Mathematicks, and Mechanicks. The Aquæduct from the River *Adda* to *Milan*, is mentioned as a Work of his Contrivance. He had learned several Languages, and was acquainted with the Studies of History, Philosophy, Poetry, and Musick. Tho' it is not necessary to my present Purpose, I cannot but take Notice, that all who have writ of him mention likewise his Perfection of Body. The Instances of his Strength are almost incredible. He is described to have been of a well-formed Person, and a Master of all genteel Exercises. And lastly, we are told that his moral Qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual Endowments, and that he was of an honest and generous Mind, adorned with great Sweetness of Manners. I might break off the Account of him here, but I imagine it will be an Entertainment to the Curiosity of my Readers, to find so remarkable a Character distinguished by as remarkable a Circumstance at his Death. The Fame of his Works having gained him an universal Esteem, he was invited to the Court of *France*, where, after some Time, he fell sick; and *Francis the First* coming to see him, he raised himself in his Bed to acknowledge the Honour which was done him by that Visit. The King embraced him, and *Leonardo* fainting at the same Instant, expired in the Arms of that great Monarch.

It is impossible to attend to such Instances as these without being raised into a Contemplation on the wonderful

wonderful Nature of an Human Mind, which is capable of such Progressions in Knowledge, and can contain such a Variety of Ideas without Perplexity or Confusion. How reasonable is it from hence to infer its Divine Original? And whilst we find unthinking Matter indued with a Natural Power to last for ever, unless annihilated by Omnipotence, how absurd would it be to imagine, that a Being so much Superior to it should not have the same Privilege?

At the same time it is very surprizing, when we remove our Thoughts from such Instances as I have mentioned, to consider those we so frequently meet with in the Accounts of barbarous Nations among the *Indians*; where we find Numbers of People who scarce shew the first Glimmerings of Reason, and seem to have few Ideas above those of Sense and Appetite. These, methinks, appear like large Wilds, or vast uncultivated Tracts of Human Nature; and when we compare them with Men of the most exalted Characters in Arts and Learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are Creatures of the same Species.

Some are of Opinion that the Souls of Men are all naturally equal, and that the great Disparity we so often observe, arises from the different Organization or Structure of the Bodies to which they are United. But whatever constitutes this first Disparity, the next great Difference which we find between Men in their several Acquirements is owing to accidental Differences in their Education, Fortunes, or Course of Life. The Soul is a kind of rough Diamond, which requires Art, Labour, and Time to polish it. For want of which, many a good natural Genius is lost, or lies unfashioned, like a Jewel in the Mine.

One of the strongest Incitements to excel in such Arts and Accomplishments as are in the highest Esteem among Men, is the natural Passion which the Mind of Man has for Glory; which, tho' it may be faulty in the Excess of it, ought by no means to be discouraged. Perhaps some Moralists are too severe in beating down this Principle, which seems to be a Spring implanted by Nature to give Motion to all the latent Powers of the Soul, and is always observed

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observed to exert itself with the greatest Force in the most generous Dispositions. The Men, whose Characters have shone the brightest among the ancient *Romans*, appear to have been strongly animated by this Passion. *Cicero*, whose Learning and Services to his Country, are so well known, was inflamed by it to an extravagant Degree, and warmly presses *Lucceius*, who was composing a History of those Times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the Story of his Consulship; and to execute it speedily, that he might have the Pleasure of enjoying in his Life-time some Part of the Honour which he foresaw would be paid to his Memory. This was the Ambition of a great Mind; but he is faulty in the Degree of it, and cannot refrain from soliciting the Historian upon this Occasion to neglect the strict Laws of History, and in praising him, *even to exceed the bounds of Truth.* The younger *Pliny* appears to have had the same Passion for Fame, but accompanied with greater Chastness and Modesty. His Ingenuous manner of owning it to a Friend, who had prompted him to undertake some great Work, is exquisitely beautiful, and raises him to a certain Grandeur above the Imputation of Vanity. *I must confess*, says he, *that nothing employs my Thoughts more than the Desire I have of perpetuating my Name, which in my Opinion is a Design worthy of a Man, at least of such a one, who being conscious of no Guilt, is not afraid to be remembered by Posterity.*

I think I ought not to conclude, without interesting all my Readers in the Subject of this Discourse. I shall therefore lay it down as a Maxim, that tho' all are not capable of shining in Learning or the Politer Arts, yet *every one is capable of excelling in something.* The Soul has in this Respect a certain vegetative Power, which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful Garden, it will of it self shoot up in Weeds or Flowers of a wilder Growth.

No. 555.
[STEELE.]

Saturday, December 6.

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Respue quod non es——— Pers.

ALL the Members of the Imaginary Society, which were described in my First Papers, having disappeared one after another, it is high time for the *Spectator* himself to go off the Stage. But, now I am to take my Leave I am under much greater Anxiety than I have known for the Work of any Day since I undertook this Province. It is much more difficult to converse with the World in a real than a personated Character. That might pass for Humour, in the *Spectator*, which would look like Arrogance in a Writer who sets his Name to his Work. The Fictitious Person might contemn those who disapproved him, and extoll his own Performances, without giving Offence. He might assume a Mock-Authority; without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The Praises or Censures of himself fall only upon the Creature of his Imagination, and if any one finds fault with him, the Author may reply with the Philosopher of old, *Thou dost but beat the Case of* Anaxarchus. When I speak in my own private Sentiments, I cannot but address my self to my Readers in a more submissive manner, and with a just Gratitude, for the kind Reception which they have given to these Daily Papers that have been published for almost the space of Two Years last past.

I hope the Apology I have made as to the Licence allowable to a feigned Character, may excuse any thing which has been said in these Discourses of the *Spectator* and his Works; but the Imputation of the grossest Vanity would still dwell upon me, if I did not give some Account by what Means I was enabled to keep up the Spirit of so long and approved a Performance. All the Papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O, that is to say, all the Papers which I have distinguished by any Letter in the Name of the Muse *CLIO*, were given me by the Gentleman, of whose Assistance I formerly boasted in the Preface and concluding Leaf of my *Tatlers*. I am indeed much more proud of his long continued Friendship

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ship, than I should be of the Fame of being thought the Author of any Writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the *Tender Husband*, I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a Work written by us both, which should bear the Name of *the Monument*, in Memory of our Friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here, was as Honorary to that Sacred Name, as Learning, Wit and Humanity render those Pieces which I have taught the Reader how to distinguish for his. When the Play abovementioned was last Acted, there were so many applauded Stroaks in it which I had from the same Hand, that I thought very meanly of my self that I had never publickly acknowledged them. After I have put other friends upon importuning him to publish Dramatick, as well as other Writings he has by him, I shall end what I think I am obliged to say on this Head, by giving my Reader this Hint for the better judging of my Productions, that the best Comment upon them would be an Account when the Patron to the *Tender Husband* was in *England*, or Abroad.

The Reader will also find some Papers which are marked with the Letter X, for which he is obliged to the ingenious Gentleman who diverted the Town with the Epilogue to the *Distressed Mother*. I might have owned these several Papers with the free Consent of these Gentlemen, who did not write them with a design of being known for the Authors. But as a candid and sincere Behaviour ought to be preferred to all other Considerations, I would not let my Heart reproach me with a Consciousness of having acquired a Praise which is not my Right.

The other Assistances which I have had have been conveyed by Letter, sometimes by whole Papers, and other times by short Hints by unknown Hands. I have not been able to trace Favours of this kind, with any Certainty, but to the following Names, which I place in the Order wherein I received the Obligation, tho' the first I am going to Name can hardly be mentioned in a List wherein he would not deserve the

the Precedence. The Persons to whom I am to make these acknowledgments are Mr. *Henry Martin*, Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Hughs*, Mr. *Carey* of *New-College* in *Oxford*, Mr. *Tickell* of *Queen's* in the same University, Mr. *Parnelle*, and Mr *Eusden* of *Trinity* in *Cambridge*. Thus to speak in the Language of my late Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, I have Ballanced my Accounts with all my Creditors for Wit and Learning. But as these Excellent Performances would not have seen the Light without the Means of this Paper, I may still arrogate to myself the Merit of their being communicated to the Publick.

I have nothing more to add, but having swelled this Work to Five hundred and fifty five Papers, they will be disposed into seven Volumes, four of which are already published, and the three others in the Press. It will not be demanded of me why I now leave off, tho' I must own my self obliged to give an Account to the Town of my Time hereafter, since I retire when their Partiality to me is so great, that an Edition of the former Volumes of *Spectators* of above Nine thousand each Book, is already sold off, and the Tax on each half Sheet has brought into the Stamp-Office one Week with another above 20*l.* a Week arising from this single Paper, notwithstanding it at first reduced it to less than half the Number that was usually Printed before this Tax was laid.

I humbly beseech the Continuance of this Inclination to favour what I may hereafter produce, and hope I have in many Occurrences of Life tasted so deeply of Pain and Sorrow, that I am Proof against much more prosperous Circumstances than any Advantages to which my own Industry can possibly exalt me.

I am,

My Good-natured Reader,

Your most Obedient,

Most Obliged Humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

Vos valete & plaudite.—Ter.

The following Letter regards an ingenious Sett of Gentlemen, who have done me the Honour to make me one of their Society.

No. 555. Saturday, Dec. 6, 1712.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, *Dec.* 4. 1712.

The Academy of *Painting*, lately established in *London*, having done you, and themselves, the Honour to chuse you one of their Directors, that Noble and Lovely Art, which before was entitled to your Regards, as a *Spectator*, has an additional Claim to you, and you seem to be under a double Obligation to take some care of her Interests.

The Honour of our Country is also concerned in the Matter I am going to lay before you; we (and perhaps other Nations as well as we) have a National false Humility as well as a National Vain-Glory; and tho' we boast our selves to excell all the World in things wherein we are out-done abroad; in other things we attribute to others a Superiority which we our selves possess. This is what is done, particularly, in the Art of *Portrait* or *Face-Painting*.

Painting is an Art of vast Extent, too great by much for any mortal Man to be in full Possession of, in all its Parts; 'tis enough if any one succeed in painting Faces, History, Battels, Landscapes, Sea-pieces, Fruit, Flowers, or Drolls, *&c.* Nay no Man ever was excellent in all the Branches (tho' many in Number) of these several Arts, for a distinct Art I take upon me to call every one of these several Kinds of Painting.

And as one Man may be a good Landscape-Painter, but unable to paint a Face or a History tollerably well, and so of the rest; one Nation may excell in some kinds of Painting, and other kinds may thrive better in other Climates.

Italy may have the Preference of all other Nations for History-Painting; *Holland* for Drolls, and a neat finished manner of Working; *France* for Gay, Janty, Fluttering Pictures; and *England* for Portraits; but to give the Honour of every one of these kinds of Painting to any one of those Nations on account of their Excellence in any of these parts of it, is like adjudging the Prize of Heroick, Dramatick, Lyrick or Burlesque Poetry, to him who has done well in any one of them.

Where there are the greatest Genius's, and most Helps and Encouragements, 'tis reasonable to suppose an Art

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Art will arrive to the greatest Perfection: By this Rule let us consider our own Country with respect to Face-Painting. No Nation in the World delights so much in having their own, or Friends' or Relations' Pictures; whether from their National Good-Nature, or having a Love to Painting, and not being encouraged in that great Article of Religious Pictures, which the Purity of our Worship refuses the free use of, or from whatever other Cause. Our Helps are not inferior to those of any other People, but rather they are greater; for what the Antique Statues and Bas-reliefs which *Italy* enjoys are to the History-Painters, the beautiful and noble Faces with which *England* is confessed to abound, are to Face-Painters; and besides, we have the greatest Number of the Works of the best Masters in that kind of any People, not without a competent Number of those of the most Excellent in every other Part of Painting. And for Encouragement, the Wealth and Generosity of the *English* Nation affords that in such a degree, as Artists have no reason to complain.

And accordingly in fact, Face-Painting is no where so well performed as in *England*: I know not whether it has lain in your way to observe it, but I have, and pretend to be a tolerable Judge. I have seen what is done Abroad, and can assure you that the Honour of that Branch of Painting is justly due to us. I appeal to the judicious Observers for the Truth of what I assert. If Foreigners have oftentimes, or even for the most part, excelled our Natives, it ought to be imputed to the Advantages they have met with *here*, join'd to their own Ingenuity and Industry, nor has any one Nation distinguished themselves so as to raise an Argument in favour of their Country; but 'tis to be observed, that neither *French* nor *Italians*, nor any one of either Nation, notwithstanding all our Prejudices in their Favour, have, or ever had, for any considerable time, any Character among us as Face-Painters.

This Honour is due to our own Country; and has been so for near an Age: So that instead of going to *Italy*, or elsewhere, one that designs for Portrait Painting ought to Study in *England*. Hither such should come from

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from *Holland, France, Italy, Germany,* &c. as he that intends to Practise any other kinds of Painting, should go to those Parts where 'tis in greatest Perfection. 'Tis said the Blessed Virgin descended from Heaven to, Sit to St. *Luke*; I dare venture to affirm, that if she should desire another *Madonna* to be Painted by the Life, she would come to *England*; and am of Opinion that your present President, Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, from his Improvement since he Arrived in this Kingdom, would perform that Office better than any Foreigner living. I am, with all possible Respect,

Sir,

Your most Humble, and
most Obedient Servant, &c.'

The Ingenious Letters sign'd the Weather-Glass, *with several others, were receiv'd, but came too late.*

POSTSCRIPT.

It had not come to my Knowledge, when I left off the *Spectator*, that I owe several excellent Sentiments and agreeable Pieces in this Work to Mr. *Ince* of *Grey's-Inn.*

R. STEELE.

The End of the Seventh Volume.

VOL. VIII.

TO

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, Esq.

THE Seven former Volumes of the *Spectator* having been Dedicated to some of the most celebrated Persons of the Age, I take leave to Inscribe this Eighth and Last to You as to a Gentleman, who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the best Company.

You are now wholly retired from the busie part of Mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your past Atchievements; for which reason, I look upon You as a Person very well qualified for a Dedication.

I may possibly disappoint my Readers, and your self too, if I do not endeavour on this occasion to make the World acquainted with your Virtues. And here, Sir, I shall not compliment You upon your Birth, Person, or Fortune; nor any other the like Perfections, which You possess whether You will or no: but shall only touch upon those, which are of your own acquiring, and in which every one must allow You have a real Merit.

Your janty Air and easie Motion, the Volubility of your Discourse, the Suddenness of your Laugh, the Management of your Snuff-Box, with the Whiteness of your Hands and Teeth (which have justly gained You the Envy of the most polite part of the Male World, and the Love of the greatest Beauties in the Female) are entirely to be ascribed to your own personal Genius and Application.

You are formed for these Accomplishments by a happy Turn of Nature, and have finished your self in them by the utmost Improvements of Art. A Man that is defective in either of these Qualifications (whatever may be the secret Ambition of his Heart) must never hope to make the Figure You have done, among the fashionable part of his Species. It is therefore no wonder, we see such multitudes of aspiring young Men fall

fall short of you in all these Beauties of your Character, notwithstanding the Study and Practice of them is the whole Business of their Lives. But I need not tell You that the free and disengaged Behaviour of a fine Gentleman makes as many awkward Beaux, as the Easiness of your Favourite *Waller* hath made insipid Poets.

At present You are content to aim all your Charms at your own Spouse, without further Thought of Mischief to any others of the Sex. I know You had formerly a very great Contempt for that Pedantick Race of Mortals who call themselves Philosophers; and yet, to your Honour be it spoken, there is not a Sage of them all could have better acted up to their Precepts in one of the most important points of Life: I mean in that Generous Dis-regard of Popular Opinion, which you showed some years ago, when you chose for your Wife an obscure young Woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient Family, but has certainly as many Forefathers as any Lady in the Land, if she could but reckon up their Names.

I must own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the Moment that you confessed your Age, and from eight and forty (where you had stuck so many Years) very ingenuously step'd into your Grand Climacterick. Your Deportment has since been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed, You make a regular Appearance every Quarter-Sessions among your Brothers of the *Quorum*; and if things go on as they do, stand fair for being a Colonel of the Militia. I am told that your Time passes away as agreeably in the Amusements of a Country Life, as it ever did in the Gallantries of the Town: and that you now take as much pleasure in the Planting of young Trees, as you did formerly in the Cutting down of your old ones. In short, we hear from all Hands that You are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty Acres, and have not too much Wit to look into your own Estate.

After having spoken thus much of my Patron, I must take the Privilege of an Author in saying something of my self. I shall therefore beg leave to add, that I have purposely omitted setting those Marks to the

the End of every Paper, which appeared in my former Volumes, that You may have an opportunity of showing Mrs. *Honeycomb* the Shrewdness of your Conjectures, by ascribing every Speculation to its proper Author: though You know how often many profound Criticks in Stile and Sentiments have very judiciously erred in this Particular, before they were let into the Secret. I am,

Sir,

Your most Faithful

Humble Servant,

The SPECTATOR.

THE
Bookseller *to the* Reader.

IN the Six hundred and thirty second Spectator, *the Reader will find an Account of the Rise of this Eighth and Last Volume.*

I have not been able to prevail upon the several Gentlemen who were concerned in this Work to let me acquaint the World with their Names.

Perhaps it will be unnecessary to inform the Reader, that no other Papers, which have appeared under the Title of Spectator, *since the closing of this Eighth Volume, were written by any of those Gentlemen who had a Hand in this or the former Volumes.*

THE

SPECTATOR.

VOL. VIII.

No. 556.
[ADDISON.] Friday, June 18, 1714. No. 556. Friday, June 18, 1714.

Qualis ubi in lucem coluber, mala gramina pastus,
Frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
Nunc positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventa,
Lubrica convolvit sublato pectore terga
Arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis. Virg.

UPON laying down the Office of SPECTATOR, I acquainted the World with my Design of electing a new Club, and of opening my Mouth in it after a most solemn Manner. Both the Election and the Ceremony are now past; but not finding it so easy as I at first imagined, to break thro' a Fifty Years Silence, I would not venture into the World under the Character of a Man who pretends to talk like other People, 'till I had arrived at a full Freedom of Speech.

I shall reserve for another time the History of such Club or Clubs of which I am now a Talkative, but unworthy Member; and shall here give an Account of this surprising Change which has been produced in me, and which I look upon to be as remarkable an Accident as any recorded in History, since that which happened to the Son of *Crœsus*, after having been many Years as much Tongue-tied as my self.

Upon the first opening of my Mouth, I made a Speech consisting of about half a Dozen well-turned Periods; but grew so very hoarse upon it, that for three Days together, instead of finding the use of my Tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost it. Besides, the unusual Extension of my Muscles on this Occasion, made my Face ake on both Sides to such a Degree, that nothing

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but an invincible Resolution and Perseverance could have prevented me from falling back to my Monosyllables.

I afterwards made several Essays towards Speaking; and that I might not be startled at my own Voice, which has happen'd to me more than once, I used to read aloud in my Chamber, and have often stood in the Middle of the Street to call a Coach, when I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquainted with my own Voice, I laid hold of all Opportunities to exert it. Not caring however to speak much by my self, and to draw upon me the whole Attention of those I conversed with, I used, for some time, to walk every Morning in the *Mall*, and talk in Chorus with a Parcel of *Frenchmen*. I found my Modesty greatly relieved by the communicative Temper of this Nation, who are so very sociable, as to think they are never better Company than when they are all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great Benefit from Female Conversation, and that I should have a Convenience of talking with the greater Freedom, when I was not under any Impediment of thinking; I therefore threw my self into an Assembly of Ladies, but could not for my Life get in a Word among them; and found that if I did not change my Company, I was in Danger of being reduced to my primitive Taciturnity.

The Coffee-houses have ever since been my chief Places of Resort, where I have made the greatest Improvements; in order to which I have taken a particular Care never to be of the same Opinion with the Man I conversed with. I was a Tory at *Button*'s, and a Whig at *Child*'s; a Friend to the *Englishman*, or an Advocate for the *Examiner*, as it best served my Turn: Some fancy me a great Enemy to the *French* King, though, in reality, I only make use of him for a Help to Discourse. In short, I wrangle and dispute for Exercise; and have carried this Point so far, that I was once like to have been run through the Body for making a little too free with my Betters.

In a Word, I am quite another Man to what I was.

Nil

—— Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi——

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Friday,
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1714.

My old Acquaintance scarce know me; nay I was asked the other Day by a *Jew* at *Jonathan*'s, whether I was not related to a dumb Gentleman, who used to come to that Coffee-house? But I think I never was better pleased in my Life than about a Week ago, when, as I was battling it across the Table with a young Templar, his Companion gave him a Pull by the Sleeve, begging him to come away, for that the old Prig would talk him to Death.

Being now a very good Proficient in Discourse, I shall appear in the World with this Addition to my Character, that my Countrymen may reap the Fruits of my new acquired Loquacity.

Those who have been present at publick Disputes in the University, know that it is usual to maintain Heresies for Argument's sake. I have heard a Man a most impudent Socinian for Half an Hour, who has been an Orthodox Divine all his Life after. I have taken the same Method to accomplish my self in the Gift of Utterance, having talked above a Twelve-month, not so much for the Benefit of my Hearers as of my self. But since I have now gained the Faculty, I have been so long endeavouring after, I intend to make a right Use of it, and shall think my self obliged, for the future, to speak always in Truth and Sincerity of Heart. While a Man is learning to fence, he practises both on Friend and Foe; but when he is a Master in the Art, he never exerts it but on what he thinks the right Side.

That this last Allusion may not give my Reader a wrong Idea of my Design in this Paper, I must here inform him, that the Author of it is of no Faction, that he is a Friend to no Interests but those of Truth and Virtue, nor a Foe to any but those of Vice and Folly. Though I make more Noise in the World than I used to do, I am still resolved to act in it as an indifferent SPECTATOR. It is not my Ambition to encrease the Number either of Whigs or Tories, but of wise and good Men, and I could heartily wish there were not Faults common to both Parties, which afford me sufficient Matter to work upon

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upon, without descending to those which are peculiar to either.

If in a Multitude of Counsellors there is Safety, we ought to think our selves the securest Nation in the World. Most of our Garrets are inhabited by Statesmen, who watch over the Liberties of their Country, and make a Shift to keep themselves from starving, by taking into their Care the Properties of all their Fellow-Subjects.

As these Politicians of both Sides have already worked the Nation into a most unnatural Ferment, I shall be so far from endeavouring to raise it to a greater Height, that, on the contrary, it shall be the chief Tendency of my Papers, to inspire my Countrymen with a mutual Good-will and Benevolence. Whatever Faults either Party may be guilty of, they are rather inflamed than cured by those Reproaches, which they cast upon one another. The most likely Method of rectifying any Man's Conduct, is, by recommending to him the Principles of Truth and Honour, Religion and Virtue; and so long as he acts with an Eye to these Principles, whatever Party he is of, he cannot fail of being a good *Englishman*, and a Lover of his Country.

As for the Persons concerned in this Work, the Names of all of them, or at least of such as desire it, shall be published hereafter: 'Till which time I must entreat the courteous Reader to suspend his Curiosity, and rather to consider what is written, than who they are that write it.

Having thus adjusted all necessary Preliminaries with my Reader, I shall not trouble him with any more prefatory Discourses, but proceed in my old Method, and entertain him with Speculations on every useful Subject that falls in my Way.

No. 557.

[ADDISON.] Monday, June 21.

Quippe domum timet ambiguam, Tyriosque bilingues. Virg.

THERE is nothing, says *Plato, so delightful, as the hearing or the speaking of Truth.* For this Reason there is no Conversation so agreeable as that of the Man of Integrity, who hears without any Intention to betray, and speaks without any Intention to deceive.

Among

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Among all the Accounts which are given of *Cato*, I do not remember one that more redounds to his Honour than the following Passage related by *Plutarch*. As an Advocate was pleading the Cause of his Client before one of the Prætors, he could only produce a single Witness in a Point where the Law required the Testimony of two Persons; upon which the Advocate insisted on the Integrity of that Person whom he had produced; but the Prætor told him, That where the Law required two Witnesses he would not accept of one, tho' it were *Cato* himself. Such a Speech from a Person who sat at the Head of a Court of Justice, while *Cato* was still living, shews us, more than a thousand Examples, the high Reputation this great Man had gained among his Contemporaries upon the Account of his Sincerity.

When such an inflexible Integrity is a little softned and qualified by the Rules of Conversation and Good breeding, there is not a more shining Virtue in the whole Catalogue of Social Duties. A Man however ought to take great care not to polish himself out of his Veracity, nor to refine his Behaviour to the Prejudice of his Virtue.

This Subject is exquisitely treated in the most elegant Sermon of the great *British* Preacher. I shall beg Leave to transcribe out of it two or three Sentences, as a proper Introduction to a very curious Letter, which I shall make the chief Entertainment of this Speculation.

'The old *English* Plainness and Sincerity, that generous Integrity of Nature, and Honesty of Disposition, which always argues true Greatness of Mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted Courage and Resolution, is in a great Measure lost among us.

The Dialect of Conversation is now-a-days so swelled with Vanity and Compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of Expressions of Kindness and Respect, that if a Man that lived an Age or two ago should return into the World again, he would really want a Dictionary to help him to understand his own Language, and to know the true intrinsick Value of the Phrase in fashion; and would hardly, at first, believe at what a low Rate the highest Strains and Expressions of Kindness imaginable

do

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do commonly pass in current Payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good Countenance and a good Conscience, to converse with Men upon equal Terms and in their own Way.'

I have by me a Letter which I look upon as a great Curiosity, and which may serve as an Exemplification to the foregoing Passage, cited out of this most excellent Prelate. It is said to have been written in King *Charles* II's Reign by the Ambassador of *Bantam*, a little after his Arrival in *England*.

'*Master*,

The People, where I now am, have Tongues further from their Hearts than from *London* to *Bantam*, and thou knowest the Inhabitants of one of these Places does not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy Subjects Barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilized People, because they speak one thing and mean another: Truth they call Barbarity, and Falshood Politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the King of this Place to meet me told me, *That he was extreamly sorry for the Storm I had met with just before my Arrival.* I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my Account; but in less than a Quarter of an Hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him told me by my Interpreter, *He should be glad to do me any Service that lay in his Power.* Upon which I desired him to carry one of my Portmanteaus for me; but instead of serving me according to his Promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first Week, at the House of one, who desired me *to think my self at home, and to consider his House as my own.* Accordingly, I the next Morning began to knock down one of the Walls of it, in order to let in the fresh Air, and had packed up some of the Household Goods, of which I intended to have made thee a Present: But the false Varlet no sooner saw me falling to Work, but he sent Word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such Doings in his House. I had not been

been long in this Nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain Favour from the Chief of the King's Servants, whom they here call the Lord-Treasurer, That I had *eternally obliged him.* I was so surprized at his Gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, What Service is there which one Man can do for another, that can oblige him to all Eternity! However I only asked him for my Reward, that he would lend me his eldest Daughter during my Stay in this Country; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his Countrymen.

At my first going to Court, one of the great Men almost put me out of Countenance, by asking *ten thousand Pardons* of me for only treading by Accident upon my Toe. They call this kind of Lye a Compliment; for when they are civil to a great Man, they tell him Untruths, for which thou wouldest order any of thy Officers of State to receive a hundred Blows upon his Foot. I do not know how I shall negociate any thing with this People, since there is so little Credit to be given to 'em. When I go to see the King's Scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, tho' perhaps I saw him go into his House almost the very Moment before. Thou wouldest fancy that the whole Nation are Physicians, for the first Question they always ask me, is, *How I do?* I have this Question put to me above a hundred times a Day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my Health, but wish it in a more solemn Manner, with a full Glass in their Hands, every time I sit with them at Table, tho' at the same time they wou'd perswade me to drink their Liquors in such Quantities as I have found by Experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy Health also in the same Manner: but I have more Reason to expect it from the Goodness of thy Constitution, than the Sincerity of their Wishes. May thy Slave escape in Safety from this double-tongued Race of Men, and live to lay himself once more at thy Feet in thy Royal City of *Bantam.*'

No. 558. Wednesday, June 23, 1714.

No. 558.
[ADDISON.] Wednesday, June 23.

Qui fit, Maecenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat, laudet diversa sequentes?
O fortunati mercatores, gravis annis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore!
Contra mercator, navim jactantibus austris:
Militia est potior. Quid enim? Concurritur? horae
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria laeta.
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
Ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem est,
Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.
Cetera de genere hoc (adeo sunt multa) loquacem
Delassare valent Fabium. Ne te morer, audi,
Quo rem deducam. Siquis Deus, en ego, dicat,
Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modo miles,
Mercator: tu consultus modo rusticus. Hinc vos,
Vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. Eia!
Quid statis? Nolint. Atqui licet esse beatis. —Hor.

IT is a celebrated Thought of *Socrates*, that if all the Misfortunes of Mankind were cast into a publick Stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole Species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the Share they are already possess'd of, before that which would fall to them by such a Division. *Horace* has carried this Thought a great deal further in the Motto of my Paper, which implies that the Hardships or Misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other Person would be, in case we could change Conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two Remarks, and seated in my Elbow-Chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a Proclamation made by *Jupiter*, that every Mortal should bring in his Griefs and Calamities, and throw them together in a Heap. There was a large Plain appointed for this Purpose. I took my Stand in the Center of it, and saw with a great deal of Pleasure the whole human Species marching one after another, and throwing down their several Loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious Mountain that seemed to rise above the Clouds.

There

There was a certain Lady of a thin airy Shape, who was very active in this Solemnity. She carried a magnifying Glass in one of her Hands, and was cloathed in a loose flowing Robe, embroidered with several Figures of Fiends and Spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical Shapes, as her Garment hovered in the Wind. There was something wild and distracted in her Looks. Her Name was *FANCY*. She led up every Mortal to the appointed Place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his Pack, and laying it upon his Shoulders. My Heart melted within me to see my Fellow-Creatures groaning under their respective Burthens, and to consider that prodigious Bulk of human Calamities which lay before me.

There were however several Persons who gave me great Diversion upon this Occasion. I observed one bringing in a Fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered Cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the Heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his Luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his Wife.

There were Multitudes of Lovers saddled with very whimsical Burthens, composed of Darts and Flames; but, what was very odd, tho' they sighed as if their Hearts would break under these Bundles of Calamities, they could not perswade themselves to cast them into the Heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint Efforts, shook their Heads and marched away, as heavy loaden as they came. I saw Multitudes of old Women throw down their Wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny Skin. There were very great Heaps of red Noses, large Lips, and rusty Teeth. The Truth of it is, I was surprized to see the greatest Part of the Mountain made up of bodily Deformities. Observing one advancing towards the Heap with a larger Cargo than ordinary upon his Back, I found upon his near Approach, that it was only a natural Hump, which he disposed of, with great Joy of Heart, among this Collection of humane Miseries. There were likewise Distempers of all Sorts, tho' I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little Packet I could

not

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not but take Notice of, which was a Complication of all the Diseases incident to human Nature, and was in the Hand of a great many fine People: This was called the Spleen. But what most of all surprized me, was a Remark I made, that there was not a single Vice or Folly thrown into the whole Heap: At which I was very much astonished, having concluded within my self, that every one would take this Opportunity of getting rid of his Passions, Prejudices and Frailties.

I took Notice in particular of a very profligate Fellow, who I did not question came loaden with his Crimes, but upon searching into his Bundle, I found that instead of throwing his Guilt from him, he had only laid down his Memory. He was follow'd by another worthless Rogue, who flung away his Modesty instead of his Ignorance.

When the whole Race of Mankind had thus cast their Burdens, the *Phantome* which had been so busie on this Occasion, seeing me an idle Spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasie at her Presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying Glass full before my Eyes. I no sooner saw my Face in it, but was startled at the Shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost Aggravation. The immoderate Breadth of the Features made me very much out of Humour with my own Countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a Mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his Visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very Chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole Face. We had both of us an Opportunity of mending our selves, and, all the Contributions being now brought in, every Man was at Liberty to exchange his Misfortune for those of another Person. But as there arose many new Incidents in the Sequel of my Vision, I shall reserve them for the Subject of my next Paper.

Friday

No. 559.
[ADDISON.]

Friday, June 25.

No. 559. Friday, June 25, 1714.

Quid causae est, merito quin illis Jupiter ambas
Iratus buccas inflet, neque se fore posthac
Tam facilem dicat, votis ut praebeat aurem?—Hor.

IN my last Paper, I gave my Reader a Sight of that Mountain of Miseries, which was made up of those several Calamities that afflict the Minds of Men. I saw, with unspeakable Pleasure, the whole Species thus delivered from its Sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the Heap, and surveyed the several Materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a Mortal, in this vast Multitude, who did not discover what he thought Pleasures and Blessings of Life; and wonder'd how the Owners of them ever came to look upon them as Burthens and Grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this Confusion of Miseries, this Chaos of Calamity, *Jupiter* issued out a second Proclamation, that every one was now at Liberty to exchange his Affliction, and to return to his Habitation with any such other Bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, *FANCY* began again to bestir her self, and, parcelling out the whole Heap with incredible Activity, recommended to every one his particular Packet. The Hurry and Confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some Observations, which I made upon the Occasion, I shall communicate to the Publick. A venerable grey-headed Man, who had laid down the Cholick, and who I found wanted an Heir to his Estate, snatched up an undutiful Son, that had been thrown into the Heap by his angry Father. The graceless Youth, in less than a quarter of an Hour, pulled the old Gentleman by the Beard, and had like to have knocked his Brains out; so that meeting the true Father, who came towards him in a Fit of the Gripes, he begg'd him to take his Son again, and give back his Cholick; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the Choice they had made. A poor Gally-Slave, who had thrown down his Chains took up the Gout in their stead, but made

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made such wry Faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great Gainer by the Bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several Exchanges that were made, for Sickness against Poverty, Hunger against want of Appetite, and Care against Pain.

The Female World were very busie among themselves in bartering for Features; one was trucking a Lock of grey Hairs for a Carbuncle, another was making over a short Waste for a Pair of round Shoulders, and a third cheapning a bad Face for a lost Reputation: But on all these Occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new Blemish, as soon as she had got it into her Possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same Observation on every other Misfortune or Calamity, which every one in the Assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the Evils which befall us are in some Measure suited and proportioned to our Strength, or that every Evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not for my Heart forbear pitying the poor hump-back'd Gentleman mentioned in the former Paper, who went off a very well-shaped Person with a Stone in his Bladder; nor the fine Gentleman who had struck up this Bargain with him, that limped thro' a whole Assembly of Ladies who used to admire him, with a Pair of Shoulders peeping over his Head.

I must not omit my own particular Adventure. My Friend with the long Visage had no sooner taken upon him my short Face, but he made such a grotesque Figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at my self, insomuch that I put my own Face out of Countenance. The poor Gentleman was so sensible of the Ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: On the other Side I found that I my self had no great Reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my Forehead I missed the Place and clapped my Finger upon my upper Lip. Besides, as my Nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky Knocks as I was playing my Hand about my Face, and aiming at some other Part of it. I saw two

two other Gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous Circumstances. These had made a foolish Swop between a Couple of thick bandy Legs, and two long Trapsticks that had no Calfs to them. One of these looked like a Man walking upon Stilts, and was so lifted up into the Air above his ordinary Height, that his Head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward Circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new Supporters: Observing him to be a pleasant kind of Fellow, I stuck my Cane in the Ground, and told him I would lay him a Bottle of Wine, that he did not march up to it on a Line, that I drew for him, in a Quarter of an Hour.

The Heap was at last distributed among the two Sexes, who made a most piteous Sight, as they wandered up and down under the Pressure of their several Burthens. The whole Plain was filled with Murmurs and Complaints, Groans and Lamentations. *Jupiter* at length, taking Compassion on the poor Mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their Loads, with a Design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of Pleasure, after which, the Phantome, who had led them into such gross Delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a Goddess of a quite different Figure: Her Motions were steady and composed, and her Aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her Eyes towards Heaven, and fixed them upon *Jupiter*: Her Name was *PATIENCE*. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole Heap sunk to such a Degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every Man his own proper Calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious Manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own Choice, as to the Kind of Evils which fell to his Lot.

Besides the several Pieces of Morality to be drawn out of this Vision, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own Misfortunes, or to envy the Happiness of another

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another, since it is impossible for any Man to form a right Judgment of his Neighbour's Sufferings; for which Reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's Complaints, but to regard the Sorrows of my Fellow-Creatures with Sentiments of Humanity and Compassion.

No. 560.

[ADDISON.] Monday, June 28.

- - *Verba intermissa retentat.*—Ov. *Met.*

EVERY one has heard of the famous Conjurer, who, according to the Opinion of the Vulgar, has studied himself *dumb*; for which Reason, as it is believed, he delivers out all his Oracles in Writing. Be that as it will, the blind *Teresias* was not more famous in *Greece*, than this dumb Artist has been for some Years last past, in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*. Thus much for the profound Gentleman who honours me with the following Epistle.

'*Sir*, *From my Cell*, June 24, 1714.

Being informed that you have lately got the Use of your Tongue, I have some Thoughts of following your Example, that I may be a *Fortune-teller* properly speaking. I am grown weary of my Taciturnity, and having served my Country many Years under the Title of the dumb Doctor, I shall now prophesie by Word of Mouth, and (as Mr. *Lee* says of the Magpie, who you know was a great Fortune-teller among the *Ancients*) *chatter* Futurity. I have hitherto chosen to receive Questions and return Answers in Writing, that I might avoid the Tediousness and Trouble of Debates; my Querists being generally of a Humour to think, that they have never Predictions enough for their Mony. In short, Sir, my Case has been something like that of those discreet Animals the Monkeys, who, as the *Indians* tell us, can speak if they wou'd, but purposely avoid it that they may not be made to work. I have hitherto gained a Livelihood by holding my Tongue, but shall now open my Mouth in order to fill it. If I appear a little Word-bound

bound in my first Solutions and Responses, I hope it will not be imputed to any want of Foresight, but to the long Disuse of Speech. I doubt not by this Invention to have all my former Customers over again, for if I have promised any of them Lovers or Husbands, Riches or good Luck, it is my Design to confirm to them *vivâ voce*, what I have already given them under my Hand. If you will honour me with a Visit, I will compliment you with the first opening of my Mouth, and if you please you may make an entertaining Dialogue out of the Conversation of two dumb Men. Excuse this Trouble, worthy Sir, from one who has been a long time

Your silent Admirer,

Cornelius Agrippa.'

I have received the following Letter, or rather *Billet-doux*, from a pert young Baggage, who congratulates with me upon the same Occasion.

'*Dear Mr.* Prate-apace, *June* 23. 1714.

I am a Member of a Female Society who call our selves the *Chit-Chat* Club, and am ordered, by the whole Sisterhood, to congratulate you upon the Use of your Tongue. We have all of us a mighty Mind to hear you talk, and if you will take your Place among us for an Evening, we have unanimously agreed to allow you one Minute in ten, without Interruption.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

S. T.'

'P. S. *You may find us at my Lady* Betty Clack's, *who will leave Orders with her Porter, that if an elderly Gentleman, with a short Face, enquires for her, he shall be admitted and no Questions asked.*'

As this particular Paper shall consist wholly of what I have received from my Correspondents I shall fill up the remaining Part of it with other congratulatory Letters of the same Nature.

'*Sir*

No. 560. Monday, June 28, 1714.

'*Sir*, *Oxford, June* 25, 1714.

We are here wonderfully pleas'd with the Opening of your Mouth, and very frequently open ours in approbation of your Design; especially since we find you are resolved to preserve your Taciturnity as to all Party Matters. We do not question but you are as great an Orator as Sir *Hudibras*, of whom the Poet sweetly sings,

——— He could not ope
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope.

If you will send us down the Half-dozen well-turned Periods, that produced such dismal Effects in your Muscles, we will deposite them near an old Manuscript of *Tully*'s Orations, among the Archives of the University; for we all agree with you, that there is not a more remarkable Accident recorded in History, since that which happened to the Son of *Croesus*, nay, I believe you might have gone higher, and have added *Balaam*'s Ass. We are impatient to see more of your Productions, and expect what Words will next fall from you, with as much Attention as those who were set to watch the speaking Head which Friar *Bacon* formerly erected in this Place. We are,

Worthy Sir,
Your most humble Servants,
B. R. T. D. &c.'

'*Honest* SPEC, *Middle Temple, June* 24.

I am very glad to hear that thou beginnest to prate; and find, by thy Yesterday's Vision, thou art so used to it, that thou canst not forbear talking in thy Sleep. Let me only advise thee to speak like other Men, for I am afraid thou wilt be very queer, if thou dost not intend to use the Phrases in fashion, as thou callest them in thy Second Paper. Hast thou a Mind to pass for a *Bantamite*, or to make us all *Quakers*? I do assure thee, dear SPEC, I am not polished out of my Veracity, when I subscribe my self

Thy constant Admirer,
and humble Servant,
Frank Townly.'

Wednesday

No. 561.
[ADDISON.]

Wednesday, June 30.

No. 561. Wednesday, June 30, 1714.

——— Paulatim abolere Sichaeum
Incipit, et vivo tentat praevertere amore
Jampridem resides animos desuetaque corda.—Virg.

'Sir,

I AM a tall, broad-shoulder'd, impudent, black Fellow, and, as I thought, every way qualified for a rich Widow: But, after having tried my Fortune for above three Years together, I have not been able to get one single Relict in the Mind. My first Attacks were generally successful, but always broke off as soon as they came to the Word *Settlement*. Though I have not improved my Fortune this way, I have my Experience, and have learnt several Secrets which may be of use to those unhappy Gentlemen, who are commonly distinguished by the Name of Widow-hunters, and who do not know that this Tribe of Women are, generally speaking, as much upon the Catch as themselves. I shall here communicate to you the Mysteries of a certain Female Cabal of this Order, who call themselves the *Widow-Club*. This Club consists of nine experienced Dames, who take their Places once a Week round a large oval Table.

I. Mrs. President is a Person who has disposed of six Husbands, and is now determined to take a seventh; being of Opinion that there is as much Virtue in the Touch of a seventh Husband as of a seventh Son. Her Comrades are as follow.

II. Mrs. *Snapp*, who has four Jointures, by four different Bed-fellows, of four different Shires. She is at present upon the Point of Marriage with a *Middlesex* Man, and is said to have an Ambition of extending her Possessions through all the Counties in *England*, on this side the *Trent*.

III. Mrs. *Medlar*, who after two Husbands and a Gallant, is now wedded to an old Gentleman of Sixty. Upon her making her Report to the Club after a Week's Cohabitation, she is still allowed to sit as a Widow, and accordingly takes her Place at the Board.

IV.

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IV. The Widow *Quick*, married within a Fortnight after the Death of her last Husband. Her *Weeds* have served her thrice, and are still as good as new.

V. Lady *Catherine Swallow*. She was a Widow at Eighteen, and has since buried a second Husband and two Coachmen.

VI. The Lady *Waddle*. She was married in the 15th Year of her Age to Sir *Simon Waddle*, Knight, aged Threescore and twelve, by whom she had Twins nine Months after his Decease. In the 55th Year of her Age she was married to *James Spindle*, Esq., a Youth of One and twenty, who did not out-live the Honey-Moon.

VII. *Deborah Conquest*. The Case of this Lady is something particular. She is the Relict of Sir *Sampson Conquest*, some time Justice of the *Quorum*. Sir *Sampson* was seven Foot high, and two Foot in Breadth from the Tip of one Shoulder to the other. He had married three Wives, who all of them died in Childbed. This terrified the whole Sex, who none of them durst venture on Sir *Sampson*. At length Mrs. *Deborah* undertook him, and gave so good an Account of him, that in three Years time she very fairly laid him out, and measured his Length upon the Ground. This Exploit has gained her so great a Reputation in the Club, that they have added Sir *Sampson*'s three Victories to hers, and give her the Merit of a fourth Widowhood; and she takes her Place accordingly.

VIII. The Widow *Wildfire*, Relict of Mr. *John Wild-fire*, Fox-hunter, who broke his Neck over a six Bar Gate. She took his Death so much to Heart, that it was thought it would have put an End to her Life, had she not diverted her Sorrows by receiving the Addresses of a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, who made Love to her in the second Month of her Widowhood. This Gentleman was discarded in a Fortnight for the sake of a young *Templar*, who had the Possession of her for six Weeks after, till he was beaten out by a broken Officer, who likewise gave up his place to a Gentleman at Court. The Courtier was as short-liv'd a Favourite as his Predecessors, but had the Pleasure to see himself succeeded by

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a long Series of Lovers, who followed the Widow *Wildfire* to the 37th Year of her Age, at which time there ensued a Cessation of ten Years, when *John Felt*, Haberdasher, took it in his Head to be in love with her, and it is thought will very suddenly carry her off.

IX. The last is pretty Mrs. *Runnet*, who broke her first Husband's Heart before she was Sixteen, at which Time she was entred of the Club; but soon after left it, upon Account of a Second whom she made so quick a Dispatch of, that she returned to her Seat in less than a Twelvemonth. This young Matron is looked upon as the most rising Member of the Society, and will probably be in the President's Chair before she dies.

These Ladies, upon their first Institution, resolved to give the Pictures of their deceased Husbands to the Club-Room, but two of them bringing in their Dead at full Length, they covered all the Walls: Upon which they came to a second Resolution, that every Matron should give her own Picture, and set it round with her Husbands in Miniature.

As they have most of them the Misfortune to be troubled with the Cholick, they have a noble Cellar of Cordials and strong Waters. When they grow Maudlin, they are very apt to commemorate their former Partners with a Tear. But ask them which of their Husbands they condole, they are not able to tell you, and discover plainly that they do not weep so much for the Loss of a Husband, as for the want of one.

The principal Rule, by which the whole Society are to govern themselves, is this, To cry up the Pleasures of a single Life upon all Occasions, in order to deter the rest of their Sex from Marriage, and engross the whole Male World to themselves.

They are obliged, when any one makes Love to a Member of the Society, to communicate his Name, at which time the whole Assembly sit upon his Reputation, Person, Fortune, and good Humour; and if they find him qualified for a Sister of the Club, they lay their Heads together how to make him sure. By this Means they are acquainted with all the Widow-hunters about Town, who often afford them great Diversion.

There

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There is an honest *Irish* Gentleman, it seems, who knows nothing of this Society, but at different times has made Love to the whole Club.

Their Conversation often turns upon their former Husbands, and it is very diverting to hear them relate their several Arts and Stratagems, with which they amused the Jealous, pacified the Cholerick, or wheedled the Good-natured Man, 'till at last, to use the Club Phrase, *They sent him out of the House with his Heels foremost.*

The Politicks, which are most cultivated by this Society of She-*Machiavils*, relate chiefly to these two Points, How to treat a Lover, and How to manage a Husband. As for the first Set of Artifices, they are too numerous to come within the Compass of your Paper, and shall therefore be reserved for a second Letter.

The Management of a Husband is built upon the following Doctrines, which are universally assented to by the whole Club. Not to give him his Head at first. Not to allow him too great Freedoms and Familiarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw Girl, but as a Woman that knows the World. Not to lessen any thing of her former Figure. To celebrate the Generosity, or any other Virtue, of a deceased Husband, which she would recommend to his Successor. To turn away all his old Friends and Servants, that she may have the dear Man to her self. To make him disinherit the undutiful Children of any former Wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of his Affection, 'till he has made over to her all his Goods and Chattels.

After so long a Letter, I am, without more Ceremony,

Your humble Servant, &c.'

No. 562.
[ADDISON.] Friday, July 2.

——*Praesens, absens ut sies.*—Ter.

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a Man to speak of himself, says *Cowley; it grates his own Heart to say any thing of Disparagement, and the Reader's Ears to hear any thing of Praise from him.* Let the Tenour of

of his Discourse be what it will upon this Subject, it generally proceeds from *Vanity*. An ostentatious Man will rather relate a Blunder or an Absurdity he has committed, than be debarred from talking of his own dear Person.

Some very great Writers have been guilty of this Fault. It is observed of *Tully* in particular, that his Works run very much in the First Person, and that he takes all Occasions of doing himself Justice. 'Does he think,' says *Brutus*, 'that his Consulship deserves more Applause than my putting *Cæsar* to Death, because I am not perpetually talking of the Ides of *March*, as he is of the Nones of *December*?' I need not acquaint my learned Reader, that in the Ides of *March Brutus* destroyed *Cæsar*, and that *Cicero* quashed the Conspiracy of *Cataline* in the Calends of *December*. How shocking soever this great Man's talking of himself might have been to his Contemporaries, I must confess I am never better pleased than when he is on this Subject. Such Openings of the Heart give a Man a thorough Insight into his Personal Character, and illustrate several Passages in the History of his Life: Besides, that there is some little Pleasure in discovering the Infirmity of a great Man, and seeing how the Opinion he has of himself agrees with what the World entertains of him.

The Gentlemen of *Port-Royal*, who were more eminent for their Learning and their Humility than any other in *France*, banished the way of speaking in the First Person out of all their Works, as arising from Vain-Glory and Self-Conceit. To shew their particular Aversion to it, they branded this Form of Writing with the Name of an *Egotism*; a Figure not to be found among the ancient Rhetoricians.

The most violent Egotism which I have met with in the Course of my Reading, is that of Cardinal *Woolsey*, *Ego & Rex meus, I and my King*; as perhaps the most eminent Egotist that ever appeared in the World, was *Montagne* the Author of the celebrated Essays. This lively old *Gascon* has woven all his bodily Infirmities into his Works, and after having spoken of the Faults or Virtues of any other Man, immediately publishes to the

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the World how it stands with himself in that Particular. Had he kept his own Counsel he might have passed for a much better Man, tho' perhaps he would not have been so diverting an Author. The Title of an Essay promises perhaps a Discourse upon *Virgil* or *Julius Cæsar*; but when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon Monsieur *Montagne* than of either of them. The younger *Scaliger*, who seems to have been no great Friend to this Author, after having acquainted the World that his Father sold Herrings, adds these Words; *La grande fadaise de Montagne, qui a écrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin blanc——que diable a-t-on à faire de sçavoir ce qu'il aime? For my Part*, says *Montagne, I am a great Lover of your White Wines——What the Devil signifies it to the Publick*, says *Scaliger, whether he is a Lover of White Wines or of Red Wines?*

I cannot here forbear mentioning a Tribe of Egotists for whom I have always had a mortal Aversion, I mean the Authors of Memoirs, who are never mentioned in any Works but their own, and who raise all their Productions out of this single Figure of Speech.

Most of our modern Prefaces savour very strongly of the Egotism. Every insignificant Author fancies it of Importance to the World, to know that he writ his Book in the Country, that he did it to pass away some of his idle Hours, that it was published at the Importunity of Friends, or that his natural Temper, Studies or Conversations, directed him to the Choice of his Subject.

—— *Id populuscurat scilicet.*

Such Informations cannot but be highly improving to the Reader.

In Works of Humour, especially when a Man writes under a fictitious Personage, the talking of one's self may give some Diversion to the Publick; but I would advise every other Writer never to speak of himself, unless there be something very considerable in his Character: Tho' I am sensible this Rule will be of little Use in the World, because there is no Man who fancies his Thoughts worth

worth publishing, that does not look upon himself as a considerable Person.

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I shall close this Paper with a Remark upon such as are Egotists in Conversation; These are generally the vain or shallow Part of Mankind, People being naturally full of themselves when they have nothing else in them. There is one kind of Egotists which is very common in the World, tho' I do not remember that any Writer has taken Notice of them; I mean those empty conceited Fellows, who repeat as Sayings of their own, or some of their particular Friends, several Jests which were made before they were born, and which every one who has conversed in the World has heard a hundred times over. A forward young Fellow of my Acquaintance was very guilty of this Absurdity: He would be always laying a new Scene for some old Piece of Wit, and telling us, That as he and *Jack* such-a-one were together, one or t'other of them had such a Conceit on such an Occasion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the Company did not join with him. When his Mirth was over, I have often reprehended him out of *Terence, Tuumne, obsecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi.* But finding him still incorrigible, and having a Kindness for the young Coxcomb, who was otherwise a good-natured Fellow, I recommended to his Perusal the *Oxford* and *Cambridge* Jests, with several little Pieces of Pleasantry of the same Nature. Upon the reading of them, he was under no small Confusion to find that all his Jokes had passed through several Editions, and that what he thought was a new Conceit, and had appropriated to his own Use, had appeared in Print before he or his ingenious Friends were ever heard of. This had so good an Effect upon him, that he is content at present to pass for a Man of plain Sense in his ordinary Conversation, and is never facetious but when he knows his Company.

No. 563. Monday, July 5, 1714.

No. 563.

Monday, July 5.

——— *Magni nominis umbra.* - Lucan.

I SHALL entertain my Reader with two very curious Letters. The first of them comes from a chimerical Person, who I believe never writ to any Body before.

'*Sir,*

I am descended from the ancient Family of the *Blanks*, a Name well known among all Men of Business. It is always read in those little white Spaces of Writing which want to be filled up, and which for that Reason are called *blank* Spaces, as of Right appertaining to our Family: For I consider my self as the Lord of a Manor, who lays his Claim to all Wastes or Spots of Ground that are unappropriated. I am a near Kinsman to *John a Styles* and *John a Nokes*; and they, I am told, came in with the Conqueror. I am mentioned oftener in both Houses of Parliament than any other Person in *Great Britain*. My Name is written, or more properly speaking, not written, thus, . I am one that can turn my Hand to every thing, and appear under any Shape whatsoever. I can make my self Man, Woman, or Child. I am sometimes metamorphosed into a Year of our Lord, a Day of the Month, or an Hour of the Day. I very often represent a Sum of Money, and am generally the first Subsidy that is granted to the Crown. I have now and then supplied the Place of several Thousands of Land Soldiers, and have as frequently been employed in the Sea Service.

Now, Sir, my Complaint is this, That I am only made use of to serve a Turn, being always discarded as soon as a proper Person is found out to fill up my Place.

If you have ever been in the Play-house before the Curtain rises, you see most of the front Boxes filled with Men of my Family, who forthwith turn out, and resign their Stations upon the Appearance of those for whom they are retained.

But the most illustrious Branch of the *Blanks* are those who are planted in high Posts, 'till such time as Persons

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Persons of greater Consequence can be found out to supply them. One of these *Blanks* is equally qualified for all Offices; he can serve in time of Need for a Soldier, a Politician, a Lawyer, or what you please. I have known in my Time many a Brother *Blank* that has been born under a lucky Planet, heap up great Riches, and swell into a Man of Figure and Importance, before the Grandees of his Party could agree among themselves which of them should step into his Place: Nay, I have known a *Blank* continue so long in one of these vacant Posts (for such it is to be reckoned all the Time a *Blank* is in it), that he has grown too formidable and dangerous to be removed.

But to return to my self. Since I am so very commodious a Person, and so very necessary in all well-regulated Governments, I desire you will take my Case into Consideration, that I may be no longer made a Tool of, and only employed to stop a Gap. Such Usage, without a Pun, makes me look very blank. For all which Reasons I humbly recommend my self to your Protection, and am

Your most obedient Servant,
Blank.

P. S. I herewith send you a Paper, drawn up by a Country-Attorney employed by two Gentlemen, whose Names he was not acquainted with, and who did not think fit to let him into the Secret which they were transacting. I heard him call it a Blank Instrument, and read it after the following Manner. You may see by this single Instance of what Use I am to the busy World.

I T. Blank, *Esq., of* Blank *Town, in the County of* Blank, *do own my self indebted in the Sum of* Blank *to Goodman* Blank, *for the Service he did me in procuring for me the Goods following,* Blank: *And I do hereby promise the said* Blank *to pay unto him the said Sum of* Blank, *on the* Blank *Day of the Month of* Blank *next ensuing, under the Penalty and Forfeiture of* Blank.'

I shall take Time to consider the Case of this my imaginary Correspondent, and in the mean while shall present

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present my Reader with a Letter which seems to come from a Person that is made up of Flesh and Blood.

'*Good Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I am married to a very honest Gentleman that is exceedingly good-natured, and at the same time very cholerick. There is no standing before him when he is in a Passion; but as soon as it is over he is the best-humour'd Creature in the World. When he is angry, he breaks all my China Ware that chances to lie in his Way, and the next Morning sends me in twice as much as he broke the Day before. I may positively say, that he has broke me a Child's Fortune since we were first marry'd together.

As soon as he begins to fret, down goes every thing that is within Reach of his Cane. I once prevailed upon him never to carry a Stick in his Hand, but this saved me nothing; for upon seeing me do something that did not please him, he kick'd down a great Jarr, that cost him above Ten Pound but the Week before. I then laid the Fragments together in a Heap, and gave him his Cane again, desiring him that if he chanced to be in Anger, he would spend his Passion upon the China that was broke to his Hand: But the very next Day upon my giving a wrong Message to one of the Servants, he flew into such a Rage, that he swept down a Dozen Tea-Dishes, which, to my Misfortune, stood very convenient for a Side-Blow.

I then removed all my China into a Room which he never frequents; but I got nothing by this neither, for my Looking-Glasses immediately went to Rack.

In short, Sir, whenever he is in a Passion he is angry at every thing that is brittle; and if on such Occasions he had nothing to vent his Rage upon, I do not know whether my Bones would be in Safety. Let me beg of you, Sir, to let me know whether there be any Cure for this unaccountable Distemper; or if not, that you will be pleased to publish this Letter: For my Husband having a great Veneration for your Writings, will by that Means know you do not approve of his Conduct.

I am,

Your most humble Servant, &c.'

Wednesday

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Wednesday, July 7.

——Adsit
Regula, peccatis quae poenas irroget aequas:
Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.—Hor.

IT is the Work of a Philosopher to be every Day subduing his Passions, and laying aside his Prejudices. I endeavour at least to look upon Men and their Actions only as an impartial Spectator, without any Regard to them as they happen to advance or cross my own private Interest. But while I am thus employed my self, I cannot help observing, how those about me suffer themselves to be blinded by Prejudice and Inclination, how readily they pronounce on every Man's Character, which they can give in two Words, and make him either good for nothing, or qualified for every thing. On the contrary, those who search thoroughly into humane Nature, will find it much more difficult to determine the Value of their Fellow-Creatures, and that Men's Characters, are not thus to be given in general Words. There is indeed no such thing as a Person entirely good or bad; Virtue and Vice are blended and mixed together, in a greater or less Proportion, in every one: and if you would search for some particular good Quality in its most eminent Degree of Perfection, you will often find it in a Mind, where it is darkened and eclipsed by an hundred other irregular Passions.

Men have either no Character at all, says a celebrated Author, or it is that of being inconsistent with themselves. They find it easier to join Extremities, than to be uniform and of a Piece. This is finely illustrated in *Xenophon*'s Life of *Cyrus* the Great. That Author tells us, That *Cyrus* having taken a most beautiful Lady, named *Panthea*, the Wife of *Abradatas*, committed her to the Custody of *Araspas*, a young *Persian* Nobleman, who had a little before maintained in Discourse, That a Mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful Passion. The young Gentleman had not long been in Possession of his fair Captive, when a Complaint was made to *Cyrus*, that he not only sollicited the Lady *Panthea* to receive him in the

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the Room of her absent Husband, but that finding his Entreaties had no Effect, he was preparing to make use of Force. *Cyrus*, who loved the young Man, immediately sent for him, and in a gentle Manner representing to him his Fault, and putting him in mind of his former Assertion, the unhappy Youth, confounded with a quick Sense of his Guilt and Shame, burst out into a Flood of Tears, and spoke as follows.

Oh Cyrus, *I am convinced that I have two Souls. Love has taught me this Piece of Philosophy. If I had but one Soul, it could not at the same time pant after Virtue and Vice, wish and abhor the same thing. It is certain therefore we have two Souls; When the good Soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous Actions; but when the bad Soul predominates, I am forced to do Evil. All I can say at present is, that I find my good Soul, encouraged by your Presence, has got the Better of my bad.*

I know not whether my Readers will allow of this Piece of Philosophy; but if they will not, they must confess we meet with as different Passions in one and the same Soul, as can be supposed in two. We can hardly read the Life of a great Man who lived in former Ages, or converse with any who is eminent among our Contemporaries, that is not an Instance of what I am saying.

But as I have hitherto only argued against the Partiality and Injustice of giving our Judgment upon Men in gross, who are such a Composition of Virtues and Vices, of Good and Evil; I might carry this Reflection still farther, and make it extend to most of their Actions. If, on the one Hand, we fairly weighed every Circumstance, we should frequently find them obliged to do that Action we at first Sight condemn, in order to avoid another we should have been much more displeased with. If on the other Hand we nicely examined such Actions as appear most dazzling to the Eye, we should find most of them either deficient and lame in several Parts, produced by a bad Ambition, or directed to an ill End. The very same Action may sometimes be so oddly circumstanced, that it is difficult to determine whether it ought to be rewarded

or

or punished. Those who compiled the Laws of *England* were so sensible of this, that they have laid it down as one of their first Maxims, *It is better suffering a Mischief, than an Inconvenience*; which is as much as to say in other Words, That since no Law can take in or provide for all Cases, it is better private Men should have some Injustice done them, than that a publick Grievance should not be redressed. This is usually pleaded in Defence of all those Hardships which fall on particular Persons in particular Occasions, which could not be foreseen when a Law was made. To remedy this however as much as possible, the Court of Chancery was erected, which frequently mitigates and breaks the Teeth of the Common Law, in Cases of Men's Properties, while in Criminal Cases there is a Power of pardoning still lodged in the Crown.

Notwithstanding this, it is perhaps impossible in a large Government to distribute Rewards and Punishments strictly proportioned to the Merits of every Action. The *Spartan* Common-wealth was indeed wonderfully exact in this Particular; and I do not remember in all my Reading, to have met with so nice an Example of Justice as that recorded by *Plutarch*, with which I shall close my Paper for this Day.

The City of *Sparta* being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful Army of *Thebans*, was in very great Danger of falling into the Hands of their Enemies. The Citizens suddenly gathering themselves into a Body, fought with a Resolution equal to the Necessity of their Affairs; yet no one so remarkably distinguished himself on this Occasion, to the Amazement of both Armies, as *Isadas* the son of *Phoebidas*, who was at that time in the Bloom of his Youth, and very remarkable for the Comeliness of his Person. He was coming out of the Bath when the Alarm was given, so that he had not time to put on his Cloaths, much less his Armour; however, transported with a Desire to serve his Country in so great an Exigency, snatched up a Spear in one Hand, and a Sword in the other, he flung himself into the thickest Ranks of his Enemies. Nothing could withstand his Fury: In what Part soever he fought he put the Enemies to Flight without

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without receiving a single Wound. Whether, says *Plutarch*, he was the particular Care of some God, who rewarded his Valour that Day with an extraordinary Protection, or that his Enemies, struck with the Unusualness of his Dress and Beauty of his Shape, supposed him something more than Man, I shall not determine.

The Gallantry of this Action was judged so great by the *Spartans*, that the *Ephori*, or chief Magistrates, decreed he should be presented with a Garland; but as soon as they had done so, fined him a thousand Drachmas, for going out to the Battle unarmed.

No. 565.
[ADDISON.] Friday, July 9.

——— - *Deum namque ire per omnes*
Terrasque, tractusque maris, caelumque profundum.—Virg.

I WAS Yesterday about Sun-set walking in the open Fields, 'till the Night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused my self with all the Richness and Variety of Colours, which appeared in the Western Parts of Heaven: In Proportion as they faded away and went out, several Stars and Planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole Firmament was in a Glow. The Blueness of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the Season of the Year, and by the Rays of all those Luminaries that passed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its most beautiful White. To compleat the Scene, the full Moon rose at length in that clouded Majesty, which *Milton* takes Notice of, and opened to the Eye a new Picture of Nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer Lights, than that which the Sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the Moon walking in her Brightness, and taking her Progress among the Constellations, a Thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs Men of serious and contemplative Natures. *David* himself fell into it in that Reflection, *When I consider the Heavens the work of thy Fingers, the Moon and the Stars which thou hast ordained; what is Man, that thou art mindful of him, and the Son*

Son of Man that thou regardest him! In the same manner, when I considered that infinite Host of Stars, or, to speak more Philosophically, of Suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable Sets of Planets or Worlds, which were moving round their respective Suns; when I still enlarged the Idea, and supposed another Heaven of Suns and Worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior Firmament of Luminaries, which are planted at so great a Distance that they may appear to the Inhabitants of the former as the Stars do to us; In short, whilst I pursued this Thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant Figure which I my self bore amidst the Immensity of God's Works. No. 565. Friday, July 9, 1714.

Were the Sun, which enlightens this Part of the Creation, with all the Host of Planetary Worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be miss'd more than a Grain of Sand upon the Sea-shore. The Space they possess is so exceedingly little, in Comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a *Blank* in the Creation. The Chasm would be imperceptible to an Eye, that could take in the whole Compass of Nature, and pass from one End of the Creation to the other, as it is possible there may be such a Sense in our selves hereafter, or in Creatures which are at present more exalted than our selves. We see many Stars by the Help of Glasses, which we do not discover with our naked Eyes; and the finer our Telescopes are, the more still are our Discoveries. *Huygenius* carries this Thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be Stars whose Light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first Creation. There is no Question but the Universe has certain Bounds set to it; but when we consider that is the Work of infinite Power, prompted by infinite Goodness, with an infinite Space to exert it self in, how can our Imagination set any Bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first Thought, I could not but look upon my self with secret Horror as a Being, that was not worth the smallest Regard of one who had so great a Work under his Care and Superintendency. I

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was afraid of being overlooked amidst the Immensity of Nature, and lost among that infinite Variety of Creatures, which in all Probability swarm through all these immeasurable Regions of Matter.

In order to recover my self from this mortifying Thought I considered that it took its Rise from those narrow Conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We our selves cannot attend to many different Objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some Things, we must of Course neglect others. This Imperfection which we observe in our selves, is an Imperfection that cleaves in some Degree to Creatures of the highest Capacities, as they are Creatures, that is, Beings of finite and limited Natures. The Presence of every created Being is confined to a certain Measure of Space, and consequently his Observation is stinted to a certain Number of Objects. The Sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider Circumference, to one Creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the Scale of Existence. But the widest of these our Spheres has its Circumference. When therefore we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this Imperfection in our selves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to him, in whom there is no Shadow of Imperfection. Our Reason indeed assures us, that his Attributes are infinite, but the Poorness of our Conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting Bounds to every thing it contemplates, 'till our Reason comes again to our Succour, and throws down all those little Prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the Mind of Man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy Thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the Multiplicity of his Works, and the Infinity of those Objects among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is Omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is Omniscient.

If we consider him in his Omnipresence: His Being passes through, actuates and supports the whole Frame of Nature. His Creation, and every Part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant

distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His Substance is within the Substance of every Being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that Being is to it self. It would be an Imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one Place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any Part of that Space which is diffused and spread abroad to Infinity. In short, to speak of him in the Language of the old Philosopher, he is a Being whose Centre is every where, and his Circumference no where.

In the second Place, he is Omniscient as well as Omnipresent. His Omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his Omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every Motion that arises in the whole material World, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every Thought that is stirring in the intellectual World, to every Part of which he is thus intimately united. Several Moralists have considered the Creation as the Temple of God, which he has built with his own Hands, and which is filled with his Presence. Others have considered infinite Space as the Receptacle, or rather the Habitation of the Almighty: But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite Space is that of Sir *Isaac Newton*, who calls it the *Sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and Men have their *Sensoriola*, or little *Sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the Presence, and perceive the Actions of a few Objects that lie contiguous to them. Their Knowledge and Observation turn within a very narrow Circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, Infinite Space gives Room to infinite Knowledge, and is, as it were, an Organ to Omniscience.

Were the Soul separate from the Body, and with one Glance of Thought should start beyond the Bounds of the Creation, should it for Millions of Years continue its Progress through infinite Space with the same Activity, it would still find it self within the Embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the Immensity of the Godhead. Whilst we are in the Body he is not less present with

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with us, because he is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find him!* says *Job. Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.* In short, Reason as well as Revelation assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this Consideration of God Almighty's Omnipresence and Omniscience, every uncomfortable Thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has Being, especially such of his Creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their Thoughts, and to that Anxiety of Heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this Occasion; For, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his Creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an Eye of Mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his Notice, and in an unfeigned Humility of Heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

No. 566.

Monday, July 12.

Militiae species amor est. Ovid.

AS my Correspondents begin to grow pretty numerous, I think my self obliged to take some Notice of them, and shall therefore make this Paper a Miscellany of Letters. I have, since my reassuming the Office of SPECTATOR, received abundance of Epistles from Gentlemen of the Blade, who, I find, have been so used to Action that they know not how to lie still. They seem generally to be of Opinion, that the Fair at home ought to reward them for their Services abroad, and that, till the Cause of their Country calls them again into the Field, they have a sort of Right to quarter themselves upon the Ladies. In order to favour their Approaches, I am desired by some to enlarge upon the Accomplishments of their Profession, and by others to give them my Advice in the carrying on of their Attacks. But let us hear what the Gentlemen say for themselves.

'*Mr.*

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'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

Tho' it may look somewhat perverse amidst the Arts of Peace, to talk too much of War, it is but Gratitude to pay the last Office to its *Manes*, since even Peace it self is, in some Measure, obliged to it for its Being.

You have, in your former Papers, always recommended the Accomplished to the Favour of the Fair; and, I hope, you will allow me to represent some Part of a Military Life not altogether unnecessary to the forming a Gentleman. I need not tell you that in *France*, whose Fashions we have been formerly so fond of, almost every one derives his Pretences to Merit from the Sword; and that a Man has scarce the Face to make his Court to a Lady, without some Credentials from the Service to recommend him. As the Profession is very ancient, we have Reason to think some of the greatest Men, among the old *Romans*, derived many of their Virtues from it, their Commanders being frequently, in other Respects, some of the most shining Characters of the Age.

The Army not only gives a Man Opportunities of exercising those two great Virtues *Patience* and *Courage*, but often produces them in Minds where they had scarce any Footing before. I must add, that it is one of the best Schools in the World to receive a general Notion of Mankind in, and a certain Freedom of Behaviour, which is not so easily acquired in any other Place. At the same time I must own, that some Military Airs are pretty extraordinary, and that a Man who goes into the Army a Coxcomb, will come out of it a sort of publick Nuisance; But a Man of Sense, or one who before had not been sufficiently used to a mixed Conversation, generally takes the true Turn. The Court has in all Ages been allowed to be the Standard of Good-breeding; and I believe there is not a juster Observation in Monsieur *Rochefoucault*, than that *A Man who has been bred up wholly to Business, can never get the Air of a Courtier at Court, but will immediately catch it in the Camp.* The Reason of this most certainly is, that the very Essence of Good-breeding and Politeness consists in several Niceties, which

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which are so minute that they escape his Observation, and he falls short of the Original he would copy after; but when he sees the same things charged and aggravated to a Fault, he no sooner endeavours to come up to the Pattern which is set before him, than, tho' he stops somewhat short of that, he naturally rests where in Reality he ought. I was, two or three Days ago, mightily pleased with the Observation of an humorous Gentleman upon one of his Friends, who was in other Respects every way an accomplished Person, That *he wanted nothing but a Dash of the Coxcomb in him*; by which he understood a little of that Alertness and Unconcern in the common Actions of Life, which is usually so visible among Gentlemen of the Army, and which a Campaign or two would infallibly have given him.

You will easily guess, Sir, by this my Panegyrick upon a Military Education, that I am my self a Soldier, and indeed I am so. I remember, within three Years after I had been in the Army, I was ordered into the Country a Recruiting. I had very particular Success in this Part of the Service, and was over and above assured, at my going away, that I might have taken a young Lady, who was the most considerable Fortune in the Country, along with me. I preferred the Pursuit of Fame at that time to all other Considerations, and tho' I was not absolutely bent on a wooden Leg, resolved at least to get a Scar or two for the Good of *Europe*. I have at present as much as I desire of this sort of Honour, and if you could recommend me effectually, should be well enough contented to pass the Remainder of my Days in the Arms of some dear kind Creature, and upon a pretty Estate in the Country. This, as I take it, would be following the Example of *Lucius Cincinnatus*, the old *Roman* Dictator, who at the End of a War left the Camp to follow the Plow. I am, Sir, with all imaginable Respect,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

Will Warly.'

'*Mr.*

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'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I am an Half-pay Officer, and am at present with a Friend in the Country. Here is a rich Widow in the Neighbourhood, who has made Fools of all the Fox-hunters within fifty Miles of her. She declares she intends to marry, but has not yet been asked by the Man she could like. She usually admits her humble Admirers to an Audience or two, but, after she has once given them Denial, will never see them more. I am assured by a Female Relation, that I shall have fair Play at her; but as my whole Success depends on my first Approaches, I desire your Advice, whether I had best *Storm*, or proceed by way of *Sap*.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

P. S. I had forgot to tell you, that I have already carried one of her Out-works, that is, secured her Maid.'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I have assisted in several Sieges in the *Low Countries*, and being still willing to employ my Talents, as a Soldier and Engineer, lay down this Morning at Seven a Clock before the Door of an obstinate Female, who had for some time refused me Admittance. I made a Lodgment in an outer Parlour about Twelve: The Enemy retired to her Bed-Chamber, yet I still pursued, and about Two a Clock this Afternoon she thought fit to Capitulate. Her Demands are indeed somewhat high, in relation to the Settlement of her Fortune. But being in Possession of the House, I intend to insist upon *Carte Blanche*, and am in hopes, by keeping off all other Pretenders for the Space of twenty four Hours, to starve her into a Compliance. I beg your speedy Advice, and am,

Sir, Yours,

Peter Push.

From my Camp in *Red-Lion* Square, *Saturday* 1 in the Afternoon.'

Wednesday

No. 567. Wednesday, July 14, 1714.

No. 567.
[ADDISON.] Wednesday, July 14.

Inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.—Virg.

I HAVE received private Advice from some of my Correspondents, that if I would give my Paper a general Run, I should take Care to season it with Scandal. I have indeed observed of late, that few Writings sell which are not filled with great Names and illustrious Titles. The Reader generally casts his Eye upon a new Book, and if he finds several Letters separated from one another by a Dash, he buys it up, and peruses it with great Satisfaction. An *M* and an *h*, a *T* and an *r*, with a short Line between them, has sold many an insipid Pamphlet. Nay, I have known a whole Edition go off by Vertue of two or three well written &c——'s.

A sprinkling of the Words *Faction*, *Frenchman*, *Papist*, *Plunderer*, and the like significant Terms, in an Italick Character, have also a very good Effect upon the Eye of the Purchaser; not to mention *Scribler*, *Liar*, *Rogue*, *Rascal*, *Knave*, and *Villain*, without which it is impossible to carry on a Modern Controversie.

Our Party-writers are so sensible of the secret Virtue of an Inuendo to recommend their Productions, that of late they never mention the Q——n or P--- -t at length, though they speak of them with Honour, and with that Deference which is due to them from every private Person. It gives a secret Satisfaction to a Peruser of these mysterious Works, that he is able to decipher them without Help, and, by the Strength of his own natural Parts, to fill up a Blank Space, or make out a Word that has only the first or last Letter to it.

Some of our Authors indeed, when they would be more Satyrical than ordinary, omit only the Vowels of a great Man's Name, and fall most unmercifully upon all the Consonants. This way of writing was first of all introduced by *Tom Brown* of facetious Memory who, after having gutted a Proper Name of all its intermediate Vowels, used to plant it in his Works, and make as free with it as he pleased, without any Danger of the Statute.

That

That I may imitate these celebrated Authors, and publish a Paper which shall be more taking than ordinary, I have here drawn up a very curious Libel, in which a Reader of Penetration will find a great deal of concealed Satyr, and if he be acquainted with the present Posture of Affairs, will easily discover the Meaning of it. No. 567. Wednesday, July 14, 1714.

'If there are *four* Persons in the Nation who endeavour to bring all things into Confusion, and ruin their native Country, I think every honest *Englishman* ought to be upon his Guard. That there are such every one will agree with me, who hears me name *** with his first Friend and Favourite ***, not to mention *** nor ***. These People may cry Church, Church, as long as they please, but, to make use of a homely Proverb, the Proof of the Pudding is in the eating. This I am sure of, that if a *certain Prince* should concur with a *certain Prelate*, (and we have Monsieur *Z*--*n*'s Word for it) our Posterity would be in a sweet Pickle. Must the *British* Nation suffer forsooth, because my Lady *Q*—*p*—*t*--*s* has been disobliged? Or is it reasonable that our *English* Fleet, which used to be the Terror of the Ocean, should lie Windbound for the sake of a ——. I love to speak out and declare my Mind clearly, when I am talking for the Good of my Country. I will not make my Court to an ill Man, though he were a *B*——*y* or a *T*--*t*. Nay, I would not stick to call so wretched a Politician, a Traitor, an Enemy to his Country, and a Blunderbuss, *&c. &c.*'

The remaining Part of this political Treatise, which is written after the manner of the most celebrated Authors in *Great Britain*, I may communicate to the Publick at a more convenient Season. In the mean while I shall leave this with my curious Reader, as some ingenious Writers do their Enigmas, and if any sagacious Person can fairly unriddle it, I will print his Explanation, and, if he pleases, acquaint the World with his Name.

I hope this short Essay will convince my Readers, it is not for want of Abilities that I avoid Statetracts, and that if I would apply my Mind to it, I might in a little time be as great a Master of the Political Scratch as any the most eminent Writer of the Age. I shall only

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add, that in order to outshine all the Modern Race of *Syncopists*, and thoroughly content my *English* Readers, I intend shortly to publish a SPECTATOR, that shall not have a single Vowel in it.

No. 568.

[ADDISON.] Friday, July 16

——— *Cum recitas, incipit esse tuus.*—Mart.

I WAS Yesterday in a Coffee-House not far from the *Royal Exchange*, where I observed three Persons in close Conference over a Pipe of Tobacco; upon which, having filled one for my own Use, I lighted it at the little Wax Candle that stood before them; and after having thrown in two or three Whiffs amongst them, sat down and made one of the Company. I need not tell my Reader, that lighting a Man's Pipe at the same Candle, is looked upon among Brother-smoakers as an Overture to Conversation and Friendship. As we here lay our Heads together in a very amicable Manner, being intrenched under a Cloud of our own raising, I took up the last SPECTATOR, and casting my Eye over it, *The* SPECTATOR, says I, *is very witty to Day*; upon which a lusty lethargick old Gentlemen, who sat at the Upper-end of the Table, having gradually blown out of his Mouth a great deal of Smoak, which he had been collecting for some time before, *Ay*, says he, *more witty than wise I am afraid.* His Neighbour, who sat at his right Hand, immediately coloured, and being an angry Politician, laid down his Pipe with so much Wrath that he broke it in the Middle, and by that Means furnished me with a Tobacco-stopper. I took it up very sedately, and looking him full in the Face, made use of it from time to time all the while he was speaking: *This Fellow*, says he, *can't for his Life keep out of Politicks. Do you see how he abuses* four *great Men here?* I fix'd my Eye very attentively on the Paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by Asterisks. *Asterisks*, says he, *do you call them? They are all of them Stars. He might as well have put Garters to 'em. Then pray do but mind the two or three next Lines! Church and Padding*

Pudding in the same Sentence! Our Clergy are very much beholden to him. Upon this the third Gentleman, who was of a mild Disposition, and, as I found, a Whig in his Heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the SPECTATOR neither; *For,* says he, *you find he is very cautious of giving Offence, and has therefore put two Dashes into his Pudding. A Fig for his Dash,* says the angry Politician. *In his next Sentence he gives a plain Inuendo, that our Posterity will be in a sweet Pickle. What does the Fool mean by his Pickle? Why does he not write at length if he means honestly? I have read over the whole Sentence,* says I; *but I look upon the Parenthesis in the Belly of it to be the most dangerous Part, and as full of Insinuations as it can hold. But who,* says I, *is my Lady* Q—p—t—s? *Ay, Answer that if you can, Sir,* says the furious Statesman to the poor Whig that sat over-against him. But without giving him Time to reply, *I do assure you,* says he, *were I my Lady* Q—p—t—s, *I would sue him for* Scandalum Magnatum. *What is the World come to? Must every Body be allowed to———?* He had by this time filled a new Pipe, and applying it to his Lips, when we expected the last Word of his Sentence, put us off with a Whiff of Tobacco; which he redoubled with so much Rage and Trepidation, that he almost stifled the whole Company. After a short Pause, I owned that I thought the SPECTATOR had gone too far in writing so many letters of my Lady *Q—p—t—s's* Name; *but however,* says I, *he has made a little Amends for it in his next Sentence, where he leaves a blank Space without so much as a Consonant to direct us! I mean,* says I, *after those Words,* The Fleet, that used to be the Terrour of the Ocean, should be Wind-bound for the sake of a ——; *after which ensues a Chasm, that, in my Opinion, looks modest enough. Sir,* says my Antagonist, *you may easily know his Meaning by his Gaping; I suppose he designs his Chasm, as you call it, for an Hole to creep out at, but I believe it will hardly serve his Turn. Who can endure to see the great Officers of State, the* B——y's and T——t's *treated after so scurrilous a Manner? I can't for my Life,* says I, *imagine who they are the* SPECTATOR *means? No!*

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No! says he,---*Your humble Servant, Sir!* Upon which he flung himself back in his Chair after a contemptuous Manner, and smiled upon the old lethargick Gentleman on his left Hand, who I found was his great Admirer. The Whig however had begun to conceive a Good-will towards me, and seeing my Pipe out, very generously offered me the Use of his Box; but I declined it with great Civility, being obliged to meet a Friend about that Time in another Quarter of the City.

At my leaving the Coffee-house, I could not forbear reflecting with my self upon that gross Tribe of Fools who may be termed the *Over-wise*, and upon the Difficulty of writing any thing in this censorious Age, which a weak Head may not construe into private Satyr and personal Reflection.

A Man who has a good Nose at an Inuendo, smells Treason and Sedition in the most innocent Words that can be put together, and never sees a Vice or Folly stigmatized, but finds out one or other of his Acquaintance pointed at by the Writer. I remember an empty pragmatical Fellow in the Country, who upon reading over *the whole Duty of Man*, had written the Names of several Persons in the Village at the Side of every Sin which is mentioned by that excellent Author; so that he had converted one of the best Books in the World into a Libel against the 'Squire, Church-wardens, Overseers of the Poor, and all other the most considerable Persons in the Parish. This Book with these extraordinary marginal Notes fell accidentally into the Hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a current Report that Some body had written a Book against the 'Squire and the whole Parish. The Minister of the Place having at that Time a Controversy with some of his Congregation upon the Account of his Tythes, was under some Suspicion of being the Author, 'till the good Man set his People right, by shewing them that the satyrical Passages might be applied to several others of two or three neighbouring Villages, and that the Book was writ against all the Sinners in *England*.

Monday

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[ADDISON.]

Monday, July 19.

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Reges dicuntur multis urgere cululis
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,
An sit amicitia dignus.— —Hor.

NO Vices are so incurable as those which Men are apt to glory in. One would wonder how Drunkenness should have the good Luck to be of this Number. *Anacharsis*, being invited to a Match of Drinking at *Corinth*, demanded the Prize very humorously, because he was drunk before any of the rest of the Company; for, says he, when we run a Race, he who arrives at the Goal first is entitled to the Reward: On the contrary, in this thirsty Generation the Honour falls upon him who carries off the greatest Quantity of Liquor, and knocks down the rest of the Company. I was the other Day with honest *Will. Funnell* the *West Saxon*, who was reckoning up how much Liquor had past through him in the last twenty Years of his Life, which, according to his Computation, amounted to twenty three Hogsheads of October, four Ton of Port, Half a Kilderkin of small Beer, nineteen Barrels of Cider, and three Glasses of Champaign; besides which, he had assisted at four hundred Bowls of Punch, not to mention Sips, Drams, and Whets without Number. I question not but every Reader's Memory will suggest to him several ambitious young Men, who are as vain in this Particular as *Will. Funnell*, and can boast of as glorious Exploits.

Our modern Philosophers observe, that there is a general Decay of Moisture in the Globe of the Earth. This they chiefly ascribe to the Growth of Vegetables, which incorporate into their own Substance many fluid Bodies that never return again to their former Nature: But, with Submission, they ought to throw into their Account those innumerable rational Beings which fetch their Nourishment chiefly out of Liquids; especially when we consider that Men, compared with their Fellow-Creatures, drink much more than comes to their Share.

But however highly this Tribe of People may think of themselves, a drunken Man is a greater Monster than any

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any that is to be found among all the Creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no Character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the Eyes of all reasonable Persons, than that of a Drunkard. *Bonosus*, one of our own Countrymen, who was addicted to this Vice, having set up for a Share in the *Roman* Empire, and being defeated in a great Battle, hang'd himself. When he was seen by the Army in this melancholy Situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common Jest was, That the Thing they saw hanging upon the Tree before them, was not a Man but a Bottle.

This Vice has very fatal Effects on the Mind, the Body, and Fortune of the Person who is devoted to it.

In regard to the Mind, it first of all discovers every Flaw in it. The sober Man, by the Strength of Reason, may keep under and subdue every Vice or Folly to which he is most inclined; but Wine makes every latent Seed sprout up in the Soul, and shew it self; it gives Fury to the Passions, and Force to those Objects which are apt to produce them. When a young Fellow complained to an old Philosopher that his Wife was not handsome, Put less Water in your Wine, says the Philosopher, and you'll quickly make her so. Wine heightens Indifference into Love, Love into Jealousie, and Jealousie into Madness. It often turns the Good-natured Man into an Ideot, and the Cholerick into an Assassin. It gives Bitterness to Resentment, it makes Vanity insupportable, and displays every little Spot of the Soul in its utmost Deformity.

Nor does this Vice only betray the hidden Faults of a Man, and shew them in the most odious Colours, but often occasions Faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of Turn than of Truth in a Saying of *Seneca*, That Drunkenness does not produce but discover Faults. Common Experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a Man out of himself, and infuses Qualities into the Mind, which she is a Stranger to in her sober Moments. The Person you converse with, after the third Bottle, is not the same Man who at first sat down at Table with you. Upon this Maxim

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is founded one of the prettiest Sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed to *Publius Syrus, Qui ebrium ludificat lædit absentem; He who jests upon a Man that is drunk, injures the Absent.* No. 569. Monday, July 19, 1714.

Thus does Drunkenness act in direct Contradiction to Reason, whose Business it is to clear the Mind of every Vice which is crept into it, and to guard it against all the Approaches of any that endeavours to make its Entrance. But besides these ill Effects which this Vice produces in the Person who is actually under its Dominion, it has also a bad Influence on the Mind even in its sober Moments; as it insensibly weakens the Understanding, impairs the Memory, and makes those Faults habitual which are produced by frequent Excesses.

I should now proceed to shew the ill Effects which this Vice has on the Bodies and Fortunes of Men; but these I shall reserve for the Subject of some future Paper.

No. 570.

Wednesday, July 21.

———*Nugaeque canorae.* Hor.

THERE is scarce a Man living who is not actuated by Ambition. When this Principle meets with an honest Mind and great Abilities, it does infinite Service to the World; on the contrary, when a Man only thinks of distinguishing himself, without being thus qualified for it, he becomes a very pernicious or a very ridiculous Creature. I shall here confine my self to that petty kind of Ambition, by which some Men grow eminent for odd Accomplishments and trivial Performances. How many are there whose whole Reputation depends upon a Punn or a Quibble? You may often see an Artist in the Streets gain a Circle of Admirers, by carrying a long Pole upon his Chin or Forehead in a perpendicular Posture. Ambition has taught some to write with their Feet, and others to walk upon their Hands. Some *tumble* into Fame, others grow immortal by throwing themselves through a Hoop.

Cætera de genere hoc adeo sunt multa, loquaces,
Delassare valent Fabium———

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I am led into this Train of Thought by an Adventure I lately met with.

I was the other Day at a Tavern, where the Master of the House accommodating us himself with every thing we wanted, I accidentally fell into a Discourse with him; and talking of a certain great Man, who shall be nameless, he told me, That he had sometimes the Honour *to treat him with a Whistle*; (adding by the way of Parenthesis) *For you must know, Gentlemen, that I whistle the best of any Man in* Europe. This naturally put me upon desiring him to give us a sample of his Art; upon which he called for a Case-Knife, and applying the Edge of it to his Mouth, converted it into a musical Instrument, and entertained me with an *Italian* Solo. Upon laying down the Knife, he took up a Pair of clean Tobacco-Pipes; and after having slid the small End of them over the Table in a most melodious Trill, he fetched a Tune out of them, whistling to them at the same time in Consort. In short, the Tobacco-Pipes became *Musical Pipes* in the Hands of our Virtuoso; who confessed to me ingenuously, he had broke such Quantities of them, that he had almost broke himself, before he had brought this Piece of Musick to any tolerable Perfection. I then told him I would bring a Company of Friends to dine with him the next Week, as an Encouragement to his Ingenuity; upon which he thanked me, saying, That he would provide himself with a new Frying-Pan against that Day. I replied, That it was no Matter; Roast and Boiled would serve our Turn. He smiled at my Simplicity, and told me, That it was his Design to give us a Tune upon it. As I was surprised at such a Promise, he sent for an old Frying-Pan, and grating it upon the Board, whistled to it in such a melodious Manner, that you could scarce distinguish it from a Base-Viol. He then took his Seat with us at the Table, and hearing my Friend that was with me humm over a Tune to himself, he told him if he would sing out he would accompany his Voice with a Tobacco-Pipe. As my Friend has an agreeable Base, he chose rather to sing to the Frying-Pan; and indeed between them they made up a most extraordinary Consort. Finding

Finding our Landlord so great a Proficient in Kitchen-Musick, I asked him if he was Master of the Tongs and Key. He told me that he had laid it down some Years since, as a little unfashionable; but that if I pleased he would give me a Lesson upon the Gridiron. He then informed me that he had added two Bars to the Gridiron, in order to give it a greater Compass of Sound; and I perceived was as well pleased with the Invention, as *Sappho* could have been upon adding two Strings to the Lute. To be short, I found that his whole Kitchen was furnished with musical Instruments; and could not but look upon this Artist as a kind of Burlesque Musician. No. 570 Wednesday, July 21, 1714.

He afterwards of his own Accord fell into the Imitation of several Singing-Birds. My Friend and I toasted our Mistresses to the Nightingale, when all of a sudden we were surprised with the Musick of the Thrush. He next proceeded to the Sky-Lark, mounting up by a proper Scale of Notes, and afterwards falling to the Ground with a very easie and regular Descent. He then contracted his Whistle to the Voice of several Birds of the smallest Size. As he is a Man of a larger Bulk and higher Stature than ordinary, you would fancy him a Giant when you look'd upon him, and a Tom-Tit when you shut your Eyes. I must not omit acquainting my Reader, that this accomplished Person was formerly the Master of a Toy-shop near *Temple-Bar*; and that the famous *Charles Mathers* was bred up under him. I am told that the Misfortunes which he has met with in the World, are chiefly owing to his great Application to his Musick; and therefore cannot but recommend him to my Readers as one who deserves their Favour, and may afford them great Diversion over a Bottle of Wine, which he sells at the Queen's Arms, near the End of the little Piazza in *Covent-Garden*.

No. 571.
[ADDISON.] Friday, July 23.

——Caelum quid quaerimus ultra?—Luc.

AS the Work, I have engaged in, will not only consist of Papers of Humour and Learning, but of several Essays Moral and Divine, I shall publish the following

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following one, which is founded on a former SPECTATOR, and sent me by a particular Friend, not questioning but it will please such of my Readers as think it no Disparagement to their Understandings to give way sometimes to a serious Thought.

'*Sir*,

In your Paper of *Friday* the 9th Instant, you had Occasion to consider the Ubiquity of the Godhead, and, at the same time, to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the Modes and Parts of its Existence; or, in other Words, that his Omniscience and Omnipresence are coexistent, and run together through the whole Infinitude of Space. This Consideration might furnish us with many Incentives to Devotion and Motives to Morality, but as this Subject has been handled by several excellent Writers, I shall consider it in a Light wherein I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being who is thus present with his Maker, but, at the same time, receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Presence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who feels no other Effects from this his Presence but such as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's Presence from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kindness!

First, How disconsolate is the Condition of an intellectual Being, who is thus present with his Maker, but, at the same time, receives no extraordinary Benefit or Advantage from this his Presence! Every Particle of Matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The Heavens and the Earth, the Stars and Planets, move and gravitate by Vertue of this great Principle within them. All the dead Parts of Nature are invigorated by the Presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective Qualities. The several

several Instincts, in the brute Creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several Ends which are agreeable to them by this Divine Energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his Presence, receives none of those Advantages from it, which are perfective of his Nature and necessary to his Well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no Advantage to him. It is the same thing to a Man without Religion, as if there were no God in the World. It is indeed impossible for an infinite Being to remove himself from any of his Creatures, but tho' he cannot withdraw his Essence from us, which would argue an Imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the Joys and Consolations of it. His Presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our Existence; but he may leave this our Existence to it self, with regard to its Happiness or Misery. For, in this Sense, he may cast us away from his Presence, and take his holy Spirit from us. This single Consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our Hearts to all those Infusions of Joy and Gladness which are so near at Hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, *Secondly*, The deplorable Condition of an intellectual Being who feels no other Effects from his Maker's Presence, but such as proceed from Divine Wrath and Indignation!

We may assure our selves, that the great Author of Nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to any of his Creatures. Those who will not feel him in his Love, will be sure at length to feel him in his Displeasure. And how dreadful is the Condition of that Creature, who is only sensible of the Being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in Hell as in Heaven, but the Inhabitants of those accursed Places behold him only in his Wrath, and shrink within their Flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the Power of Imagination to conceive the fearful Effects of Omnipotence incensed.

But I shall only consider the Wretchedness of an intellectual Being, who, in this Life, lies under the Displeasure of him, that at all Times and in all Places is intimately

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intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the Soul, and vex it in all its Faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest Comforts of Life from refreshing us, and give an Edge to every one of its slightest Calamities. Who then can bear the Thought of being an Out-cast from his Presence, that is, from the Comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its Terrors? How pathetick is that Expostulation of *Job*, when, for the Trial of his Patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! *Why hast thou set me as a Mark against thee, so that I am become a Burden to my self?* But, *Thirdly*, how happy is the Condition of that intellectual Being, who is sensible of his Maker's Presence from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Loving-kindness!

The Blessed in Heaven behold him Face to Face, that is, are as sensible of his Presence as we are of the Presence of any Person whom we look upon with our Eyes. There is doubtless a Faculty in Spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our Senses do material Objects; and there is no Question but our Souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified Bodies, will by this Faculty, in whatever Part of Space they reside, be always *sensible* of the Divine Presence. We, who have this Veil of Flesh standing between us and the World of Spirits, must be content to know that the Spirit of God is present with us, by the Effects which he produceth in us. Our outward Senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his Influence upon our Minds, by those virtuous Thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret Comforts and Refreshments which he conveys into our Souls, and by those ravishing Joys and inward Satisfactions, which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the Thoughts of good Men. He is lodged in our very Essence, and is as a Soul within the Soul to irradiate its Understanding, rectifie its Will, purifie its Passions, and enliven all the Powers of Man. How happy therefore is an Intellectual Being, who, by Prayer and Meditation, by Virtue and good Works, opens this Communication between God and his own Soul! Tho' the whole Creation frowns upon him

him, and all Nature looks black about him, he has his Light and Support within him, that are able to cheer his Mind, and bear him up in the Midst of all those Horrors which encompass him. He knows that his Helper is at Hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the Midst of Calumny or Contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his Soul, and whom he looks upon as his Defender, his Glory, and the Lifter up of his Head. In his deepest Solitude and Retirement, he knows that he is in Company with the greatest of Beings; and perceives within himself such real Sensations of his Presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the Conversation of his Creatures. Even in the Hour of Death, he considers the Pains of his Dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that Partition, which stands betwixt his Soul, and the Sight of that Being, who is always present with him, and is about to manifest it self to him in Fulness of Joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's Presence, from the secret Effects of his Mercy and Goodness, we must keep such a Watch over all our Thoughts, that, in the Language of the Scripture, his Soul may have Pleasure in us. We must take Care not to grieve his holy Spirit, and endeavour to make the Meditations of our Hearts always acceptable in his Sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The Light of Nature could direct *Seneca* to this Doctrine, in a very remarkable Passage among his Epistles; *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus bonorum malorumque custos, & Observator, & quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita & ille nos.* There is a holy Spirit residing in us, who watches and observes both good and evil Men, and will treat us after the same Manner that we treat him. But I shall conclude this Discourse with those more emphatical Words in Divine Revelation, *If a Man love me, he will keep my Word, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our Abode with him.'*

Monday

No. 572. Monday, July 26, 1714.

No. 572.

Monday, July 26.

Quod medicorum est
Promittunt medici———.—Hor.

I AM the more pleased with these my Papers, since I find they have encouraged several Men of Learning and Wit to become my Correspondents: I Yesterday received the following Essay against Quacks, which I shall here communicate to my Readers for the Good of the Publick, begging the Writer's Pardon for those Additions and Retrenchments which I have made in it.

The Desire of Life is so natural and strong a Passion, that I have long since ceased to wonder at the great Encouragement which the Practice of Physick finds among us. Well-constituted Governments have always made the Profession of a Physician both honourable and advantageous. *Homer*'s *Machaon* and *Virgil*'s *Iapis* were Men of Renown, Heroes in War, and made at least as much Havock among their Enemies as among their Friends. Those who have little or no Faith in the Abilities of a Quack will apply themselves to him, either because he is willing to sell Health at a reasonable Profit, or because the Patient, like a drowning Man, catches at every Twig, and hopes for Relief from the most ignorant, when the most able Physicians give him none. Though Impudence and many Words are as necessary to these Itinerary *Galens* as a laced Hat or a Merry *Andrew*, yet they would turn very little to the Advantage of the Owner, if there were not some inward disposition in the sick Man to favour the Pretensions of the Mountebank. Love of Life in the one, and of Mony in the other, creates a good Correspondence between them.

There is scarce a City in *Great-Britain* but has one of this Tribe, who takes it into his Protection, and on the Market-Day harrangues the good People of the Place with Aphorisms and Receipts. You may depend upon it, he comes not there for his own private Interest, but out of a particular affection to the Town. I remember one of these Publick-spirited Artists at *Hammersmith*, who

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who told his Audience, 'that he had been born and bred there, and that having a special Regard for the Place of his Nativity, he was determined to make a Present of Five Shillings to as many as would accept of it.' The whole Crowd stood agape, and ready to take the Doctor at his Word; when putting his Hand into a long Bag, as every one was expecting his Crown-Piece, he drew out an Handful of little Packets, each of which he informed the Spectators was constantly sold at Five Shillings and Six Pence, but that he would bate the odd Five Shillings to every Inhabitant of that Place: The whole Assembly immediately closed with this generous Offer, and took off all his Physick, after the Doctor had made them vouch for one another, that there were no Foreigners among them, but that they were all *Hammersmith* Men.

There is another Branch of Pretenders to this Art, who, without either Horse or Pickle-Herring, lie snug in a Garret, and send down Notice to the World of their extraordinary Parts and Abilities by printed Bills and Advertisements. These seem to have derived their Custom from an *Eastern* Nation which *Herodotus* speaks of, among whom it was a Law, that whenever any Cure was performed, both the Method of the Cure, and an Account of the Distemper, should be fixed in some publick Place; but as Customs will corrupt, these our Moderns provide themselves of Persons to attest the Cure, before they publish or make an Experiment of the Prescription. I have heard of a Porter, who serves as a Knight of the Post under one of these Operators, and, tho' he was never sick in his Life, has been cured of all the Diseases in the Dispensary. These are the Men whose Sagacity has invented Elixirs of all sorts, Pills and Lozenges, and take it as an Affront if you come to them before you are given over by every body else. Their Medicines *are infallible, and never fail of Success*, that is, of enriching the Doctor, and setting the Patient effectually at Rest.

I lately dropt into a Coffee-house at *Westminster*, where I found the Room hung round with Ornaments of this Nature. There were Elixirs, Tinctures, the *Anodine Fotus*

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Fetus, English Pills, Electuaries, and, in short, more Remedies than I believe there are Diseases. At the Sight of so many Inventions, I could not but imagine my self in a kind of Arsenal or Magazine, where store of Arms was reposited against any sudden Invasion. Should you be attack'd by the Enemy side-ways, here was an infallible Piece of Defensive Armour to cure the Pleurisie: Should a Distemper beat up your Head-Quarters, here you might purchase an impenetrable Helmet, or, in the Language of the Artist, a Cephalic Tincture: If your main Body be assaulted, here are various Kinds of Armour in case of various Onsets. I began to congratulate the present Age upon the Happiness Men might reasonably hope for in Life, when Death was thus in a manner defeated; and when Pain it self would be of so short a Duration, that it would but just serve to enhance the Value of Pleasure. While I was in these Thoughts, I unluckily called to mind a Story of an ingenious Gentleman of the last Age, who lying violently afflicted with the Gout, a Person came and offer'd his Service to cure him by a Method, which he assured him was infallible; the Servant who received the Message carried it up to his Master, who enquiring whether the Person came on Foot or in a Chariot; and being informed that he was on foot; *Go*, says he, *send the Knave about his Business: Was his Method as infallible as he pretends, he would long before now have been in his Coach and Six.* In like manner I concluded, that had all these Advertisers arrived to that Skill they pretend to, they would have had no Need for so many Years successively to publish to the World the Place of their Abode, and the Virtues of their Medicines. One of these Gentlemen indeed pretends to an effectual Cure for Leanness: What Effects it may have had upon those who have try'd it I cannot tell; but I am credibly informed, that the Call for it has been so great, that it has effectually cured the Doctor himself of that Distemper. Could each of them produce so good an Instance of the Success of his Medicines, they might soon persuade the World into an Opinion of them.

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I observe that most of the Bills agree in one Expression, *viz.* that (*with God's Blessing*) they perform such and such Cures: This Expression is certainly very proper and emphatical, for that is all they have for it. And if ever a Cure is performed on a Patient where they are concerned, they can claim no greater Share in it than *Virgil*'s *Iapis* in the curing of *Æneas*; he tried his Skill, was very assiduous about the Wound, and indeed was the only visible Means that relieved the Hero; but the Poet assures us it was the particular Assistance of a Deity that speeded the Operation. An *English* Reader may see the whole Story in Mr. *Dryden*'s Translation.

Prop'd on his Lance the pensive Heroe stood,
And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning Crowd.
The fam'd Physician tucks his Robes around,
With ready Hands, and Hastens to the Wound.
With gentle Touches, he performs his Part,
This Way and that, soliciting the Dart,
And exercises all his Heav'nly Art.
All softning Simples, known of Sov'reign Use,
He presses out, and pours their noble Juice;
These first infus'd, to lenifie the Pain,
He tugs with Pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then, to the Patron of his Art he pray'd;
The Patron of his Art refus'd his Aid.
But now the Goddess Mother, mov'd with Grief,
And pierc'd with Pity, hastens her Relief.
A Branch of Healing Dittany *she brought,*
Which in the Cretan *Fields with Care she sought;*
Rough is the Stem, which woolly Leaves surround;
The Leaves with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs with Purple crown'd;
Well known to wounded Goats; a sure Relief
To draw the pointed Steel, and ease the Grief.
This Venus *brings, in Clouds involv'd; and brews*
Th' extracted Liquor with Ambrosian *Dews,*
And od'rous Panacee: *Unseen she stands,*
Temp'ring the Mixture with her Heav'nly Hands;
And pours it in a Bowl already crown'd
With Juice of med'cinal Herbs, prepar'd to bathe the Wound.
The Leech, unknowing of superior Art,
Which aids the Cure, with this foments the Part;
And in a Moment ceas'd the raging Smart.
Stanch'd is the Blood, and in the Bottom stands.
The Steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender Hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own Accord;
And Health and Vigour are at once restor'd.

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Iapis first perceiv'd the closing Wound;
And first the Footsteps of a God he found.
Arms, Arms, he cries, the Sword and Shield prepare,
And send the willing Chief, renew'd to War.
This is no Mortal Work, no Cure of Mine,
Nor Art's Effect, but done by Hands Divine.

No. 573.

Wednesday, July 28.

——*Castigata remordent.*—Juv.

MY Paper on the Club of Widows has brought me in several Letters; and, among the rest, a long one from Mrs. President, as follows:

'*Smart Sir,*

You are pleased to be very merry, as you imagine, with us Widows: And you seem to ground your Satyr on our receiving Consolation so soon after the Death of our Dears, and the Number we are pleased to admit for our Companions; but you never reflect what Husbands we have buried, and how short a Sorrow the Loss of them was capable of occasioning. For my own Part, Mrs. President as you call me, my First Husband I was marry'd to at Fourteen, by my Uncle and Guardian, (as I afterwards discovered) by way of Sale, for the Third part of my Fortune. This Fellow looked upon me as a meer Child, he might breed up after his own Fancy; if he kissed my Chamber-Maid before my Face, I was supposed so ignorant, how could I think there was any Hurt in it? When he came home Roaring Drunk at five in the Morning, 'twas the Custom of all Men that live in the World. I was not to see a Penny of Mony, for, poor Thing, how could I manage it? He took a handsome Cousin of his into the House, (as he said) to be my House-keeper, and to govern my Servants; for how should I know how to rule a Family? and while she had what Mony she pleased, which was but reasonable for the Trouble she was at for my Good, I was not to be so censorious as to dislike Familiarity and Kindness between near Relations. I was too great a Coward to contend, but not so ignorant a Child to be thus imposed upon

upon. I resented his Contempt as I ought to do, and as most poor passive blinded Wives do, 'till it pleased Heaven to take away my Tyrant, who left me Free Possession of my own Land, and a large Jointure. My Youth and Mony brought me many Lovers, and several endeavoured to establish an Interest in my Heart while my Husband was in his last Sickness; the Honourable *Edward Waitfort* was one of the First who addressed to me, advised to it by a Cousin of his that was my intimate Friend, and knew to a Penny what I was worth. Mr. *Waitfort* is a very agreeable Man, and every Body would like him as well as he does himself, if they did not plainly see that his Esteem and Love is all taken up, and by such an Object, as 'tis impossible to get the better of, I mean himself. He made no doubt of marrying me within Four or Five Months, and began to proceed with such an assured easie Air, that piqued my Pride not to banish him; quite contrary, out of pure Malice, I heard his first Declaration with so much innocent Surprise, and blushed so prettily, I perceived it touched his very Heart, and he thought me the best-natured Silly poor thing on Earth. When a Man has such a Notion of a Woman, he loves her better than he thinks he does. I was over-joy'd to be thus revenged on him, for designing on my Fortune; and finding it was in my Power to make his Heart ake, I resolved to compleat my Conquest, and entertain'd several other Pretenders. The first Impression of my undesigning Innocence was so strong in his Head, he attributed all my Followers to the inevitable Force of my Charms, and from several Blushes and side Glances, concluded himself the Favourite; and when I used him like a Dog for my Diversion, he thought it was all Prudence and Fear, and pitied the Violence I did my own Inclinations, to comply with my Friends, when I married Sir *Nicholas Fribble* of Sixty Years of Age. You know, Sir, the Case of Mrs. *Medlar*. I hope you would not have had me cry out my Eyes for such a Husband. I shed Tears enough for my Widowhood a Week after my Marriage, and when he was put in his Grave, reckoning he had been two Years dead, and my self a Widow of that standing, I married three Weeks afterwards *John Sturdy*

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Sturdy, Esq., his next Heir. I had indeed some Thoughts of taking Mr. *Waitfort*, but I found he could stay, and besides he thought it indecent to ask me to marry again till my Year was out; so privately resolving him for my Fourth, I took Mr. *Sturdy* for the present. Would you believe it, Sir, Mr. *Sturdy* was just Five and Twenty, about Six Foot high, and the stoutest Fox-hunter in the Country, and I believe I wished ten thousand times for my old *Fribble* again; he was following his Dogs all the Day, and all the Night keeping them up at Table with him and his Companions; however I think my self obliged to them for leading him a Chase in which he broke his Neck. Mr. *Waitfort* began his Addresses anew, and I verily believe I had married him now, but there was a young Officer in the Guards, that had debauched two or three of my Acquaintance, and I could not forbear being a little vain of his Courtship. Mr. *Waitfort* heard of it, and read me such an insolent Lecture upon the Conduct of Women, I married the Officer that very Day, out of pure Spite to him. Half an Hour after I was married I received a Penitential Letter from the Honourable Mr. *Edward Waitfort*, in which he begged Pardon for his Passion, as proceeding from the Violence of his Love: I triumphed when I read it, and could not help, out of the Pride of my Heart, shewing it to my new Spouse; and we were very merry together upon it. Alas! my Mirth lasted a short time; my young Husband was very much in Debt when I marry'd him, and his first Action afterwards was to set up a gilt Chariot and Six, in fine Trappings before and behind. I had married so hastily, I had not the Prudence to reserve my Estate in my own Hands; my ready Money was lost in two Nights at the Groom Porter's; and my Diamond Necklace, which was stole I did not know how, I met in the Street upon *Jenny Wheadle*'s Neck. My Plate vanished Piece by Piece, and I had been reduced to downright Pewter, if my Officer had not been deliciously killed in a Duel, by a Fellow that had cheated him of Five Hundred Pounds, and afterwards, at his own Request, satisfy'd him and me too, by running him through the Body

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Body. Mr. *Waitfort* was still in Love, and told me so again; to prevent all Fears of ill Usage, he desired me to reserve every thing in my own Hands; but now my Acquaintance begun to wish me Joy of his Constancy, my Charms were declining, and I could not resist the Delight I took in shewing the young Flirts about Town, it was yet in my Power to give Pain to a Man of Sense: This, and some private Hopes he would hang himself, and what a Glory would it be for me, and how I should be envy'd, made me accept of being third Wife to my Lord *Friday*. I proposed from my Rank and his Estate, to live in all the Joys of Pride, but how was I mistaken? he was neither extravagant, nor ill-natured, nor debauched; I suffered however more with him than with all my others. He was splenatick. I was forced to sit whole Days harkening to his imaginary Ails; it was impossible to tell what would please him; what he liked when the Sun shined, made him sick when it rained; he had no Distemper, but lived in constant Fear of them all; my good Genius dictated to me to bring him acquainted with Doctor *Gruel*; from that Day he was always contented, because he had Names for all his Complaints; the good Doctor furnished him with Reasons for all his Pains, and Prescriptions for every Fancy that troubled him; in hot Weather he lived upon Juleps, and let Blood to prevent Fevers; when it grew cloudy he generally apprehended a Consumption; to shorten the History of this wretched Part of my Life, he ruined a good Constitution by endeavouring to mend it, and took several Medicines, which ended in taking the grand Remedy, which cured both him and me of all our Uneasinesses. After his Death, I did not expect to hear any more of Mr. *Waitfort*. I knew he had renounced me to all his Friends, and been very witty upon my Choice, which he affected to talk of with great Indifferency; I gave over thinking of him, being told that he was engaged with a pretty Woman and a great Fortune; it vexed me a little, but not enough to make me neglect the Advice of my Cousin *Wishwell*, that came to see me the Day my Lord went into the Country with *Russel*; she told me experimentally, nothing put

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an unfaithful Lover and a dear Husband so soon out of one's Head, as a new one; and, at the same time proposed to me a Kinsman of hers; You understand enough of the World (said she) to know Mony is the most valuable Consideration; he is very rich, and I'm sure cannot live long, he has a Cough that must carry him off soon. I knew afterwards she had given the self-same Character of me to him; but however I was so much perswaded by her, I hastened on the Match, for fear he should die before the time came; he had the same Fears, and was so pressing, I married him in a Fortnight, resolving to keep it private a Fortnight longer. During this Fortnight Mr. *Waitfort* came to make me a Visit; he told me he had waited on me sooner, but had that Respect for me, he would not interrupt me in the first Day of my Affliction for my dead Lord; that as soon as he heard I was at Liberty to make another Choice, he had broke off a Match very advantageous for his Fortune, just upon the Point of Conclusion, and was forty times more in Love with me than ever. I never received more Pleasure in my Life than from this Declaration, but I composed my Face to a grave Air, and said the News of his Engagement had touched me to the Heart that in a rash jealous Fit, I had married a Man I could never have thought on if I had not lost all hopes of him. Good-natured Mr. *Waitfort* had liked to have dropped down dead at hearing this, but went from me with such an Air as plainly shewed me he laid all the Blame upon himself, and hated those Friends that had advised him to the fatal Application; he seemed as much touched by my Misfortune as his own, for he had not the least Doubt I was still passionately in Love with him. The Truth of the Story is, my new Husband gave me Reason to repent I had not staid for him; he had married me for my Mony, and I soon found he loved Mony to Distraction; there was nothing he would not do to get it, nothing he would not suffer to preserve it; the smallest Expence kept him awake whole Nights, and when he paid a Bill, 'twas with as many Sighs, and after as many Delays, as a Man that endures the Loss of a Limb. I heard nothing but Reproofs for Extravagancy whatever

whatever I did. I saw very well that he would have starved me, but for losing my Jointures; and he suffered Agonies between the Grief of seeing me have so good a Stomach, and the Fear that if he made me fast, it might prejudice my Health. I did not doubt he would have broke my Heart, if I did not break his, which was allowable by the Law of Self-defence. The Way was very easy. I resolved to spend as much Mony as I could, and before he was aware of the Stroke, appeared before him in a two thousand Pound Diamond Necklace; he said nothing, but went quietly to his Chamber, and, as it is thought, composed himself with a Dose of Opium. I behaved my self so well upon the Occasion, that to this Day I believe he died of an Apoplexy. Mr. *Waitfort* was resolved not to be too late this time, and I heard from him in two Days. I am almost out of my Weed at this present Writing, and very doubtful whether I'll marry him or no. I do not think of a Seventh, for the ridiculous Reason you mention, but out of pure Morality that I think so much Constancy should be rewarded, tho' I may not do it after all perhaps. I do not believe all the unreasonable Malice of Mankind can give a Pretence why I should have been constant to the Memory of any of the Deceased, or have spent much time in grieving for an insolent, insignificant, negligent, extravagant, splenetick, or covetous Husband; my first insulted me, my second was nothing to me, my third disgusted me, the fourth would have ruined me, the fifth tormented me, and the sixth would have starved me. If the other Ladies you name would thus give in their Husbands' Pictures at length, you would see they have had as little Reason as my self to lose their Hours in weeping and wailing.'

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No. 574. [ADDISON.] Friday, July 30.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati.—Hor.

I WAS once engaged in Discourse with a *Rosicrusian* about *the great Secret*. As this kind of Men (I mean those of them who are not professed Cheats) are over-run with Enthusiasm and Philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious Adept descanting on his pretended Discovery. He talked of the Secret as of a Spirit which lived within an Emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest Perfection it is capable of. It gives a Lustre, says he, to the Sun, and Water to the Diamond. It irradiates every Metal, and enriches Lead with all the Properties of Gold. It heightens Smoke into Flame, Flame into Light, and Light into Glory. He further added, that a single Ray of it dissipates Pain, and Care, and Melancholy from the Person on whom it falls. In short, says he, its Presence naturally changes every Place into a kind of Heaven. After he had gone on for some Time in this unintelligible Cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral Ideas together into the same Discourse, and that his great Secret was nothing else but *Content*.

This Virtue does indeed produce, in some Measure, all those Effects which the Alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the Philosopher's Stone; and if it does not bring Riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the Desire of them. If it cannot remove the Disquietudes arising out of a Man's Mind, Body, or Fortune, it makes him easie under them. It has indeed a kindly Influence on the Soul of Man, in respect of every Being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all Murmur, Repining, and Ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his Part to act in this World. It destroys all inordinate Ambition, and every Tendency to Corruption, with regard to the Community wherein he is placed. It gives Sweetness

Sweetness to his Conversation, and a perpetual Serenity to all his Thoughts. No. 574. Friday, July 30, 1714.

Among the many Methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this Virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, A Man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and Secondly, How much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, A Man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the Reply which *Aristippus* made to one who condoled him upon the Loss of a Farm, *Why*, said he, *I have three Farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me.* On the contrary, foolish Men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their Eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater Difficulties. All the real Pleasures and Conveniences of Life lie in a narrow Compass; but it is the Humour of Mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the Start of them in Wealth and Honour. For this Reason, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich Men in any of the politer Nations but among the middle Sort of People, who keep their Wishes within their Fortunes, and have more Wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher Rank live in a kind of splendid Poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because instead of acquiescing in the solid Pleasures of Life, they endeavour to outvy one another in Shadows and Appearances. Men of Sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of Mirth this silly Game that is playing over their Heads, and by contracting their Desires, enjoy all that secret Satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The Truth is, this ridiculous Chace after imaginary Pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great Source of those Evils which generally undo a Nation. Let a Man's Estate be what it will, he is a poor Man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to Sale to any one that can give him his Price

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Price. When *Pittacus*, after the Death of his Brother, who had left him a good Estate, was offered a great Sum of Mony by the King of *Lydia*, he thanked him for his Kindness, but told him he had already more by Half than he knew what to do with. In short, Content is equivalent to Wealth, and Luxury to Poverty; or, to give the Thought a more agreeable Turn, *Content is natural Wealth*, says *Socrates*; to which I shall add, *Luxury is artificial Poverty*. I shall therefore recommend to the Consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary Enjoyments, and will not be at the Trouble of contracting their Desires, an excellent Saying of *Bion* the Philosopher; namely, *That no Man has so much Care, as he who endeavours after the most Happiness.*

In the Second Place, Every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former Consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the Means to make themselves easie; this regards such as actually lie under some Pressure or Misfortune. These may receive great Alleviation from such a Comparison as the unhappy Person may make between himself and others, or between the Misfortune which he suffers, and greater Misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the Story of the honest *Dutchman*, who, upon breaking his *Leg* by a Fall from the Mainmast, told the Standers-by, It was a great Mercy that 'twas not his *Neck*. To which, since I am got into Quotations, give me Leave to add the Saying of an old Philosopher, who, after having invited some of his Friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his Wife that came into the Room in a Passion, and threw down the Table that stood before them; *Every one*, says he, *has his Calamity, and he is a happy Man that has no greater than this.* We find an Instance to the same Purpose in the Life of Doctor *Hammond*, written by Bishop *Fell*. As this good Man was troubled with a Complication of Distempers, when he had the Gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the Stone; and when he had the Stone, that he had not both these Distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this Essay without observing, that there was never any System besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the Mind of Man the Virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present Condition, many of the ancient Philosophers tell us that our Discontent only hurts our selves, without being able to make any Alteration in our Circumstances; others, that whatever Evil befals us is derived to us by a fatal Necessity, to which the Gods themselves are subject; whilst others very gravely tell the Man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the Harmony of the Universe, and that the *Scheme* of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like Considerations, rather silence than satisfie a Man. They may show him that his Discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give Despair than Consolation. In a Word, a Man might reply to one of these Comforters, as *Augustus* did to his Friend who advised him not to grieve for the Death of a Person whom he loved, because his Grief could not fetch him again. *It is for that very Reason,* said the Emperor, *that I grieve.*

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On the contrary, Religion bears a more tender Regard to humane Nature. It prescribes to every miserable Man the Means of bettering his Condition; nay, it shews him, that the bearing of his Afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the Removal of them: It makes him easie here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a contented Mind is the greatest Blessing a Man can enjoy in this World; and if in the present Life his Happiness arises from the subduing of his Desires, it will arise in the next from the Gratification of them.

No. 575.
[ADDISON.] Monday, August 2.

——Nec morti esse locum——.—Virg.

A LEWD young Fellow seeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot, *Father,* says he, *you are in a very miserable Condition if there is not another World.*

True

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True, Son, said the Hermit; *but what is thy Condition if there is?* Man is a Creature designed for two different States of Being, or rather, for two different Lives. His first Life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The Question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two Lives it is our chief Interest to make our selves happy? Or, in other Words, Whether we should endeavour to secure to our selves the Pleasures and Gratifications of a Life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost Length of a very inconsiderable Duration; or to secure to our selves the Pleasures of a Life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every Man, upon the first hearing of this Question, knows very well which Side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in Theory, it is plain that in Practice we adhere to the wrong Side of the Question. We make Provisions for this Life as tho' it were never to have an End, and for the other Life as tho' it were never to have a Beginning.

Should a Spirit of superior Rank, who is a Stranger to human Nature, accidentally alight upon the Earth, and take a Survey of its Inhabitants; what would his Notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a Species of Beings made for quite different Ends and Purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this World to get Riches and Honours? Would not he think that it was our Duty to toil after Wealth, and Station, and Title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden Poverty by Threats of eternal Punishment, and enjoined to pursue our Pleasures under Pain of Damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a Scheme of Duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an Imagination, he must conclude that we are a Species of the most obedient Creatures in the Universe; that we are constant to our Duty; and that we keep a steddy Eye on the End for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his Astonishment, when he learnt that we were Beings not designed to exist in this World above Threescore and Ten Years? and that the greatest Part of this busie Species fall short even of that Age

Age? How would he be lost in Horrour and Admiration, when he should know that this Sett of Creatures, who lay out all their Endeavours for this Life, which scarce deserves the Name of Existence, when, I say, he should know that this Sett of Creatures are to exist to all Eternity in another Life, for which they make no Preparations? Nothing can be a greater Disgrace to Reason, than that Men, who are perswaded of these two different States of Being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a Life of Threescore and Ten Years, and neglecting to make Provision for that, which after many Myriads of Years will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our Endeavours for making our selves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our Happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make our selves happy in the other Life, we are sure that our Endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our Hope.

The following Question is started by one of the Schoolmen. Supposing the whole Body of the Earth were a great Ball or Mass of the finest Sand, and that a single Grain or Particle of this Sand should be annihilated every thousand Years. Supposing then that you had it in your Choice to be happy all the while this prodigious Mass of Sand was consuming by this slow Method till there was not a Grain of it left, on Condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on Condition you would be miserable till the whole Mass of Sand were thus annihilated at the Rate of one Sand in a thousand Years: Which of these two Cases would you make your Choice?

It must be confessed in this Case, so many Thousands of Years are to the Imagination as a kind of Eternity, 'tho in Reality they do not bear so great a Proportion to that Duration which is to follow them, as a Unite does to the greatest Number which you can put together in Figures, or as one of those Sands to the supposed Heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any Manner of Hesitation, which would be the better Part in this Choice. However, as I have before intimated, our Reason might in

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in such a Case be so over-set by the Imagination, as to dispose some Persons to sink under the Consideration of the great Length of the first Part of this Duration, and of the great Distance of that second Duration which is to succeed it. The Mind, I say, might give itself up to that Happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the Choice we actually have before us is this, Whether we will chuse to be happy for the Space of only Threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only Twenty or Ten Years, I might say of only a Day or an Hour, and miserable to all Eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short Term of Years, and happy for a whole Eternity: What Words are sufficient to express that Folly and want of Consideration which in such a Case makes a wrong Choice?

I here put the Case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a Course of Virtue makes us miserable in this Life: But if we suppose (as it generally happens) that Virtue would make us more happy even in this Life than a contrary Course of Vice; how can we sufficiently admire the Stupidity or Madness of those Persons who are capable of making so absurd a Choice?

Every wise Man therefore will consider this Life only as it may conduce to the Happiness of the other, and chearfully sacrifice the Pleasures of a few Years to those of an Eternity.

No. 576.
[ADDISON.] Wednesday, August 4.

Nitor in adversum: nec me, qui cetera, vincit
Impetus: & rapido contrarius evehor orbi.—Ovid.

I REMEMBER a young Man of very lively Parts, and of a sprightly Turn in Conversation, who had only one Fault, which was an inordinate Desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many Amours, and consequently into many Distempers. He never went to Bed till two a-clock in the Morning, because he would not be a queer Fellow; and was every now and then knocked

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knocked down by a Constable, to signalize his Vivacity. He was initiated into half a Dozen Clubs before he was One and twenty, and so improved in them his natural Gayety of Temper, that you might frequently trace him to his Lodgings by a Range of broken Windows, and other the like Monuments of Wit and Gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his Reputation of being a very agreeable Rake, he died of old Age at Five and twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a Man into so many Errors and Inconveniencies, as the Desire of not appearing singular; for which Reason it is very necessary to form a right Idea of Singularity, that we may know when it is laudable and when it is vicious. In the first Place, every Man of Sense will agree with me, that Singularity is laudable, when, in Contradiction to a Multitude, it adheres to the Dictates of Conscience, Morality, and Honour. In these Cases we ought to consider, that it is not Custom, but Duty, which is the Rule of Action; and that we should be only so far *sociable*, as we are reasonable Creatures. Truth is never the less so, for not being attended to; and it is the Nature of Actions, not the Number of Actors, by which we ought to regulate our Behaviour. Singularity in Concerns of this Kind is to be looked upon as heroick Bravery, in which a Man leaves the Species only as he soars above it. What greater Instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous Temper, than for a Man to pass his whole Life in Opposition to his own Sentiments? or not to dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity therefore is only vicious when it makes Men act contrary to Reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by Trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I believe every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their Singularity in things of no Importance, as in Dress, Behaviour, Conversation, and all the little Intercourses of Life. In these Cases there is a certain Deference due to Custom; and notwithstanding there may be a Colour of Reason to deviate from the

Multitude

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Multitude in some Particulars, a Man ought to sacrifice his private Inclinations and Opinions to the Practice of the Publick. It must be confessed that good Sense often makes a Humourist; but then it unqualifies him for being of any Moment in the World, and renders him ridiculous to Persons of a much inferior Understanding.

I have heard of a Gentleman in the North of *England*, who was a remarkable Instance of this foolish Singularity. He had laid it down as a Rule within himself, to act in the most indifferent Parts of Life according to the most abstracted Notions of Reason and good Sense, without any Regard to Fashion or Example. This Humour broke out at first in many little Oddnesses: He had never any stated Hours for his Dinner, Supper, or Sleep; because, said he, we ought to attend the Calls of Nature, and not set our Appetites to our Meals, but bring our Meals to our Appetites. In his Conversation with Country-Gentlemen, he would not make use of a Phrase that was not strictly true: He never told any of them, that he was his humble Servant, but that he was his Well-wisher; and would rather be thought a Male-content, then drink the King's Health when he was not a-dry. He would thrust his Head out of his Chamber-Window every Morning, and after having gaped for fresh Air about half an Hour, repeat fifty Verses as loud as he could bawl them for the Benefit of his Lungs; to which End he generally took them out of *Homer*; the *Greek* Tongue, especially in that Author, being more deep and sonorous, and more conducive to Expectoration, than any other. He had many other Particularities, for which he gave sound and philosophical Reasons. As this Humour still grew upon him, he chose to wear a Turban instead of a Perriwig; concluding very justly, that a bandage of clean Linnen about his Head was much more wholesome, as well as cleanly, than the Caul of a Wig, which is soiled with frequent Perspirations. He afterwards judiciously observed, that the many Ligatures in our *English* Dress must naturally check the Circulation of the Blood; for which Reason, he made his Breeches and his Doublet of one continued Piece of Cloth, after the Manner of *Hussars*. In short, by following the pure Dictates

Dictates of Reason, he at length departed so much from the rest of his Countrymen, and indeed from his whole Species, that his Friends would have clapped him into *Bedlam*, and have begged his Estate; but the Judge being informed that he did no Harm, contented himself with issuing out a Commission of Lunacy against him, and putting his Estate into the Hands of proper Guardians. No. 576. Wednesday, August 4, 1714.

The Fate of this Philosopher puts me in mind of a Remark in Monsieur *Fontenelle*'s Dialogues of the Dead. *The Ambitious and the Covetous* (says he) *are Madmen to all Intents and Purposes, as much as those who are shut up in dark Rooms; but they have the good Luck to have Numbers on their Side; whereas the Frenzy of one who is given up for a Lunatick, is a Frenzy* hors d'oeuvre; that is, in other Words, something which is singular in its Kind, and does not fall in with the Madness of a Multitude.

The Subject of this Essay was occasioned by a Letter which I received not long since, and which, for want of Room at present, I shall insert in my next Paper.

No. 577.

Friday, August 6.

——Hoc tolerabile, si non
Et furere incipias——.—Juv.

THE Letter mentioned in my last Paper is as follows.

'*Sir*,

You have so lately decryed that Custom, too much in use amongst most People, of making themselves the Subjects of their Writings and Conversation, that I had some Difficulty to perswade my self to give you this Trouble, 'till I had considered that tho' I should speak in the First Person, yet I could not be justly charged with Vanity, since I shall not add my Name; as also, because what I shall write will not, to say the best, redound to my Praise; but is only designed to remove a Prejudice conceived against me, as, I hope, with very little Foundation. My short History is this.

I have lived for some Years last past altogether in

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London, 'till about a Month ago an Acquaintance of mine, for whom I have done some small Services in Town, invited me to pass Part of the Summer with him at his House in the Country. I accepted his Invitation, and found a very hearty Welcome. My Friend, an honest plain Man, not being qualified to pass away his Time without the Reliefs of Business, has grafted the Farmer upon the Gentleman, and brought himself to submit even to the servile Parts of that Employment, such as inspecting his Plough, and the like. This necessarily takes up some of his Hours every Day; and as I have no Relish for such Diversions, I used at these Times to retire either to my Chamber, or a shady Walk near the House, and entertain my self with some agreeable Author. Now you must know, Mr. SPECTATOR, that when I read, especially if it be Poetry, it is very usual with me, when I meet with any Passage or Expression which strikes me much, to pronounce it aloud, with that Tone of the Voice which I think agreeable to the Sentiments there expressed; and to this I generally add some Motion or Action of the Body. It was not long before I was observed by some of the Family in one of these heroick Fits, who thereupon received Impressions very much to my Disadvantage. This however I did not soon discover, nor should have done probably, had it not been for the following Accident. I had one Day shut my self up in my Chamber, and was very deeply engaged in *the Second Book of Milton's Paradise lost.* I walked to and fro with the Book in my Hand, and, to speak the Truth, I fear I made no little Noise; when presently coming to the following Lines,

> *——On a sudden open fly,*
> *With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sound,*
> *Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate*
> *Harsh Thunder, &c.*

I in great Transport threw open the Door of my Chamber, and found the greatest Part of the Family standing on the Outside in a very great Consternation. I was in no less Confusion, and begged Pardon for having disturbed them; addressing my self particularly to comfort one of the Children, who received an unlucky Fall in

in this Action, whilst he was too intently surveying my Meditations through the Key-hole. To be short, after this Adventure I easily observed that great Part of the Family, especially the Women and Children, looked upon me with some Apprehensions of Fear; and my Friend himself, tho' he still continued his Civilities to me, did not seem altogether easie: I took Notice, that the Butler was never after this Accident ordered to leave the Bottle upon the Table after Dinner. Add to this, that I frequently over-heard the Servants mention me by the Name of the crazed Gentleman, the Gentleman a little touched, the mad *Londoner*, and the like. This made me think it high Time for me to shift my Quarters, which I resolved to do the first handsome Opportunity; and was confirmed in this Resolution by a young Lady in the Neighbourhood who frequently visited us, and who one Day, after having heard all the fine things I was able to say, was pleased with a scornful Smile to bid me go to sleep.

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The first Minute I got to my Lodgings in Town, I set Pen to Paper to desire your Opinion, whether, upon the Evidence before you, I am mad or not. I can bring Certificates that I behave my self soberly before Company, and I hope there is at least some Merit in withdrawing to be mad. Look you, Sir, I am contented to be esteemed a little touched, as they phrase it, but should be sorry to be madder than my Neighbours; therefore, pray let me be as much in my Senses as you can afford. I know I could bring your self as an Instance of a Man who has confessed talking to himself; but yours is a particular Case, and cannot justifie me, who have not kept Silence any Part of my Life. What if I should own my self in Love? You know Lovers are always allowed the Comfort of Soliloquy—— But I will say no more upon this Subject, because I have long since observed, the ready Way to be thought mad is to contend that you are not so; as we generally conclude that Man drunk, who takes pains to be thought sober. I will therefore leave my self to your Determination; but am the more desirous to be thought in my Senses, that it may be no Discredit to you

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you when I assure you that I have always been very much

Your Admirer.

P. S. *If I must be mad, I desire the young Lady may believe it is for her.*'

'*The humble Petition of* John a Nokes *and* John a Stiles,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioners have had Causes depending in *Westminster Hall* above five hundred Years, and that we despair of ever seeing them brought to an Issue; That your Petitioners have not been involved in these Law Suits out of any litigious Temper of their own, but by the Instigation of contentious Persons; That the young Lawyers in our Inns of Court are continually setting us together by the Ears, and think they do us no Hurt, because they plead for us without a Fee; That many of the Gentlemen of the Robe have no other Clients in the World besides us two; That when they have nothing else to do, they make us Plaintiffs and Defendants, tho' they were never retained by either of us; That they traduce, condemn, or acquit us, without any Manner of Regard to our Reputations and good Names in the World. Your Petitioners therefore (being thereunto encouraged by the favourable Reception which you lately gave to our Kinsman *Blank*) do humbly pray, that you will put an End to the Controversies which have been so long depending between us your said Petitioners, and that our Enmity may not endure from Generation to Generation; it being our Resolution to live hereafter as it becometh Men of peaceable Dispositions.

And your Petitioners (as in Duty bound) shall ever Pray, &c'

Monday

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——Eque feris humana in corpora transit,
*Inque feras noster,——*Ovid.

THERE has been very great Reason, on several Accounts, for the learned World to endeavour at settling what it was that might be said to compose *personal Identity.*

Mr. *Lock*, after having premised that the Word *Person* properly signifies a thinking intelligent Being that has Reason and Reflection, and can consider itself as itself; concludes, That it is Consciousness alone, and not an Identity of Substance, which makes this personal Identity of Sameness. Had I the same Consciousness (says that Author) that I saw the Ark and *Noah*'s Flood, as that I saw an Overflowing of the *Thames* last Winter, or as that I now write; I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that saw the *Thames* overflow last Winter, and that viewed the Flood at the general Deluge, was the same *Self*, place that *Self* in what Substance you please, than that I who write this am the same *My self* now whilst I write (whether I consist of all the same Substance material or immaterial or no) that I was Yesterday; For as to this Point of being the same *Self*, it matters not whether this present *Self* be made up of the same or other Substances.

I was mightily pleased with a Story in some measure applicable to this Piece of Philosophy, which I read the other Day in *The Persian Tales*, as they are lately very well translated by Mr. *Philips*; and with an Abridgement whereof I shall here present my Readers.

I shall only premise that these Stories are writ after the Eastern Manner, but somewhat more correct.

Fadlallah, a Prince of great Virtues, succeeded his Father *Bin-Ortoc*, in the Kingdom of *Mousel*. He reigned over his faithful Subjects for some time, and lived in great Happiness with his beauteous Consort Queen *Zemroude*; when there appeared at his Court a young *Dervis* of so lively and entertaining a Turn of Wit, as won upon the Affections of every one he conversed with. His Reputation

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Reputation grew so fast every Day, that it at last raised a Curiosity in the Prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so, and far from finding that common Fame had flatter'd him, he was soon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the Truth.

Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of Relish for the Conversation of other Men; and as he was every Day more and more satisfied of the Abilities of this Stranger, offered him the first Posts in his Kingdom. The young *Dervis*, after having thanked him with a very singular Modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a Vow never to accept of any Employment, and preferring a free and independent State of Life to all other Conditions.

The King was infinitely charmed with so great an Example of Moderation; and tho' he could not get him to engage in a Life of Business, made him however his chief Companion and first Favourite.

As they were one Day hunting together, and happened to be separated from the rest of the Company, the *Dervis* entertained *Fadlallah* with an Account of his Travels and Adventures. After having related to him several Curiosities which he had seen in the *Indies*, *It was in this Place*, says he, *that I contracted an Acquaintance with an old Brachman, who was skilled in the most hidden Powers of Nature: He died within my Arms, and with his parting Breath communicated to me one of the most valuable of his Secrets, on Condition I should never reveal it to any Man.* The King immediately reflecting on his young Favourite's having refused the late Offers of Greatness he had made him, told him he presumed it was the Power of making Gold. *No Sir*, says the *Dervis*, *it is somewhat more wonderful than that; it is the Power of re-animating a dead Body, by flinging my own Soul into it.*

While he was yet speaking a Doe came bounding by them; and the King, who had his Bow ready, shot her through the Heart; telling the *Dervis*, that a fair Opportunity now offered for him to show his Art. The young Man immediately left his own Body breathless on the Ground, while at the same Instant that of the Doe was re-animated

animated, she came to the King, fawned upon him, and after having play'd several wanton Tricks, fell again upon the Grass; at the same Instant the Body of the *Dervis* recover'd its Life. The King was infinitely pleased at so uncommon an Operation, and conjured his Friend by every thing that was sacred to communicate it to him. The *Dervis* at first made some Scruple of violating his Promise to the dying *Brachman*; but told him at last that he found he could conceal nothing from so excellent a Prince; after having obliged him therefore by an Oath to Secrecy, he taught him to repeat two Cabalistick Words, in pronouncing of which the whole Secret consisted. The King, impatient to try the Experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an Instant found himself in the Body of the Doe. He had but little Time to contemplate himself in this new Being; for the treacherous *Dervis* shooting his own Soul into the Royal Corps, and bending the Prince's own Bow against him, had laid him dead on the Spot, had not the King, who perceived his Intent, fled swiftly to the Woods.

The *Dervis*, now triumphant in his Villany, returned to *Mousel*, and filled the Throne and Bed of the unhappy *Fadlallah*.

The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in the Possession of his new-acquired Kingdom, was to issue out a Proclamation, ordering his Subjects to destroy all the Deer in the Realm. The King had perished among the rest, had he not avoided his Pursuers by reanimating the Body of a Nightingale which he saw lie dead at the Foot of a Tree. In this new Shape he winged his Way in Safety to the Palace, where perching on a Tree which stood near his Queen's Apartment, he filled the whole Place with so many melodious and melancholy Notes as drew her to the Window. He had the Mortification to see, that instead of being pitied, he only moved the Mirth of his Princess, and of a young Female Slave who was with her. He continued however to serenade her every Morning, 'till at last the Queen, charmed with his Harmony, sent for the Bird-catchers, and ordered them to employ their utmost Skill to put that little Creature into her Possession. The King, pleased with

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with an Opportunity of being once more near his beloved Consort, easily suffered himself to be taken; and when he was presented to her, tho' he shew'd a Fearfulness to be touched by any of the other Ladies, flew of his own Accord, and hid himself in the Queen's Bosom. *Zemroude* was highly pleased at the unexpected Fondness of her new Favourite, and ordered him to be kept in an open Cage in her own Apartment. He had there an Opportunity of making his Court to her every Morning, by a thousand little Actions which his Shape allowed him. The Queen passed away whole Hours every Day in hearing and playing with him. *Fadlallah* could even have thought himself happy in this State of Life, had he not frequently endured the inexpressible Torment of seeing the *Dervis* enter the Apartment, and caress his Queen even in his Presence.

The Usurper, amidst his toying with the Princess, would often endeavour to ingratiate himself with her Nightingale; and while the enraged *Fadlallah* peck'd at him with his Bill, beat his Wings, and shewed all the Marks of an impotent Rage, it only afforded his Rival and the Queen new Matter for their Diversion.

Zemroude was likewise fond of a little Lap-Dog which she kept in her Apartment, and which one Night happened to die.

The King immediately found himself inclined to quit the Shape of the Nightingale, and enliven this new Body. He did so, and the next Morning *Zemroude* saw her favourite Bird lie dead in the Cage. It is impossible to express her Grief on this Occasion, and when she called to mind all its little Actions, which even appeared to have somewhat in them like Reason, she was inconsolable for her Loss.

Her Women immediately sent for the *Dervis* to come and comfort her, who, after having in vain represented to her the Weakness of being grieved at such an Accident, touched at last by her repeated Complaints; *Well, Madam,* says he, *I will exert the utmost of my Art to please you. Your Nightingale shall again revive every Morning and serenade you as before.* The Queen beheld him with a Look which easily shewed

shewed she did not believe him; when laying himself down on a Sofa, he shot his Soul into the Nightingale, and *Zemroude* was amazed to see her Bird revive. No. 578. Monday, August 9, 1714.

The King, who was a Spectator of all that passed, lying under the Shape of a Lap-Dog, in one Corner of the Room, immediately recovered his own Body, and running to the Cage with the utmost Indignation, twisted off the Neck of the false Nightingale.

Zemroude was more than ever amazed and concerned at this second Accident, 'till the King entreating her to hear him, related to her his whole Adventure.

The Body of the *Dervis*, which was found dead in the Wood, and his Edict for killing all the Deer, left her no Room to doubt of the Truth of it: But the Story adds, That out of an extream Delicacy (peculiar to the Oriental Ladies) she was so highly afflicted at the innocent Adultery in which she had for some time lived with the *Dervis*, that no Arguments even from *Fadlallah* himself could compose her Mind. She shortly after died with Grief, begging his Pardon with her last Breath for what the most rigid Justice could not have interpreted as a Crime.

The King was so afflicted with her Death, that he left his Kingdom to one of his nearest Relations, and passed the rest of his Days in Solitude and Retirement.

No. 579.
[ADDISON.] Wednesday, August 11.

——*Odora canum vis.*—Virg.

IN the Reign of King *Charles* I, the Company of Stationers, into whose Hands the Printing of the Bible is committed by Patent, made a very remarkable *Erratum* or Blunder in one of their Editions: For instead of *Thou shalt not commit Adultery*, they printed off several thousands of Copies with *Thou shalt commit Adultery*. Archbishop *Laud*, to punish this their Negligence, laid a considerable Fine upon that Company in the *Star-Chamber*.

By the Practice of the World, which prevails in this degenerate Age, I am afraid that very many young Profligates

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Profligates, of both Sexes, are possessed of this spurious Edition of the Bible, and observe the Commandment according to that faulty Reading.

Adulterers, in the first Ages of the Church, were excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their Lives from bearing a Part in Christian Assemblies, notwithstanding they might seek it with Tears, and all the Appearances of the most unfeigned Repentance.

I might here mention some ancient Laws among the Heathens which punished this Crime with Death; and others of the same Kind, which are now in Force among several Governments that have embraced the Reformed Religion. But because a Subject of this Nature may be too serious for my ordinary Readers, who are very apt to throw by my Papers, when they are not enlivened with something that is diverting or uncommon; I shall here publish the Contents of a little Manuscript lately fallen into my Hands, and which pretends to great Antiquity, tho' by Reason of some modern Phrases and other Particulars in it, I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather the Production of a modern Sophist.

It is well known by the Learned, that there was a Temple upon Mount *Ætna* dedicated to *Vulcan*, which was guarded by Dogs of so exquisite a Smell, (say the Historians) that they could discern whether the Persons who came thither were Chast or otherwise. They used to meet and faun upon such as were Chast, caressing them as the Friends of their Master *Vulcan*; but flew at those who were polluted, and never ceased barking at them till they had driven them from the Temple.

My Manuscript gives the following Account of these Dogs, and was probably designed as a Comment upon this Story.

These Dogs were given to *Vulcan* by his Sister *Diana*, the Goddess of Hunting and of Chastity, having bred them out of some of her Hounds, in which she had observed this natural Instinct and Sagacity. It was thought she did it in Spight to *Venus*, who, upon her Return home, always found her Husband in a good or bad Humour, according to the Reception which she met with from his Dogs. They lived in the Temple several Years, but were such snappish

snappish Curs that they frighted away most of the Votaries. The Women of *Sicily* made a solemn Deputation to the Priest, by which they acquainted him, that they would not come up to the Temple with their annual Offerings unless he muzzled his Mastiffs; and at last comprimised the Matter with him, that the Offering should always be brought by a Chorus of young Girls, who were none of them above seven Years old. It was wonderful (says the Author) to see how different the Treatment was which the Dogs gave to these little Misses, from that which they had shown to their Mothers. It is said that a Prince of *Syracuse*, having married a young Lady, and being naturally of a jealous Temper, made such an Interest with the Priests of this Temple, that he procured a Whelp from them of this famous Breed. The young Puppy was very troublesome to the fair Lady at first, insomuch that she sollicited her Husband to send him away, but the good Man cut her short with the old *Sicilian* Proverb, *Love me, love my Dog*. From which Time she lived very peaceably with both of them. The Ladies of *Syracuse* were very much annoyed with him, and several of very good Reputation refused to come to Court till he was discarded. There were indeed some of them that defied his Sagacity, but it was observed, tho' he did not actually bite them, he would growle at them most confoundedly. To return to the Dogs of the Temple: After they had lived here in great Repute for several Years, it so happened, that as one of the Priests, who had been making a charitable Visit to a Widow who lived on the Promontory of *Lilybeum*, returned home pretty late in the Evening, the Dogs flew at him with so much Fury, that they would have worried him if his Brethren had not come in to his Assistance: Upon which, says my Author, the Dogs were all of them hanged, as having lost their original Instinct.

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I cannot conclude this Paper without wishing, that we had some of this Breed of Dogs in *Great Britain*, which would certainly do *Justice*, I should say *Honour*, to the Ladies of our Country, and shew the World the difference between Pagan Women and those who are instructed in sounder Principles of Virtue and Religion.

Friday

No. 580. Friday, August 13, 1714.

No. 580. [ADDISON.]

Friday, August 13.

——*Si verbis audacia detur*
Haud timeam magni dixisse palatia caeli.—Ov. *Met.*

'*Sir*,

I CONSIDERED in my two last Letters that awful and tremendous Subject, the Ubiquity or Omnipresence of the Divine Being. I have shewn that he is equally present in all Places throughout the whole Extent of Infinite Space. This Doctrine is so agreeable to Reason, that we meet with it in the Writings of the enlightened Heathens, as I might show at large, were it not already done by other Hands. But tho' the Deity be thus essentially present through all the Immensity of Space, there is one Part of it in which he discovers himself in a most transcendent and visible Glory. This is that Place which is marked out in Scripture under the different Appellations of *Paradise, the third Heaven, the Throne of God,* and *the Habitation of his Glory.* It is here where the glorified Body of our Saviour resides, and where all the celestial Hierarchies, and the innumerable Hosts of Angels, are represented as perpetually surrounding the Seat of God, with *Hallelujahs* and Hymns of Praise. This is that Presence of God which some of the Divines call his Glorious, and others his Majestatick Presence. He is indeed as essentially present in all other Places as in this, but it is here where he resides in a sensible Magnificence, and in the midst of all those Splendors which can affect the Imagination of created Beings.

It is very remarkable that this Opinion of God Almighty's Presence in Heaven, whether discovered by the Light of Nature, or by a general Tradition from our first Parents, prevails among all the Nations of the World, whatsoever different Notions they entertain of the Godhead. If you look into *Homer*, that is, the most ancient of the *Greek* Writers, you see the supreme Powers seated in the Heavens, and encompassed with inferior Deities, among whom the Muses are represented as singing incessantly about his Throne. Who does not here see the main

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main Strokes and Outlines of this great Truth we are speaking of? The same Doctrine is shadowed out in many other Heathen Authors, tho' at the same time, like several other revealed Truths, dashed and adulterated with a Mixture of Fables and human Inventions. But to pass over the Notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, those more enlightened Parts of the Pagan World, we find there is scarce a People among the late discovered Nations who are not trained up in an Opinion, that Heaven is the Habitation of the Divinity whom they worship.

As in *Solomon*'s Temple there was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, in which a visible Glory appeared among the Figures of the Cherubins, and into which none but the High-Priest himself was permitted to enter, after having made an Atonement for the Sins of the People; so if we consider the whole Creation as one great Temple, there is in it this Holy of Holies, into which the High-Priest of our Salvation entered, and took his Place among Angels and Archangels, after having made a Propitiation for the Sins of Mankind.

With how much Skill must the Throne of God be erected? With what glorious Designs is that Habitation beautified, which is contrived and built by him who inspired *Hyram* with Wisdom? How great must be the Majesty of that Place, where the whole Art of Creation has been employed, and where God has chosen to show himself in the most magnificent Manner? What must be the Architecture of Infinite Power under the Direction of Infinite Wisdom? A Spirit cannot but be transported, after an ineffable manner, with the sight of those Objects, which were made to affect him by that Being who knows the inward Frame of a Soul, and how to please and ravish it in all its most secret Powers and Faculties. It is to this majestick Presence of God, we may apply those beautiful Expressions in holy Writ; *Behold even to the Moon, and it shineth not; yea the Stars are not pure in his Sight.* The Light of the Sun, and all the Glories of the World in which we live, are but as weak and sickly Glimmerings, or rather Darkness it self, in comparison of those Splendors which encompass the Throne of God.

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As the *Glory* of this Place is transcendent beyond Imagination, so probably is the *Extent* of it. There is Light behind Light, and Glory within Glory. How far that Space may reach, in which God thus appears in perfect Majesty, we cannot possibly conceive. Tho' it is not infinite, it may be indefinite; and tho' not immeasurable in its self, it may be so with regard to any created Eye or Imagination. If he has made these lower Regions of Matter so inconceivably wide and magnificent for the Habitation of mortal and perishable Beings, how great may we suppose the Courts of his House to be, where he makes his Residence in a more especial manner, and displays himself in the Fullness of his Glory, among an innumerable Company of Angels, and Spirits of just Men made perfect?

This is certain, that our Imaginations cannot be raised too high, when we think on a Place where Omnipotence and Omniscience have so signally exerted themselves, because that they are able to produce a Scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but at the Consummation of all Things, these outward Apartments of Nature, which are now suited to those Beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious Place of which I am here speaking; and by that means made a proper Habitation for Beings who are exempt from Mortality, and cleared of their Imperfections: For so the Scripture seems to intimate, when it speaks of new Heavens and of a new Earth, wherein dwelleth Righteousness.

I have only considered this Glorious Place, with regard to the Sight and Imagination, though it is highly probable that our other Senses may here likewise enjoy their highest Gratifications. There is nothing which more ravishes and transports the Soul, than Harmony; and we have great Reason to believe, from the Descriptions of this Place in Holy Scripture, that this is one of the Entertainments of it. And if the Soul of Man can be so wonderfully affected with those Strains of Musick, which Human Art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raised and elevated by those, in which is exerted the whole Power of Harmony! The Senses

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are Faculties of the Human Soul, though they cannot be employ'd, during this our vital Union, without proper Instruments in the Body. Why therefore should we exclude the Satisfaction of these Faculties, which we find by Experience are Inlets of great Pleasure to the Soul, from among those Entertainments which are to make up our Happiness hereafter? Why should we suppose that our Hearing and Seeing will not be gratify'd with those Objects which are most agreeable to them, and which they cannot meet with in these lower Regions of Nature; Objects, *which neither Eye has seen, nor Ear heard, nor can it enter into the Heart of Man to conceive? I knew a Man in Christ* (says St. *Paul* speaking of himself) *above fourteen Years ago* (*whether in the Body, I cannot tell, or whether out of the Body, I cannot tell: God knoweth*) *such a one caught up to the third Heaven. And I knew such a Man* (*whether in the Body, or out of the Body, I cannot tell: God knoweth*) *how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable Words, which it is not possible for Man to utter.* By this is meant, that what he heard was so infinitely different from any thing which he had heard in this World, that it was impossible to express it in such Words as might convey a Notion of it to his Hearers.

It is very natural for us to take Delight in Enquiries concerning any foreign Country, where we are some Time or other to make our Abode; and as we all hope to be admitted into this glorious Place, it is both a laudable and useful Curiosity, to get what Informations we can of it, whilst we make use of Revelation for our Guide. When these everlasting Doors shall be open to us, we may be sure that the Pleasures and Beauties of this Place will infinitely transcend our present Hopes and Expectations, and that the glorious Appearance of the Throne of God, will rise infinitely beyond whatever we are able to conceive of it. We might here entertain our selves with many other Speculations on this Subject, from those several Hints which we find of it in the Holy Scriptures; as whether there may not be different Mansions and Apartments of Glory, to Beings of different Natures

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Natures; whether as they excel one another in Perfection, they are not admitted nearer to the Throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater Manifestations of his Presence; whether there are not solemn Times and Occasions, when all the Multitude of Heaven celebrate the Presence of their Maker in more extraordinary Forms of Praise and Adoration; as *Adam*, though he had continued in a State of Innocence, would, in the Opinion of our Divines, have kept holy the Sabbath Day, in a more particular Manner than any other of the Seven. These, and the like Speculations, we may very innocently indulge, so long as we make use of them to inspire us with a Desire of becoming Inhabitants of this delightful Place.

I have in this, and in two foregoing Letters, treated on the most serious Subject that can employ the Mind of Man, the Omnipresence of the Deity; a Subject which, if possible, should never depart from our Meditations. We have considered the Divine Being, as he inhabits Infinitude, as he dwells among his Work, as he is present to the Mind of Man, and as he discovers himself in a more glorious Manner among the Regions of the Blest. Such a Consideration should be kept awake in us at all Times, and in all Places, and possess our Minds with a perpetual Awe and Reverence. It should be interwoven with all our Thoughts and Perceptions, and become One with the Consciousness of our own Being. It is not to be reflected on in the Coldness of Philosophy, but ought to sink us into the lowest Prostration before him, who is so astonishingly Great, Wonderful, and Holy.'

No. 581.

Monday, August 16.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura
Quae legis——————.—Mart.

I AM at present sitting with a Heap of Letters before me, which I have received under the Character of SPECTATOR; I have Complaints from Lovers, Schemes from Projectors, Scandal from Ladies, Congratulations, Compliments, and Advice in abundance.

I have not been thus long an Author, to be insensible of the natural Fondness every Person must have for their own Productions; and I begin to think I have treated my Correspondents a little too uncivilly in stringing them all together on a File, and letting them lye so long unregarded. I shall therefore, for the future, think my self at least obliged to take some Notice of such Letters as I receive, and may possibly do it at the End of every Month. No. 581. Monday, August 16, 1714.

In the mean time, I intend my present Paper as a short Answer to most of those which have been already sent me.

The Publick however is not to expect I should let them into all my Secrets; and though I appear abstruse to most People, it is sufficient if I am understood by my particular Correspondents.

My Well-wisher *Van Nath* is very arch, but not quite enough so to appear in Print.

Philadelphus will, in a little time, see his Query fully answered by a Treatise which is now in the Press.

It was very improper at that time to comply with Mr. *G.*

Miss *Kitty* must excuse me.

The Gentleman who sent me a Copy of Verses on his Mistress's Dancing, is I believe too thoroughly in Love to compose correctly.

I have too great a Respect for both the Universities, to praise one at the Expense of the other.

Tom Nimble is a very honest Fellow, and I desire him to present my humble Service to his Cousin *Fill. Bumper.*

I am obliged for the Letter upon Prejudice.

I may in due time animadvert on the Case of *Grace Grumble.*

The Petition of *P. S. granted.*

That of *Sarah Loveit, refused.*

The Papers of *A. S.* are returned.

I thank *Aristippus* for his kind Invitation.

My Friend at *Woodstock* is a bold Man, to undertake for all within Ten Miles of him.

I am afraid the Entertainment of *Tom Turnover* will hardly

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hardly be relished by the good Cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

I must consider further of it, before I indulge *W. F.* in those Freedoms he takes with the Lady's Stockings.

I am obliged to the ingenious Gentleman, who sent me an Ode on the Subject of a late SPECTATOR, and shall take particular Notice of his last Letter.

When the Lady who wrote me a Letter, dated *July* the 20th, in relation to some Passages in a *Lover*, will be more particular in her Directions, I shall be so in my Answer.

The poor Gentleman, who fancies my Writings could reclaim an Husband who can abuse such a Wife as he describes, has I am afraid too great an Opinion of my Skill.

Philanthropos is, I dare say, a very well-meaning Man, but is a little too prolix in his Compositions.

Constantius himself must be the best Judge in the Affair he mentions.

The Letter dated from *Lincoln* is received.

Arethusa and her Friend may hear further from me.

Celia is a little too hasty.

Harriot is a good Girl, but must not curtsie to Folks she does not know.

I must ingeniously confess my Friend *Sampson Bentstaff* has quite puzzled me, and writ me a long Letter which I cannot comprehend one Word of.

Collidan must also explain what he means by his *Drigelling*.

I think it beneath my *Spectatorial* Dignity to concern my self in the Affair of the boiled Dumpling.

I shall consult some *Litterati* on the Project sent me for the Discovery of the Longitude.

I know not how to conclude this Paper better, than by inserting a Couple of Letters which are really genuine, and which I look upon to be two of the smartest Pieces I have received from my Correspondents of either Sex.

'*Brother* SPEC,

While you are surveying every Object that falls in your way, I am wholly taken up with one. Had that Sage

Sage, who demanded what Beauty was, lived to see the dear Angel I love, he would not have asked such a Question. Had another seen her, he would himself have loved the Person in whom Heaven has made Virtue visible; and were you your self to be in her Company, you could never, with all your Loquacity, say enough of her good Humour and Sense. I send you the Outlines of a Picture, which I can no more finish than I can sufficiently admire the dear Original. I am,

Your most affectionate Brother,

Constantio Spec.'

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'*Good Mr.* Pert,

I will allow you nothing 'till you resolve me the following Question. Pray what's the Reason that while you only talk now upon *Wednesdays*, *Fridays*, and *Mondays*, you pretend to be a greater Tatler, than when you spoke every Day as you formerly used to do? If this be your plunging out of your Taciturnity, pray let the Length of your Speeches compensate for the Scarceness of them.

I am,

Good Mr. Pert,

Your Admirer,

if you will be long enough for Me,

Amanda Lovelength.'

No. 582.
[ADDISON.] Wednesday, August 18.

——Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes——.—Juv.

THERE is a certain Distemper, which is mentioned neither by *Galen* nor *Hippocrates*, nor to be met with in the *London Dispensary*. *Juvenal*, in the Motto of my Paper, terms it a *Cacoethes*; which is a hard Word for a Disease called in plain *English*, *the Itch of Writing*. This *Cacoethes* is as Epidemical as the Small-Pox, there being very few who are not seized with it some time or other in their Lives. There is however this Difference in these two Distempers, that the first, after having indisposed you for a time, never returns again; whereas this

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I am speaking of, when it is once got into the Blood, seldom comes out of it. The *British* Nation is very much afflicted with this Malady, and tho' very many Remedies have been applied to Persons infected with it, few of them have ever proved successful. Some have been cauterized with Satyrs and Lampoons, but have received little or no Benefit from them; others have had their Heads fastened for an Hour together between a Cleft Board, which is made use of as a Cure for the Disease when it appears in its greatest Malignity. There is indeed one kind of this Malady which has been sometimes removed, like the Biting of a *Tarantula*, with the Sound of a musical Instrument, which is commonly known by the Name of a Cat-Call. But if you have a Patient of this kind under your Care, you may assure your self there is no other way of recovering him effectually, but by forbidding him the use of Pen, Ink, and Paper.

But to drop the Allegory before I have tired it out, there is no Species of Scriblers more offensive, and more incurable, than your Periodical Writers, whose Works return upon the Publick on certain Days and at stated Times. We have not the Consolation in the Perusal of these Authors, which we find at the Reading of all others, (namely) that we are sure, if we have but Patience, we may come to the End of their Labours. I have often admired a humorous Saying of *Diogenes*, who reading a dull Author to several of his Friends, when every one began to be tired, finding he was almost come to a Blank Leaf at the End of it, cried, *Courage, Lads, I see Land.* On the contrary, our Progress through that kind of Writers I am now speaking of is never at an End. One Day makes Work for another, we do not know when to promise our selves rest.

It is a melancholy thing to consider, that the Art of Printing, which might be the greatest Blessing to Mankind, should prove detrimental to us, and that it should be made use of to scatter Prejudice and Ignorance through a People, instead of conveying to them Truth and Knowledge.

I was lately reading a very whimsical Treatise, entitled, *William*

William Ramsey's Vindication of Astrology. This pro- No. 582. Wednesday, August 18, 1714.
found Author, among many mystical Passages, has the following one: 'The Absence of the Sun is not the Cause of Night, forasmuch as his Light is so great that it may illuminate the Earth all over at once as clear as broad Day, but there are tenebrificous and dark Stars, by whose Influence Night is brought on, and which do ray out Darkness and Obscurity upon the Earth, as the Sun does Light.'

I consider Writers in the same View this sage Astrologer does the heavenly Bodies. Some of them are Stars that scatter Light, as others do Darkness. I could mention several Authors who are tenebrificous Stars of the first Magnitude, and point out a Knot of Gentlemen who have been dull in Consort, and may be looked upon as a dark Constellation. The Nation has been a great while benighted with several of these Antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their Darkness as long as I was able to endure it, 'till at length I came to a Resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the *British* Hemisphere.

No. 583.
[ADDISON.] Friday, August 20.

Ipse thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis
Tecta serat late circum, cui talia curae;
Ipse labore manum duro terat; ipse feraces
Figat humo plantas, & amicos irriget imbres.—Virg.

EVERY Station of Life has Duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by Choice to any particular kind of Business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by Necessity, but both are under an equal Obligation of fixing on Employments, which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others. No one of the Sons of *Adam* ought to think himself exempt from that Labour and Industry which were denounced to our first Parent, and in him to all his Posterity. Those to whom Birth or Fortune may seem to make such an Application unnecessary, ought to find out some Calling or Profession for themselves, that they

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they may not lye as a Burden on the Species, and be the only useless Parts of the Creation.

Many of our Country Gentlemen in their busie Hours apply themselves wholly to the Chase, or to some other Diversion which they find in the Fields and Woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent *English* Writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of Curse pronounced to them in the Words of *Goliah, I will give thee to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field.*

Tho' Exercises of this Kind, when indulged with Moderation, may have a good Influence both on the Mind and Body, the Country affords many other Amusements of a more noble Kind.

Among these I know none more delightful in itself, and beneficial to the Publick, than that of *PLANTING.* I could mention a Nobleman whose Fortune has placed him in several Parts of *England*, and who has always left these visible Marks behind him, which shew he has been there: He never hired a House in his Life, without leaving all about it the Seeds of Wealth, and bestowing Legacies on the Posterity of the Owner. Had all the Gentlemen of *England* made the same Improvements upon their Estates, our whole Country would have been at this time as one great Garden. Nor ought such an Employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for Men of the highest Rank. There have been Heroes in this Art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of *Cyrus* the Great, that he planted all the Lesser *Asia*. There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of Amusement: It gives a nobler Air to several Parts of Nature; it fills the Earth with a Variety of beautiful Scenes, and has something in it like Creation. For this Reason the Pleasure of one who plants is something like that of a Poet, who, as *Aristotle* observes, is more delighted with his Productions than any other Writer or Artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one Advantage in them which is not to be found in most other Works, as they give a Pleasure of a more lasting Date, and continually improve in the Eye of the Planter. When you have finished a Building,

or

or any other Undertaking of the like Nature, it immediately decays upon your Hands; you see it brought to its utmost Point of Perfection, and from that time hastening to its Ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your Plantations, they are still arriving at greater Degrees of Perfection as long as you live, and appear more Delightful in every succeeding Year, than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this Art to Men of Estates as a pleasing Amusement, but as it is a kind of Virtuous Employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral Motives; particularly from the Love which we ought to have for our Country, and the Regard which we ought to bear to our Posterity. As for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others, that the Increase of Forest-Trees does by no Means bear a Proportion to the Destruction of them, insomuch that in a few Ages the Nation may be at a loss to supply itself with Timber sufficient for the Fleets of *England*. I know when a Man talks of Posterity in Matters of this Nature, he is looked upon with an Eye of Ridicule by the cunning and selfish Part of Mankind. Most People are of the Humour of an old Fellow of a Colledge, who when he was pressed by the Society to come into something that might redound to the good of their Successors, grew very peevish, *We are always doing*, says he, *something for Posterity, but I would fain see Posterity do something for us.*

But I think Men are inexcusable, who fail in a Duty of this Nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a Man considers that the putting a few Twigs into the Ground, is doing good to one who will make his Appearance in the World about Fifty Years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own Descendants, easie, or rich, by so inconsiderable an Expence, if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base Heart, void of all generous Principles and Love to Mankind.

There is one Consideration, which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest Minds that are naturally disposed to do good in the World, and become

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become Beneficial to Mankind, complain within themselves that they have not Talents for it. This therefore is a good Office, which is suited to the meanest Capacities, and which may be performed by Multitudes, who have not Abilities sufficient to deserve well of their Country and to recommend themselves to their Posterity, by any other Method. It is the Phrase of a Friend of mine, when any useful Country Neighbour dies, that *you may trace him*: which I look upon as a good Funeral Oration, at the Death of an honest Husbandman, who has left the Impressions of his Industry behind him, in the Place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing Considerations, I can scarce forbear representing the Subject of this Paper as a kind of Moral Virtue; which, as I have already shown, recommends itself likewise by the Pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed, that this is none of those turbulent Pleasures which is apt to gratifie a Man in the Heats of Youth; but if it be not so Tumultuous, it is more Lasting. Nothing can be more delightful, than to entertain ourselves with Prospects of our own making, and to walk under those Shades which our own Industry has raised. Amusements of this Nature compose the Mind, and lay at rest all those Passions which are uneasie to the Soul of Man, besides, that they naturally engender good Thoughts, and dispose us to laudable Contemplations. Many of the old Philosophers passed away the greatest Parts of their Lives among their Gardens. *Epicurus* himself could not think sensual Pleasure attainable in any other Scene. Every Reader who is acquainted with *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Horace*, the greatest Genius's of all Antiquity, knows very well with how much Rapture they have spoken on this Subject; and that *Virgil* in particular has Written a whole Book on the Art of Planting.

This Art seems to have been more especially adapted to the Nature of Man in his Primæval State, when he had Life enough to see his Productions flourish in their utmost Beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the Flood might have seen a Wood of the tallest Oaks in the Acorn. But I only mention this Particular

Particular, in order to introduce in my next Paper, a History which I have found among the Accounts of *China*, and which may be looked upon as an Antediluvian Novel. No. 583. Friday, August 20, 1714.

No. 584.

[ADDISON.] Monday, August 23.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus, hic ipso tecum consumerer aevo.—Virg.

HILPA was one of the 150 Daughters of *Zilpah*, of the race of *Cohu*, by whom some of the Learned think is meant *Cain*. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a Girl of Threescore and ten Years of Age, received the Addresses of several who made Love to her. Among these were two Brothers, *Harpath* and *Shalum*; *Harpath*, being the First-born, was Master of that fruitful Region which lies at the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, in the Southern Parts of *China*. *Shalum* (which is to say the Planter in the *Chinese* Language) possessed all the neighbouring Hills, and that great Range of Mountains which goes under the Name of *Tirzah*. *Harpath* was of a haughty contemptuous Spirit; *Shalum* was of a gentle Disposition, beloved both by God and Man.

It is said that, among the Antediluvian Women, the Daughters of *Cohu* had their Minds wholly set upon Riches; for which Reason the beautiful *Hilpa* preferr'd *Harpath* to *Shalum*, because of his numerous Flocks and Herds, that covered all the low Country which runs along the Foot of Mount *Tirzah*, and is watered by several Fountains and Streams breaking out of the Sides of that Mountain.

Harpath made so quick a Dispatch of his Courtship, that he married *Hilpah* in the Hundredth Year of her Age; and being of an insolent Temper, laughed to Scorn his Brother *Shalum* for having pretended to the beautiful *Hilpa*, when he was Master of nothing but a long Chain of Rocks and Mountains. This so much provoked *Shalum*, that he is said to have cursed his Brother in the Bitterness of his Heart, and to have prayed that one of his Mountains might fall upon his Head, if ever he came within the Shadow of it.

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From this Time forward *Harpath* would never venture out of the Vallies, but came to an untimely End in the 250th Year of his Age, being drowned in a River as he attempted to cross it. This River is called to this Day, from his Name who perished in it, the River *Harpath*, and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those Mountains which *Shalum* wished might fall upon his Brother, when he cursed him in the Bitterness of his Heart.

Hilpa was in the 160th Year of her Age at the Death of her Husband, having brought him but 50 Children, before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the Antediluvians made Love to the young Widow, tho' no one was thought so likely to succeed in her Affections as her first Lover *Shalum*, who renewed his Court to her about ten Years after the Death of *Harpath*; for it was not thought decent in those Days that a Widow should be seen by a Man within ten Years after the Decease of her Husband.

Shalum falling into a deep Melancholy, and resolving to take away that Objection which had been raised against him when he made his first Addresses to *Hilpah*, began immediately after her Marriage with *Harpath*, to plant all that mountainous Region which fell to his Lot in the Division of this Country. He knew how to adapt every Plant to its proper Soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional Secrets of that Art from the first Man. This Employment turn'd at length to his Profit as well as to his Amusement: His Mountains were in a few Years shaded with young Trees, that gradually shot up into Groves, Woods, and Forests, intermixed with Walks, and Launs, and Gardens; insomuch that the whole Region, from a naked and desolate Prospect, began now to look like a second Paradise. The Pleasantness of the Place, and the agreeable Disposition of *Shalum*, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the Flood, drew into it Multitudes of People, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of Wells, the digging of Trenches, and the hollowing of Trees, for the better Distribution of Water through every Part of this spacious Plantation.

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The Habitations of *Shalum* looked every Year more beautiful in the Eyes of *Hilpa*, who, after the Space of 70 Autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant Prospect of *Shalum*'s Hills, which were then covered with innumerable Tufts of Trees and gloomy Scenes that gave a Magnificence to the Place, and converted it into one of the finest Landskips the Eye of Man could behold.

The *Chinese* record a Letter which *Shalum* is said to have written to *Hilpa*, in the Eleventh Year of her Widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble Simplicity of Sentiments, and Plainness of Manners, which appears in the Original.

Shalum was at this Time 180 years old, and *Hilpa* 170.

'Shalum, *Master of Mount* Tirzah, *to* Hilpa, *Mistress of the Vallies.*

In the 788th Year of the Creation.

What have I not suffered, O thou Daughter of *Zilpah*, since thou gavest thy self away in Marriage to my Rival? I grew weary of the Light of the Sun, and have been ever since covering my self with Woods and Forests. These threescore and ten Years have I bewailed the Loss of thee on the Tops of Mount *Tirzah*, and soothed my Melancholy among a thousand gloomy Shades of my own raising. My Dwellings are at present as the Garden of God; every Part of them is filled with Fruits, and Flowers, and Fountains. The whole Mountain is perfumed for thy Reception. Come up into it, O my Beloved, and let us people this Spot of the new World with a beautiful Race of Mortals; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful Shades, and fill every Quarter of them with Sons and Daughters. Remember, O thou Daughter of *Zilpah*, that the Age of Man is but a thousand Years; that Beauty is the Admiration but of a few Centuries. It flourishes as a Mountain Oak, or as a Cedar on the Top of *Tirzah*, which in three or four hundred Years will fade away, and never be thought of by Posterity, unless a young Wood

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Wood springs from its Roots. Think well on this, and remember thy Neighbour in the Mountains.'

Having here inserted this Letter, which I look upon as the only Antediluvian *Billet-doux* now extant, I shall in my next Paper give the Answer to it, and the Sequel of this Story.

No. 585.
[ADDISON.] Wednesday, August 25.

Ipsi laetitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes: ipsae jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta ———.—Virg.

The Sequel of the Story of Shalum *and* Hilpa.

THE Letter inserted in my last had so good an Effect upon *Hilpa*, that she answered it in less than a Twelvemonth after the following manner.

'Hilpa, *Mistress of the Vallies, to* Shalum, *Master of Mount* Tirzah.

In the 789th Year of the Creation.

What have I to do with thee, O *Shalum?* Thou praisest *Hilpa*'s Beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the Verdure of her Meadows? Art thou not more affected with the Prospect of her green Vallies, than thou wouldest be with the Sight of her Person? The Lowings of my Herds, and the Bleatings of my Flocks, make a pleasant Eccho in thy Mountains, and sound sweetly in thy Ears. What tho' I am delighted with the Wavings of thy Forests, and those Breezes of Perfumes which flow from the Top of *Tirzah*; Are these like the Riches of the Valley?

I know thee, O *Shalum*; thou art more wise and happy than any of the Sons of Men. Thy Dwellings are among the Cedars; thou searchest out the Diversity of Soils, thou understandest the Influences of the Stars, and markest the Change of Seasons. Can a Woman appear lovely in the Eyes of such a one? Disquiet me not, O *Shalum*; let me alone, that I may enjoy those goodly Possessions which are fallen to my Lot. Win me not by thy enticing Words. May thy Trees increase and

and multiply; mayest thou add Wood to Wood, and Shade to Shade; but tempt not *Hilpa* to destroy thy Solitude, and make thy Retirement populous.'

The *Chinese* say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a Treat in one of the neighbouring Hills to which *Shalum* had invited her. This Treat lasted for two Years, and is said to have cost *Shalum* five hundred Antelopes, two thousand Ostriches, and a thousand Tun of Milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that Variety of delicious Fruits and Potherbs, in which no Person then living could any way equal *Shalum*.

He treated her in the Bower which he had planted amidst the Wood of Nightingales. The Wood was made up of such Fruit Trees and Plants as are most agreeable to the several Kinds of Singing-Birds; so that it had drawn into it all the Musick of the Country, and was filled from one End of the Year to the other with the most agreeable Consort in Season.

He shewed her every day some beautiful and surprising Scene in this new Region of Wood-lands; and as by this means he had all the Opportunities he could wish for of opening his Mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her Departure she made him a kind of Promise, and gave him her Word to return him a positive Answer in less than fifty Years.

She had not been long among her own People in the Vallies, when she received new Overtures, and at the same Time a most splendid Visit from *Mishpach*, who was a mighty Man of old, and had built a great City, which he called after his own Name. Every House was made for at least a thousand Years, nay there were some that were leased out for three Lives; so that the Quantity of Stone and Timber consumed in this Building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present Age of the World. This great Man entertained her with the Voice of musical Instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the Sound of the Timbrel. He also presented her with several domestick Utensils wrought in Brass and Iron, which had been newly found out for the Conveniency of Life. In the mean time *Shalum* grew very uneasie with himself

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self, and was sorely displeased at *Hilpa* for the Reception which she had given to *Mishpach*, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole Revolution of *Saturn*; but finding that this Intercourse went no further than a Visit, he again renewed his Addresses to her, who during his long Silence is said very often to have cast a wishing Eye upon Mount *Tirzah*.

Her Mind continued wavering about twenty Years longer between *Shalum* and *Mishpach*; for tho' her Inclinations favoured the former, her Interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her Heart was in this unsettled Condition, the following Accident happened which determined her Choice. A high Tower of Wood that stood in the City of *Mishpach* having caught Fire by a Flash of Lightning, in a few Days reduced the whole Town to Ashes. *Mishpach* resolved to rebuild the Place, whatever it should cost him; and having already destroyed all the Timber of the Country, he was forced to have recourse to *Shalum*, whose Forests were now two hundred Years old. He purchased these Woods with so many Herds of Cattle and Flocks of Sheep, and with such a vast Extent of Fields and Pastures that *Shalum* was now grown more wealthy than *Mishpach*; and therefore appeared so charming in the Eyes of *Zilpah*'s Daughter, that she no longer refused him in Marriage. On the Day in which he brought her up into the Mountains he raised a most prodigious Pile of Cedar, and of every sweet smelling Wood, which reached above 300 Cubits in height: He also cast into the Pile Bundles of Myrrh and Sheaves of Spikenard, enriching it with every spicy Shrub, and making it fat with the Gums of his Plantations. This was the Burnt-Offering which *Shalum* offered in the Day of his Espousals; the Smoke of it ascended up to Heaven, and filled the whole Country with Incense and Perfume.

No. 586.
[ADDISON.]

Friday, August 27.

——Quae in vita usurpant homines, cogitant, curant, vident, quaeque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cuique in somno accidunt.—Cic. *De Div.*

BY the last Post I received the following Letter, which is built upon a Thought that is new, and very well carried on; for which Reasons I shall give it to the Publick without Alteration, Addition, or Amendment.

'Sir,

It was a good Piece of Advice which *Pythagoras* gave to his Scholars, That every Night before they slept they should examine what they had been a doing that Day, and so discover what Actions were worthy of Pursuit to Morrow, and what little Vices were to be prevented from slipping unawares into a Habit. If I might second the Philosopher's Advice, it should be mine, That in a Morning before my Scholar rose, he should consider what he had been about that Night, and with the same Strictness, as if the Condition, he has believ'd himself to be in, was real. Such a Scrutiny into the Actions of his Fancy must be of considerable Advantage, for this Reason, Because the Circumstances which a Man imagines himself in during Sleep, are generally such as entirely favour his Inclinations good or bad, and give him imaginary Opportunities of pursuing them to the utmost; so that his Temper will lye fairly open to his View, while he considers how it is moved when free from those Constraints which the Accidents of real Life put it under. Dreams are certainly the Result of our waking Thoughts, and our daily Hopes and Fears are what give the Mind such nimble Relishes of Pleasure, and such severe Touches of Pain, in its Midnight Rambles. A Man that murders his Enemy, or deserts his Friend in a Dream, had need to guard his Temper against Revenge and Ingratitude, and take heed that he be not tempted to do a vile thing in the Pursuit of false, or the Neglect of true Honour. For my Part, I seldom receive a Benefit, but in a Night or two's Time I make most noble Returns for it; which tho' my Benefactor is not a whit the better for

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for, yet it pleases me to think that it was from a Principle of Gratitude in me, that my Mind was susceptible of such generous Transport while I thought my self repaying the Kindness of my Friend: And I have often been ready to beg Pardon, instead of returning an Injury, after considering, that when the Offender was in my Power I had carried my Resentments much too far.

I think it has been observ'd in the Course of your Papers, how much one's Happiness or Misery may depend upon the Imagination: Of which Truth those strange Workings of Fancy in Sleep are no inconsiderable Instances; so that not only the Advantage a Man has of making Discoveries of himself, but a Regard to his own Ease or Disquiet, may induce him to accept of my Advice. Such as are willing to comply with it, I shall put into a way of doing it with Pleasure, by observing only one Maxim which I shall give them, *viz. To go to Bed with a Mind entirely free from Passion, and a Body clear of the least Intemperance.*

They indeed who can sink into Sleep with their Thoughts less calm or innocent than they should be, do but plunge themselves into Scenes of Guilt and Misery; or they who are willing to purchase any Midnight Disquietudes for the Satisfaction of a full Meal, or a Skin full of Wine; these I have nothing to say to, as not knowing how to invite 'em to Reflections full of Shame and Horror: But those that will observe this Rule, I promise 'em they shall awake into Health and Chearfulness, and be capable of recounting with Delight those glorious Moments wherein the Mind has been indulging it self in such Luxury of Thought, such noble Hurry of Imagination. Suppose a Man's going supperless to Bed should introduce him to the Table of some great Prince or other, where he shall be entertained with the noblest Marks of Honour and Plenty, and do so much Business after, that he shall rise with as good a Stomach to his Breakfast as if he had fasted all Night long; or suppose he should see his dearest Friends remain all Night in great Distresses, which he could instantly have disingaged them from, could he have been content to have gone to Bed without the t'other Bottle: Believe me, these Effects of Fancy are

no

no contemptible Consequences of commanding or indulging one's Appetite.

I forbear recommending my Advice upon many other Accounts, 'till I hear how you and your Readers relish what I have already said; among whom, if there be any that may pretend it is useless to them, because they never dream at all, there may be others, perhaps, who do little else all Day long. Were every one as sensible as I am what happens to him in his Sleep, it would be no Dispute whether we past so considerable a Portion of our Time in the Condition of Stocks and Stones, or whether the Soul were not perpetually at Work upon the Principle of Thought. However, 'tis an honest Endeavour of mine to persuade my Countrymen to reap some Advantage from so many unregarded Hours, and as such you will encourage it.

I shall conclude with giving you a Sketch or two of my Way of proceeding.

If I have any Business of Consequence to do to Morrow, I am scarce dropt asleep to Night but I am in the midst of it, and when awake I consider the whole Procession of the Affair, and get the Advantage of the next Day's Experience before the Sun has risen upon it.

There is scarce a great Post but what I have some Time or other been in; but my Behaviour while I was Master of a College pleases me so well, that whenever there is a Province of that Nature vacant, I intend to step in as soon as I can.

I have done many Things that would not pass Examination, when I have had the Art of Flying, or being Invisible; for which Reason I am glad I am not possessed of those extraordinary Qualities.

Lastly, Mr. SPECTATOR, I have been a great Correspondent of yours, and have read many of my Letters in your Paper which I never wrote to you. If you have a Mind I should really be so, I have got a Parcel of Visions and other Miscellanies in my Noctuary, which I shall send you to enrich your Paper with on proper Occasions.

I am, &c.

Oxford, Aug. 20. John Shadow.'

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No. 587. [ADDISON.] Monday, August 30.

——Intus & in cute novi.—Pers.

THO' the Author of the following Vision is unknown to me, I am apt to think it may be the Work of that ingenious Gentleman, who promised me, in the last Paper, some Extracts out of his Noctuary.

'*Sir*,

I was the other Day reading the Life of *Mahomet*. Among many other Extravagancies, I find it recorded of that Impostor, that in the fourth Year of his Age the Angel *Gabriel* caught him up, while he was among his Play-fellows, and carrying him aside, cut open his Breast, plucked out his Heart, and wrung out of it that black Drop of Blood, in which, say the *Turkish* Divines, is contained the *Fomes Peccati*, so that he was free from Sin ever after. I immediately said to my self, tho' this Story be a Fiction, a very good Moral may be drawn from it, would every Man but apply it to himself, and endeavour to squeeze out of his Heart whatever Sins or ill Qualities he finds in it.

While my Mind was wholly taken up with this Contemplation, I insensibly fell into a most pleasing Slumber, when methought two Porters entered my Chamber, carrying a large Chest between them. After having set it down in the middle of the Room they departed. I immediately endeavoured to open what was sent me, when a Shape, like that in which we paint our Angels, appeared before me, and forbad me. Enclosed, said he, are the Hearts of several of your Friends and Acquaintance; but before you can be qualified to see and animadvert on the Failings of others, you must be pure your self; whereupon he drew out his Incision Knife, cut me open, took out my Heart, and began to squeeze it. I was in a great Confusion, to see how many things, which I had always cherished as Virtues, issued out of my Heart on this Occasion. In short, after it had been throughly squeezed, it looked like an empty Bladder, when the Phantome, breathing a fresh Particle of Divine Air

Air into it, restored it safe to its former Repository; and having sewed me up, we began to examine the Chest.

The Hearts were all enclosed in transparent Phials, and preserved in a Liquor which looked like Spirits of Wine. The first which I cast my Eye upon, I was afraid would have broke the Glass which contained it. It shot up and down, with incredible Swiftness, thro' the Liquor in which it swam, and very frequently bounced against the Side of the Phial. The *Fomes*, or Spot in the Middle of it, was not large, but of a red fiery Colour, and seemed to be the Cause of these violent Agitations. That, says my Instructor, is the Heart of *Tom. Dread-Nought*, who behaved himself well in the late Wars, but has for these Ten Years last past been aiming at some Post of Honour to no Purpose. He is lately retired into the Country, where, quite choaked up with Spleen and Choler, he rails at better Men than himself, and will be for ever uneasie, because it is impossible he should think his Merit sufficiently rewarded. The next Heart that I examined was remarkable for its Smallness; it lay still at the Bottom of the Phial, and I could hardly perceive that it beat at all. The *Phomes* was quite black, and had almost diffused itself over the whole Heart. This, says my Interpreter, is the Heart of *Dick Gloomy*, who never thirsted after any thing but Mony. Notwithstanding all his Endeavours, he is still poor. This has flung him into a most deplorable State of Melancholly and Despair. He is a Composition of Envy and Idleness, hates Mankind, but gives them their Revenge by being more uneasie to himself than to any one else.

The Phial I looked upon next contained a large fair Heart, which beat very strongly. The *Fomes* or Spot in it was exceeding small; but I could not help observing, that which way soever I turned the Phial it always appeared uppermost, and in the strongest Point of Light. The Heart you are examining, says my Companion, belongs to *Will. Worthy*. He has, indeed, a most noble Soul, and is possessed of a thousand good Qualities. The Speck which you discover is *Vanity*.

Here, says the Angel, is the Heart of *Freelove*, your intimate

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intimate Friend. *Freelove* and I, said I, are at present very cold to one another, and I do not care for looking on the Heart of a Man, which I fear is overcast with Rancour. My Teacher commanded me to look upon it; I did so, and to my unspeakable Surprise, found that a small swelling Spot, which I at first took to be *Ill-Will* towards me, was only *Passion*, and that upon my nearer Inspection it wholly disappeared; upon which the Phantome told me *Freelove* was one of the best-natured Men alive.

This, says my Teacher, is a Female Heart of your Acquaintance. I found the *Fomes* in it of the largest Size, and of a hundred different Colours, which were still varying every Moment. Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the Heart of *Coquetilla*.

I set it down, and drew out another, in which I took the *Fomes* at first Sight to be very small, but was amazed to find, that as I looked stedfastly upon it, it grew still larger. It was the Heart of *Melissa*, a noted Prude who lives the next Door to me.

I show you this, says the Phantome, because it is indeed a Rarity and you have the Happiness to know the Person to whom it belongs. He then put into my Hands a large Chrystal Glass, that enclosed an Heart, in which, though I examined it with the utmost Nicety, I could not perceive any Blemish. I made no Scruple to affirm that it must be the Heart of *Seraphina*, and was glad, but not surprized, to find that it was so. She is, indeed, continued my Guide, the Ornament, as well as the Envy, of her Sex; at these last Words, he pointed to the Hearts of several of her Female Acquaintance which lay in different Phials, and had very large Spots in them, all of a deep *Blue*. You are not to wonder, says he, that you see no Spot in an Heart, whose Innocence has been Proof against all the Corruptions of a depraved Age. If it has any Blemish, it is too small to be discovered by Human Eyes.

I layed it down, and took up the Hearts of other Females, in all of which the *Fomes* ran in several Veins, which were twisted together, and made a very perplexed Figure.

I asked the Meaning of it, and was told it represented *Deceit.* No. 587. Monday, August 30, 1714.

I should have been glad to have examined the Hearts of several of my Acquaintance, whom I knew to be particularly addicted to Drinking, Gaming, Intreaguing, &c. but my Interpreter told me I must let that alone till another Opportunity, and flung down the Cover of the Chest with so much Violence, as immediately awoke me.'

No. 588.

[HENRY GROVE.] Wednesday, September 1.

Dicitis, omnis in imbecillitate est et gratia, et caritas.
--Cicero, *De Nat. Deor.*

MAN may be considered in two Views, as a Reasonable, and as a Sociable Being: capable of becoming himself either happy or miserable, and of contributing to the Happiness or Misery of his Fellow-Creatures. Suitably to this double Capacity, the Contriver of Human Nature hath wisely furnished it with two Principles of Action, Self-love and Benevolence; designed one of them to render Man wakeful to his own personal Interest, the other to dispose him for giving his utmost Assistance to all engaged in the same Pursuit. This is such an Account of our Frame, so agreeable to Reason, so much for the Honour of our Maker, and the Credit of our Species, that it may appear somewhat unaccountable what should induce Men to represent human Nature as they do under Characters of Disadvantage, or, having drawn it with a little and sordid Aspect, what Pleasure they can possibly take in such a Picture. Do they reflect that it is their own, and, if we will believe themselves, is not more odious than the Original? One of the first that talked in this lofty Strain of our Nature was *Epicurus.* Beneficence, would his Followers say, is all founded in Weakness; and, whatever he pretended, the Kindness that passeth between Men and Men is by every Man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a Piece with the rest of that hopeful Philosophy, which having patched Man up out of the four Elements, attributes his Being to Chance, and derives all his Actions from an unintelligible Declination

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clination of Atoms. And for these glorious Discoveries, the Poet is beyond Measure transported in the Praises of his Hero, as if he must needs be something more than Man, only for an Endeavour to prove that Man is in nothing superior to Beasts. In this School was Mr. *Hobbes* instructed to speak after the same Manner, if he did not rather draw his Knowledge from an Observation of his own Temper; for he somewhere unluckily lays down this as a Rule, 'That from the Similitudes of Thoughts and Passions of one Man to the Thoughts and Passions of another, whosoever looks into himself and considers what he doth when he thinks, hopes, fears, &c. and upon what Grounds; he shall hereby read and know what are the Thoughts and Passions of all other Men upon the like Occasions.' Now we will allow Mr. *Hobbes* to know best how he was inclined: But in earnest, I should be heartily out of Conceit with my self, if I thought my self of this unamiable Temper, as he affirms, and should have as little Kindness for my self as for any Body in the World. Hitherto I always imagined that kind and benevolent Propensions were the Original Growth of the Heart of Man, and, however checked and overtoped by counter Inclinations that have since sprung up within us, have still some Force in the worst of Tempers, and a considerable Influence on the best. And, methinks, it is a fair Step towards the Proof of this, that the most beneficent of all Beings is He who hath an absolute Fulness of Perfection in Himself, who gave Existence to the Universe, and so cannot be supposed to want that which He communicated, without diminishing from the Plenitude of his own Power and Happiness. The Philosophers before-mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to invalidate this Argument; for, placing the Gods in a State of the most elevated Blessedness, they describe them as Selfish as we poor miserable Mortals can be, and shut them out from all Concern for Mankind, upon the Score of their having no Need of us. But if He that sitteth in the Heavens wants not us, we stand in continual Need of Him; and, surely, next to the Survey of the immense Treasures of his own

own Mind, the most exalted Pleasure He receives is from beholding Millions of Creatures, lately drown out of the Gulph of Non-existence, rejoycing in the various Degrees of Being and Happiness imparted to them. And as this is the true, the glorious Character of the Deity, so in forming a reasonable Creature He would not, if possible, suffer his Image to pass out of his Hands unadorned with a Resemblance of Himself in this most lovely Part of his Nature. For what Complacency could a Mind, whose Love is as unbounded as his Knowledge, have in a Work so unlike Himself? a Creature that should be capable of knowing and conversing with a vast Circle of Objects, and love none but Himself? What Proportion would there be between the Head and the Heart of such a Creature, its Affections, and its Understanding? Or could a Society of such Creatures, with no other Bottom but Self-Love on which to maintain a Commerce, ever flourish? Reason, 'tis certain, would oblige every Man to pursue the general Happiness, as the Means to procure and establish his own; and yet if, besides this Consideration, there were not a natural Instinct, prompting Men to desire the Welfare and Satisfaction of others, Self-Love, in Defiance of the Admonitions of Reason, would quickly run all Things into a State of War and Confusion. As nearly interested as the Soul is in the Fate of the Body, our provident Creator saw it necessary, by the constant Returns of Hunger and Thirst, those importunate Appetites, to put it in Mind of its Charge; knowing, that if we should eat and drink no oftener than cold abstracted Speculation should put us upon these Exercises, and then leave it to Reason to prescribe the Quantity, we should soon refine our selves out of this bodily Life. And, indeed, 'tis obvious to remark, that we follow nothing heartily, unless carried to it by Inclinations which anticipate our Reason, and, like a Biass, draw the Mind strongly towards it. In order, therefore, to establish a perpetual Intercourse of Benefits amongst Mankind, their Maker would not fail to give them this generous Prepossession of Benevolence, if, as I have said, it were possible. And from whence can we go about to argue its Impossibility? Is it inconsistent

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sistent with Self-love? Are their Motions contrary? No more than the diurnal Rotation of the Earth is opposed to its Annual; or its Motion round its own Center, which may be improved as an Illustration of Self-Love, to that which whirls it about the common Center of the World, answering to universal Benevolence. Is the Force of Self-Love abated, or its Interest prejudiced by Benevolence? So far from it, that Benevolence, though a distinct Principle, is extreamly serviceable to Self-Love, and then doth most Service when 'tis least designed.

But to descend from Reason to Matter of Fact; the Pity which arises on sight of Persons in Distress, and the Satisfaction of Mind which is the Consequence of having removed them into a happier State, are instead of a thousand Arguments to prove such a thing as a disinterested Benevolence. Did Pity proceed from a Reflection we make upon our Liableness to the same ill Accidents we see befall others, it were nothing to the present Purpose; but this is assigning an artifical Cause of a natural Passion, and can by no Means be admitted as a tolerable Account of it, because Children, and Persons most Thoughtless about their own Condition, and incapable of entering into the Prospects of Futurity, feel the most violent Touches of Compassion. And then as to that charming Delight which immediately follows the giving Joy to another, or relieving his Sorrow, and is, when the Objects are numerous, and the Kindness of Importance, really inexpressible, what can this be owing to but Consciousness of a Man's having done something Praise-worthy, and expressive of a great Soul? Whereas, if in all this he only Sacrificed to Vanity and Self-Love, as there would be nothing brave in Actions that make the most shining Appearance, so Nature would not have rewarded them with this divine Pleasure; nor could the Commendations, which a Person receives for Benefits done upon selfish Views, be at all more Satisfactory, than when he is applauded for what he doth without Design; because in both Cases the Ends of Self-Love are equally answered. The Conscience of approving ones self a Benefactor to Mankind is the noblest

Recompence

Recompence for being so; doubtless it is, and the most interested cannot propose any thing so much to their own Advantage, notwithstanding which, the Inclination is nevertheless unselfish. The Pleasure which attends the Gratification of our Hunger and Thirst, is not the Cause of these Appetites; they are previous to any such Prospect; and so likewise is the Desire of doing Good; with this Difference, that being seated in the Intellectual Part, this last, though antecedent to Reason, may yet be improved and regulated by it, and, I will add, is no otherwise a Virtue than as it is so. Thus have I contended for the Dignity of that Nature I have the Honour to partake of, and, after all the Evidence produced, think I have a Right to conclude, against the Motto of this Paper, that there is such a thing as Generosity in the World. Though if I were under a Mistake in this I should say, as *Cicero* in Relation to the Immortality of the Soul, I willingly err, and should believe it very much for the Interest of Mankind to lye under the same Delusion. For the contrary Notion naturally tends to dispirit the Mind, and sinks it into a Meanness fatal to the God-like Zeal of doing good. As on the other hand, it teaches People to be Ungrateful, by possessing them with a Perswasion concerning their Benefactors, that they have no Regard to them in the Benefits they bestow. Now he that banishes Gratitude from among Men, by so doing stops up the Stream of Beneficence. For though in conferring Kindnesses, a truly generous Man doth not aim at a Return, yet he looks to the Qualities of the Person obliged, and as nothing renders a Person more unworthy of a Benefit, than his being without all Resentment of it, he will not be extreamly forward to oblige such a Man.

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Friday

No. 589. Friday, Sept. 3, 1714.

No. 589.

Friday, September 3.

Persequitur scelus ille suum; labefactaque tandem
Ictibus innumeris adductaque funibus arbor
Corruit——.—Ovid.

'*Sir*,

I AM so great an Admirer of Trees, that the Spot of Ground I have chosen to build a small Seat upon, in the Country, is almost in the midst of a large Wood. I was obliged, much against my Will, to cut down several Trees, that I might have any such thing as a Walk in my Gardens; but then I have taken Care to leave the Space, between every Walk, as much a Wood as I found it. The Moment you turn either to the Right or Left, you are in a Forest, where Nature presents you with a much more beautiful Scene than could have been raised by Art.

Instead of *Tulips* or *Carnations*, I can shew you *Oakes* in my Gardens of four hundred Years standing, and a Knot of *Elms* that might shelter a Troop of Horse from the Rain.

It is not without the utmost Indignation, that I observe several prodigal young Heirs in the Neighbourhood, felling down the most glorious Monuments of their Ancestors' Industry, and ruining, in a Day, the Product of Ages.

I am mightily pleased with your Discourse upon Planting, which put me upon looking into my Books to give you some Account of the Veneration the Ancients had for Trees. There is an old Tradition, that *Abraham* planted a *Cypress*, a *Pine*, and a *Cedar*, and that these three incorporated into one Tree, which was cut down for the building of the Temple of *Solomon*.

Isidorus, who lived in the Reign of *Constantius*, assures us that he saw, even in his Time, that famous *Oak* in the Plains of *Mambré*, under which *Abraham* is reported to have dwelt, and adds, that the People looked upon it with a great Veneration, and preserved it as a Sacred Tree.

The Heathens still went farther, and regarded it as the highest Piece of Sacrilege to injure certain Trees which

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which they took to be protected by some Deity. The Story of *Erisicthon*, the Grove at *Dodona*, and that at *Delphi*, are all Instances of this Kind.

If we consider the Machine in *Virgil*, so much blamed by several Criticks, in this Light, we shall hardly think it too violent.

Æneas, when he built his Fleet, in order to sail for *Italy*, was obliged to cut down the Grove on Mount *Ida*, which however he durst not do till he had obtained Leave from *Cybele*, to whom it was dedicated. The Goddess could not but think her self obliged to protect these Ships, which were made of Consecrated Timber, after a very extraordinary Manner, and therefore desired *Jupiter*, that they might not be obnoxious to the Power of Waves or Winds. *Jupiter* would not grant this, but promised her, that as many as came safe to *Italy* should be transformed into Goddesses of the Sea; which the Poet tells us was accordingly executed.

And now at length the number'd Hours were come,
Prefix'd by Fate's irrevocable Doom,
When the great Mother of the Gods was free
To save her Ships, and finish Jove's *Decree.*
First, from the Quarter of the Morn, there sprung
A Light that sign'd the Heav'ns, and shot along:
Then from a Cloud, fring'd round with Golden Fires,
Were Timbrels heard, and Berecynthian *Quires:*
And last a Voice, with more than Mortal Sounds,
Both Hosts in Arms oppos'd with equal Horror wounds.
O Trojan *Race, your needless Aid forbear;*
And know my Ships are my peculiar Care.
With greater Ease the bold Rutulian *may,*
With hissing Brands, attempt to burn the Sea,
Than singe my sacred Pines. But you my Charge,
Loos'd from your crooked Anchors launch at large,
Exalted each a Nymph: Forsake the Sand,
And swim the Seas, at Cybele's *Command.*
No sooner had the Goddess ceas'd to speak,
When lo, th' obedient Ships their Haulsers break;
And, strange to tell, like Dolphins in the Main,
They plunge their Prows, and dive, and spring again:
As many beauteous Maids the Billows sweep,
As rode before tall Vessels on the Deep.

Dryden's Virg.

The common Opinion concerning the Nymphs, whom the Ancients called *Hamadryads*, is more to the Honour of

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of Trees than any thing yet mentioned. It was thought the Fate of these Nymphs had so near a Dependance on some Trees, more especially Oaks, that they lived and died together. For this Reason, they were extreamly grateful to such Persons who preserved those Trees with which their Being subsisted. *Apollonius* tells us a very remarkable Story to this Purpose, with which I shall conclude my Letter.

A certain Man, called *Rhæcus*, observing an old Oak ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of Compassion towards the Tree, ordered his Servants to pour in fresh Earth at the Roots of, and set it upright. The *Hamadryad*, or Nymph, who must necessarily have perished with the Tree, appeared to him the next Day, and after having returned him her Thanks, told him, she was ready to grant whatever he should ask. As she was extreamly Beautiful, *Rhæcus* desired he might be entertained as her Lover. The *Hamadryad*, not much displeased with the Request, promised to give him a Meeting, but commanded him for some Days to abstain from the Embraces of all other Women, adding, that she would send a Bee to him, to let him know when he was to be happy. *Rhæcus* was, it seems, too much addicted to Gaming, and happened to be in a Run of ill Luck when the faithful Bee came buzzing about him; so that instead of minding his kind Invitation, he had like to have killed him for his Pains. The *Hamadryad* was so provoked at her own Disappointment, and the ill Usage of her Messenger, that she deprived *Rhæcus* of the Use of his Limbs. However, says the Story, he was not so much a Cripple, but he made a Shift to cut down the Tree, and consequently to fell his Mistress.'

No. 590.
[ADDISON.] Monday, September 6.

No. 590. Monday, Sept. 6, 1714.

—Assiduolabuntur tempora motu
Non secus ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,
Nec levis hora potest: sed, ut unda impellitur unda,
Urgeturque prior venienti, urgetque priorem,
Tempora sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur;
Et nova sunt semper. Nam quod fuit ante, relictum est;
Fitque quod haud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.
—Ov. *Met.*

The following Discourse comes from the same Hand with the Essays upon Infinitude.

WE consider infinite Space as an Expansion without a Circumference: We consider Eternity, or infinite Duration, as a Line that has neither a Beginning nor an End. In our Speculations of infinite Space, we consider that particular Place in which we exist, as a kind of Center to the whole Expansion. In our Speculations of Eternity, we consider the Time which is present to us as the Middle, which divides the whole Line into two equal Parts. For this Reason, many witty Authors compare the present Time to an Isthmus or narrow Neck of Land, that rises in the midst of an Ocean, immeasurably diffused on either Side of it.

Philosophy, and indeed common Sense, naturally throws Eternity under two Divisions; which we may call in *English*, that Eternity which is past, and that Eternity which is to come. The learned Terms of *Æternitas a Parte ante*, and *Æternitas a Parte post*, may be more amusing to the Reader, but can have no other Idea affixed to them than what is conveyed to us by those Words, an Eternity that is past, and an Eternity that is to come. Each of these Eternities is bounded at the one Extream; or, in other Words, the former has an End, and the latter a Beginning.

Let us first of all consider that Eternity which is past, reserving that which is to come for the Subject of another Paper. The Nature of this Eternity is utterly inconceivable by the Mind of Man: Our Reason demonstrates to us that it *has been*, but at the same Time can frame no Idea of it, but what is big with Absurdity and Contradiction. We can have no other Conception of any Duration

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Duration which is past, than that all of it was once present; and whatever was once present, is at some certain Distance from us; and whatever is at any certain Distance from us, be the Distance never so remote, cannot be Eternity. The very Notion of any Duration's being past, implies that it was once present; for the Idea of being once present, is actually included in the Idea of its being past. This therefore is a Depth not to be sounded by Human Understanding. We are sure that there has been an Eternity, and yet contradict our selves when we measure this Eternity by any Notion which we can frame of it.

If we go to the Bottom of this Matter, we shall find, that the Difficulties we meet with in our Conceptions of Eternity proceed from this single Reason, That we can have no other Idea of any kind of Duration, than that by which we our selves, and all other created Beings, do exist; which is, a successive Duration, made up of past, present, and to come. There is nothing which exists after this Manner, all the Parts of whose Existence were not once actually present, and consequently may be reached by a certain Number of Years applied to it. We may ascend as high as we please, and employ our Being to that Eternity which is to come, in adding Millions of Years to Millions of Years, and we can never come up to any Fountain-head of Duration, to any Beginning in Eternity: But at the same time we are sure, that whatever was once present does lye within the reach of Numbers, tho' perhaps we can never be able to put enough of 'em together for that Purpose. We may as well say, that any thing may be actually present in any Part of infinite Space, which does not lye at a certain Distance from us, as that any Part of infinite Duration was once actually present, and does not also lye at some determined Distance from us. The Distance in both Cases may be immeasurable and indefinite as to our Faculties, but our Reason tells us that it cannot be so in it self. Here therefore is that Difficulty which human Understanding is not capable of surmounting. We are sure that something must have existed from Eternity, and are at the same Time unable

to

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to conceive, that any thing which exists, according to our Notion of Existence, can have existed from Eternity.

It is hard for a Reader, who has not rolled this Thought in his own Mind, to follow in such an abstracted Speculation; but I have been the longer on it, because I think it is a demonstrative Argument of the Being and Eternity of a God; And tho' there are many other Demonstrations which lead us to this great Truth, I do not think we ought to lay aside any Proofs in this Matter which the Light of Reason has suggested to us, especially when it is such a one as has been urged by Men famous for their Penetration and Force of Understanding, and which appears altogether conclusive to those who will be at the Pains to examine it.

Having thus considered that Eternity which is past, according to the best Idea we can frame of it, I shall now draw up those several Articles on this Subject which are dictated to us by the Light of Reason, and which may be looked upon as the Creed of a Philosopher in this great Point.

First, It is certain that no Being could have made it self; for if so, it must have acted before it was, which is a Contradiction.

Secondly, That therefore some Being must have existed from all Eternity.

Thirdly, That whatever exists after the manner of created Beings, or according to any Notions which we have of Existence, could not have existed from Eternity.

Fourthly, That this eternal Being must therefore be the great Author of Nature, *the Antient of Days*, who, being at infinite Distance in his Perfections from all finite and created Beings, exists in a quite different manner from them, and in a manner of which they can have no Idea.

I know that several of the School-men, who would not be thought ignorant of any thing, have pretended to explain the Manner of God's Existence, by telling us, That he comprehends infinite Duration in every Moment; That Eternity is with him a *Punctum stans*, a fixed Point; or, which is as good Sense, an *Infinite Instant*; That nothing with Reference to his Existence is either past or to come: To which the ingenious Mr. *Cowley* alludes in his Description of Heaven,

Nothing

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Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an Eternal NOW *does always last.*

For my own Part, I look upon these Propositions as Words that have no Ideas annexed to them; and think Men had better own their Ignorance, than advance Doctrines by which they mean nothing, and which indeed are self-contradictory. We cannot be too modest in our Disquisitions, when we meditate on him who is environed with so much Glory and Perfection, who is the Source of Being, the Fountain of all that Existence which we and his whole Creation derive from him. Let us therefore with the utmost Humility acknowledge, that as some Being must necessarily have existed from Eternity, so this Being does exist after an incomprehensible manner, since it is impossible for a Being to have existed from Eternity after our Manner or Notions of Existence. Revelation confirms these natural Dictates of Reason in the Accounts which it gives us of the Divine Existence, where it tells us, that he is the same Yesterday, to Day, and for Ever; that he is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Beginning and the Ending; that a thousand Years are with him as one Day, and one Day as a thousand Years; by which, and the like Expressions, we are taught, that his Existence, with Relation to Time or Duration, is infinitely different from the Existence of any of his Creatures, and consequently that it is impossible for us to frame any adequate Conceptions of it.

In the first Revelation which he makes of his own Being, he intitles himself, *I am that I am*; and when *Moses* desires to know what Name he shall give him in his Embassady to *Pharaoh*, he bids him say that, *I am* hath sent you. Our great Creator, by this Revelation of himself, does in a manner exclude every thing else from a real Existence, and distinguishes himself from his Creatures, as the only Being which truly and really exists. The ancient Platonick Notion, which was drawn from Speculations of Eternity, wonderfully agrees with this Revelation which God has made of himself. There is nothing, say they, which in Reality exists, whose Existence, as we call it, is pieced up of past, present, and to come. Such a flitting and successive Existence is rather a Shadow of Existence, and something which is like it, than Existence

Existence it self. He only properly exists whose Existence is intirely present; that is, in other Words, who exists in the most perfect manner, and in such a manner as we have no Idea of. No. 590. Monday, Sept. 6, 1714.

I shall conclude this Speculation with one useful Inference. How can we sufficiently prostrate our selves and fall down before our Maker, when we consider that ineffable Goodness and Wisdom which contrived this Existence for finite Natures? What must be the Overflowings of that good Will, which prompted our Creator to adapt Existence to Beings, in whom it is not necessary? Especially when we consider, that he himself was before in the compleat Possession of Existence and of Happiness, and in full Enjoyment of Eternity. What Man can think of himself as called out and separated from nothing, of his being made a conscious, a reasonable and a happy Creature, in short, of being taken in as a Sharer of Existence and a kind of Partner in Eternity, without being swallowed up in Wonder, in Praise, in Adoration! It is indeed a Thought too big for the Mind of Man, and rather to be entertained in the Secrecy of Devotion and in the Silence of the Soul, than to be expressed by Words. The Supreme Being has not given us Powers or Faculties sufficient to extol and magnifie such unutterable Goodness.

It is however some Comfort to us, that we shall be always doing what we shall be never able to do, and that a Work which cannot be finished, will however be the Work of an Eternity.

No. 591. Wednesday, September 8.

——Tenerorum lusor amorum.—Ovid.

I HAVE just received a Letter from a Gentleman, who tells me he has observed with no small Concern, that my Papers have of late been very barren in relation to Love; a Subject which, when agreeably handled, can scarce fail of being well received by both Sexes.

If my Invention therefore should be almost exhausted on this Head, he offers to serve under me in the Quality of a *Love Casuist*; for which Place he conceives himself

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to be thoroughly qualified, having made this Passion his principal Study, and observed it in all its different Shapes and Appearances, from the Fifteenth to the Forty Fifth Year of his Age.

He assures me with an Air of Confidence, which I hope proceeds from his real Abilities, that he does not doubt of giving Judgment to the Satisfaction of the Parties concerned, on the most nice and intricate Cases which can happen in an Amour; as

How great the Contraction of the Fingers must be before it amounts to Squeeze by the Hand.

What can be properly termed an absolute Denial from a Maid, and what from a Widow.

What Advances a Lover may presume to make, after having received a Patt upon his Shoulder from his Mistress's Fan.

Whether a Lady, at the first Interview, may allow an humble Servant to kiss her Hand.

How far it may be permitted to caress the Maid, in order to succeed with the Mistress.

What Constructions a Man may put upon a Smile, and in what Cases a Frown goes for nothing.

On what Occasion a sheepish Look may do Service, *&c.*

As a farther Proof of his Skill, he has also sent me several Maxims in Love, which he assures me are the Result of a long and profound Reflection, some of which I think my self obliged to communicate to the Publick, not remembring to have seen them before in any Author.

'There are more Calamities in the World arising from Love than from Hatred.

Love is the Daughter of *Idleness*, but the Mother of *Disquietude*.

Men of grave Natures (says Sir *Francis Bacon*) are the most constant; for the same Reason Men should be more constant than Women.

The Gay Part of Mankind is most amorous, the Serious most loving.

A Coquet often loses her Reputation, whilst she preserves her Virtue.

A Prude often preserves her Reputation when she has lost her Virtue.

Love

Love refines a Man's Behaviour, but makes a Woman's ridiculous.

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Love is generally accompanied with Good-will in the Young, Interest in the Middle-aged, and a Passion too gross to name in the Old.

The Endeavours to revive a decaying Passion generally extinguish the Remains of it.

A Woman who from being a Slattern becomes over-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a Slattern, is most certainly in Love.'

I shall make use of this Gentleman's Skill as I see Occasion; and since I am got upon the Subject of Love, shall conclude this Paper with a Copy of Verses which were lately sent me by an unknown Hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary Run of Sonneteers.

The Author tells me they were written in one of his despairing Fits; and I find entertains some Hope that his Mistress may pity such a Passion as he has described, before she knows that she is herself *Corinna*.

Conceal, fond Man, conceal the mighty Smart,
Nor tell Corinna *she has fir'd thy Heart.*
In vain would'st thou complain, in vain pretend
To ask a pity which she must not lend.
She's too much thy Superior to comply,
And too too fair to let thy Passion die.
Languish in Secret, and with dumb surprize
Drink the Resistless glances of her eyes.
At awful Distance entertain thy Grief.
Be still in Pain, but never ask Relief.
Ne'er tempt her scorn of thy consuming State;
Be any way undone, but fly her Hate.
Thou must submit to see thy Charmer bless
Some happier Youth, that shall admire her less;
Who in that lovely Form, that Heav'nly Mind,
Shall miss ten thousand Beauties thou could'st find;
Who with low Fancy shall approach thy Charms,
While half enjoy'd she sinks into his Arms.
She knows not, must not know, thy nobler Fire,
Whom she, and whom the Muses do inspire;

Her

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Her Image only shall thy Breast employ,
And fill thy captiv'd Soul with Shades of Joy.
Direct thy Dreams by Night, thy Thoughts by Day;
And never, never, from thy Bosom stray.

No. 592.
[ADDISON.] Friday, September 10.

——*Studium sine divite vena.*—Hor.

I LOOK upon the Play-house as a World within it self. They have lately furnished the middle Region of it with a new Sett of Meteors, in order to give the Sublime to many modern Tragedies. I was there last Winter at the first Rehearsal of the new Thunder, which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a *Salmoneus* behind the Scenes, who plays it off with great Success. Their Lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their Clouds are also better furbelow'd, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent Storm locked up in a great Chest that is designed for the *Tempest*. They are also provided with above a Dozen Showers of Snow, which, as I am informed, are the Plays of many unsuccessful Poets artificially cut and shreaded for that Use. Mr. *Rimer*'s *Edgar* is to fall in Snow at the next acting of King *Lear*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the Distress of that unfortunate Prince; and to serve by way of Decoration to a Piece which that great Critick has written against.

I do not indeed wonder that the Actors should be such professed Enemies to those among our Nation who are commonly known by the Name of Criticks, since it is a Rule among these Gentlemen to fall upon a Play, not because it is ill written, but because it takes. Several of them lay it down as a Maxim, That whatever Dramatick Performance has a long Run, must of Necessity be good for nothing; as though the first Precept in Poetry were *not to please*. Whether this Rule holds good or not, I shall leave to the Determination of those who are better Judges than my self: If it does, I am sure it tends very much to the Honour of those Gentlemen who have established it; few of their Pieces having been disgraced by

by a Run of three Days, and most of them being so exquisitely written, that the Town would never give them more than one Night's Hearing.

I have a great Esteem for a true Critick, such as *Aristotle* and *Longinus* among the *Greeks*, *Horace* and *Quintilian* among the *Romans*, *Boileau* and *Dacier* among the *French*. But it is our Misfortune, that some who set up for professed Criticks among us are so stupid, that they do not know how to put ten Words together with Elegance or common Propriety, and withal so illiterate, that they have no Taste of the learned Languages, and therefore criticise upon old Authors only at second Hand: They judge of them by what others have written, and not by any Notions they have of the Authors themselves. The Words Unity, Action, Sentiment, and Diction, pronounced with an Air of Authority, give them a Figure among unlearned Readers, who are apt to believe they are very deep, because they are unintelligible. The ancient Criticks are full of the Praises of their Contemporaries; they discover Beauties which escaped the Observation of the Vulgar, and very often find out Reasons for palliating and excusing such little Slips and Oversights as were committed in the Writings of eminent Authors. On the contrary, most of the Smatterers in Criticism who appear among us, make it their Business to vilifie and depreciate every new Production that gains Applause, to descry imaginary Blemishes, and to prove by far-fetched Arguments, that what pass for Beauties in any celebrated Piece are Faults and Errors. In short, the Writings of these Criticks compared with those of the Ancients, are like the Works of the Sophists compared with those of the old Philosophers.

Envy and Cavil are the natural Fruits of Laziness and Ignorance; which was probably the Reason, that in the Heathen Mythology *Momus* is said to be the Son of *Nox* and *Somnus*, of Darkness and Sleep. Idle Men, who have not been at the Pains to accomplish or distinguish themselves, are very apt to detract from others; as ignorant Men are very subject to decry those Beauties in a celebrated Work which they have not Eyes to discover.

Many

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Many of our Sons of *Momus*, who dignify themselves by the Name of Criticks, are the genuine Descendants of these two illustrious Ancestors. They are often led into those numerous Absurdities, in which they daily instruct the People, by not considering that, 1*st*, There is sometimes a greater Judgment shewn in deviating from the Rules of Art, than in adhering to them; and, 2*dly*, That there is more Beauty in the Works of a great Genius who is ignorant of all the Rules of Art, than in the Works of a little Genius, who not only knows, but scrupulously observes them.

First, We may often take Notice of Men who are perfectly acquainted with all the Rules of good Writing, and notwithstanding chuse to depart from them on extraordinary Occasions. I could give Instances out of all the Tragick Writers of Antiquity who have shewn their Judgment in this Particular, and purposely receded from an established Rule of the Drama, when it has made way for a much higher Beauty than the Observation of such a Rule would have been. Those who have surveyed the noblest Pieces of Architecture and Statuary both ancient and modern, know very well that there are frequent Deviations from Art in the Works of the greatest Masters, which have produced a much nobler Effect than a more accurate and exact way of Proceeding could have done. This often arises from what the *Italians* call the *Gusto Grande* in these Arts, which is what we call the Sublime in Writing.

In the next Place, our Criticks do not seem sensible that there is more Beauty in the Works of a great Genius who is ignorant of the Rules of Art, than in those of a little Genius who knows and observes them. It is of these Men of Genius that *Terence* speaks, in Opposition to the little artificial Cavillers of his Time;

Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.

A Critick may have the same Consolation in the ill Success of his Play, as Dr. *South* tells us a Physician has at the Death of a Patient, That he was killed *secundum artem*. Our inimitable *Shakespear* is a Stumbling-block to the whole Tribe of these rigid Criticks. Who would not

not rather read one of his Plays, where there is not a single Rule of the Stage observed, than any Production of a modern Critick, where there is not one of them violated? *Shakespear* was indeed born with all the Seeds of Poetry, and may be compared to the Stone in *Pyrrhus*'s Ring, which, as *Pliny* tells us, had the Figure of *Apollo* and the Nine Muses in the Veins of it, produced by the spontaneous Hand of Nature, without any Help from Art.

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No. 593.
[ADDISON.] Monday, September 13.

Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in silvis:————.—Virg.

MY dreaming Correspondent, Mr. *Shadow*, has sent me a second Letter, with several curious Observations on Dreams in general, and the Method to render Sleep improving: An Extract of his Letter will not, I presume, be disagreeable to my Readers.

'Since we have so little Time to spare, that none of it may be lost, I see no Reason why we should neglect to examine those imaginary Scenes we are presented with in Sleep, only because they have less Reality in them than our waking Meditations. A Traveller would bring his Judgment in Question who should despise the Directions of his Map for want of real Roads in it, because here stands a *Dott* instead of a Town, or a *Cypher* instead of a City, and it must be a long Day's Journey to travel thro' two or three Inches. Fancy in Dreams gives us much such another Landskip of Life as that does of Countries, and tho' its Appearances may seem strangely jumbled together, we may often observe such Traces and Footsteps of noble Thoughts, as, if carefully pursued, might lead us into a proper Path of Action. There is so much Rapture and Extasie in our fancied Bliss, and something so dismal and shocking in our fancied Misery, that tho' the Inactivity of the Body has given Occasion for calling Sleep the Image of *Death*, the Briskness of Fancy affords us a strong Intimation of something within us that can never die.

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I have wondered that *Alexander* the Great, who came into the World sufficiently dreamt of by his Parents, and had himself a tolerable Knack at dreaming, should often say, that *Sleep was one thing which made him sensible he was Mortal.* I who have not such Fields of Action in the Day-time to divert my Attention from this Matter, plainly perceive, that in those Operations of the Mind, while the Body is at rest, there is a certain Vastness of Conception very suitable to the Capacity, and demonstrative of the Force, of that Divine Part in our Composition which will last for ever. Neither do I much doubt but had we a true Account of the Wonders the Hero last mentioned performed in his Sleep, his conquering this little Globe would hardly be worth mentioning. I may affirm, without Vanity, that when I compare several Actions in *Quintus Curtius* with some others in my own Noctuary, I appear the greater Hero of the two.'

I shall close this Subject with observing, that while we are awake, we are at Liberty to fix our Thoughts on what we please, but in Sleep we have not the Command of them. The Ideas which strike the Fancy, arise in us without our Choice, either from the Occurrences of the Day past, the Temper we lye down in, or it may be the Direction of some superior Being.

It is certain the Imagination may be so differently affected in Sleep, that our Actions of the Day might be either rewarded or punished with a little Age of Happiness or Misery. St *Austin* was of Opinion, that if in *Paradise* there was the same Vicissitude of sleeping and waking as in the present World, the Dreams of its Inhabitants would be very happy.

And so far at present our Dreams are in our Power, that they are generally conformable to our waking Thoughts, so that it is not impossible to convey our selves to a Consort of Musick, the Conversation of distant Friends, or any other Entertainment which has been before lodged in the Mind.

My Readers, by applying these Hints, will find the Necessity of making a *good Day* of it, if they heartily wish themselves a *good Night.*

I

I have often considered *Marcia*'s Prayer, and *Lucius*'s Account of *Cato*, in this Light. No. 593. Monday, Sept. 13, 1714.

Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard the Just,
Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose,
Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
With easie Dreams; remember all his Virtues!
And show Mankind that Goodness is your Care.
Luc. Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy Godlike Father;
Some Pow'r invisible supports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatness.
A kind refreshing Sleep is fallen upon him;
I saw him stretcht at Ease, his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,
He smil'd and cry'd, Cæsar thou canst not hurt me.

Mr. *Shadow* acquaints me in a Postcript, that he has no manner of Title to the Vision which succeeded his first Letter; but adds, that as the Gentleman who wrote it Dreams very sensibly, he shall be glad to meet him some Night or other, under the great Elm Tree by which *Virgil* has given us a fine Metaphorical Image of Sleep, in order to turn over a few of the Leaves together, and oblige the Publick with an Account of the Dreams that lye under them.

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Wednesday, September 15.

——Absentem qui rodit amicum,
Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis,
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.—Hor.

WERE all the Vexations of Life put together, we should find that a great Part of them proceed from those Calumnies and Reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a Man living who is not, in some Degree, guilty of this Offence; tho', at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed, that we all consent in speaking ill of the Persons who are notorious for this Practice. It generally takes its Rise either from an Ill-will to Mankind, a private Inclination

to

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to make ourselves esteemed, an Ostentation of Wit, a Vanity of being thought in the Secrets of the World, or from a Desire of gratifying any of these Dispositions of Mind in those Persons with whom we converse.

The Publisher of Scandal is more or less odious to Mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing Motives. But whatever may be the Occasion of spreading these false Reports, he ought to consider, that the Effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the Person at whom they are aimed. The Injury is the same, tho' the Principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much Indulgence, when he passes a Judgment on his own Thoughts or Actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable Proceeding, which is so universally practised, and, at the same time, so universally blamed, I shall lay down three Rules by which I would have a Man examine and search into his own Heart, before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil Disposition of Mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, Let him consider whether he does not take Delight in hearing the Faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackning Accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured Side.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such Reports as tend to the Disreputation of another.

These are the several Steps by which this Vice proceeds, and grows up into Slander and Defamation.

In the first Place, A Man who takes delight in hearing the Faults of others, shews sufficiently that he has a true Relish of Scandal, and consequently the Seeds of this Vice within him. If his Mind is gratified with hearing the Reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same Pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A Man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his Mind this criminal Curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and

and inflamed by listening to such Stories as tend to the Disreputation of others.

In the second Place, A Man should consult his own Heart, whether he be not apt to *believe* such little blackening Accounts; and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured Side.

Such a Credulity is very vicious in it self, and generally arises from a Man's Consciousness of his own secret Corruptions. It is a pretty Saying of *Thales*, Falshood is just as far distant from Truth, as the Ears are from the Eyes. By which he would intimate, that a Wise Man should not easily give Credit to the Reports of Actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this Head, mention two or three remarkable Rules to be observed by the Members of the celebrated Abbey *de la Trape*, as they are published in a little *French* Book.

The Fathers are there ordered, never to give an Ear to any Accounts of base or criminal Actions; to turn off all such Discourse if possible; but in Case they hear any thing of this Nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose that the criminal Action may have proceeded from a good Intention in him who is guilty of it. This is perhaps carrying Charity to an Extravagance, but it is certainly much more Laudable, than to suppose, as the Ill-natured part of the World does, that Indifferent, and even Good Actions, proceed from bad Principles and wrong Intentions.

In the third Place, A Man should examine his Heart, whether he does not find in it a secret Inclination to Propagate such Reports, as tend to the Disreputation of another.

When the Disease of the Mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this Degree of Malignity, it discovers its self in its worst Symptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not therefore insist upon the Guilt in this last Particular, which every one cannot but disapprove, who is not void of Humanity, or even common Discretion. I shall only add, that whatever Pleasure any Man may take in spreading Whispers of this Nature, he will find an infinitely greater Satisfaction in

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in conquering the Temptation he is under, by letting the Secret die within his own Breast.

No. 595.

Friday, September 17.

——Non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.—Hor.

IF ordinary Authors would condescend to write as they think, they would at least be allowed the Praise of being intelligible. But they really take Pains to be ridiculous; and, by the studied Ornaments of Stile, perfectly disguise the little Sense they aim at. There is a Grievance of this Sort in the Commonwealth of Letters, which I have for some time resolved to redress, and accordingly I have set this Day apart for Justice. What I mean is *the Mixture of inconsistent Metaphors*, which is a Fault but too often found in learned Writers, but in all the unlearned without Exception.

In order to set this Matter in a clear Light to every Reader, I shall, in the first Place observe, that a Metaphor is a Simile in one Word, which serves to convey the Thoughts of the Mind under Resemblances and Images which affect the Senses. There is not any thing in the World, which may not be compared to several things, if considered in several distinct Lights; or, in other Words, the same thing may be expressed by different Metaphors. But the Mischief is, that an unskilful Author shall run these Metaphors so absurdly into one another, that there shall be no Simile, no agreeable Picture, no apt Resemblance, but Confusion, Obscurity, and Noise. Thus I have known a Hero compared to a Thunderbolt, a Lion and the Sea; all and each of them proper Metaphors for Impetuosity, Courage or Force. But by bad Management it hath so happened, that the Thunder-bolt hath overflowed its Banks; the Lion hath been darted through the Skies, and the Billows have rolled out of the *Libyan* Desart.

The Absurdity in this Instance is obvious. And yet every time that clashing Metaphors are put together, this Fault is committed more or less. It hath already been said, that Metaphors are Images of things which affect

affect the Senses. An Image therefore, taken from what acts upon the Sight, cannot, without Violence, be applied to the Hearing; and so of the rest. It is no less an Impropriety to make any Being in Nature or Art to do things in its Metaphorical State, which it could not do in its Original. I shall illustrate what I have said, by an Instance which I have read more than once in Controversial Writers. *The heavy Lashes*, saith a celebrated Author, *that have drop'd from your Pen*, &c. I suppose this Gentleman having frequently heard of *Gall dropping from a Pen*, and *being lashed in a Satyr*, he was resolved to have them both at any Rate, and so uttered this compleat Piece of Nonsense. It will most effectually discover the Absurdity of these monstrous Unions, if we will suppose these Metaphors or Images actually painted. Imagine then a Hand holding a Pen, and several Lashes of Whip-cord falling from it, and you have the true Representation of this sort of Eloquence. I believe, by this very Rule, a Reader may be able to judge of the Union of all Metaphors whatsoever, and determine which are Homogeneous, and which Heterogeneous; or to speak more plainly, which are Consistent, and which Inconsistent.

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There is yet one Evil more which I must take notice of, and that is the running of Metaphors into tedious Allegories; which, though an Error on the better Hand, causes Confusion as much as the other. This becomes abominable, when the Lustre of one Word leads a Writer out of his Road, and makes him wander from his Subject for a Page together. I remember a young Fellow, of this Turn, who having said by Chance that his Mistress had a *World* of Charms, thereupon took Occasion to consider her as one possessed of Frigid and Torrid Zones, and pursued her from the one Pole to the other.

I shall conclude this Paper with a Letter written in that enormous Stile, which I hope my Reader hath by this time set his Heart against. The Epistle hath heretofore received great Applause; but after what hath been said, let any Man commend it if he dare.

'*Sir*

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'*Sir*,

After the many heavy *Lashes* that have fallen from your *Pen*, you may justly expect in return, all the *Load* that my *Ink* can lay upon your Shoulders. You have *Quartered* all the foul *Language* upon me, that could be *raked* out of the *Air* of *Billingsgate*, without knowing who I am, or whether I deserve to be *Cuffed* and *Scarified* at this rate. I tell you once for all, turn your *Eyes* where you please, you shall never *Smell* me out. Do you think that the *Panicks*, which you *sow* about the Parish, will ever *build* a Monument to your Glory. No, Sir, you may *Fight* these Battles as long as you will, but when you come to *Ballance* the Account, you will find that you have been *Fishing* in troubled Waters, and that an *Ignis fatuus* hath bewildered you, and that indeed you have *built* upon a sandy Foundation, and brought your *Hogs* to a fair Market.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.'

No. 596.

Monday September 20.

Molle meum, levibusque cor est violabile telis.—Ovid.

THE Case of my Correspondent who sends me the following Letter has somewhat in it so very whimsical, that I know not how to entertain my Readers better than by laying it before them.

'*Sir*,

I am fully convinced that there is not upon Earth a more impertinent Creature than an importunate Lover: We are daily complaining of the Severity of our Fate, to People who are wholly unconcerned in it; and hourly improving a Passion, which we would perswade the World is the Torment of our Lives. Notwithstanding this Reflection, Sir, I cannot forbear acquainting you with my own Case. You must know then, Sir, that even from my Childhood, the most prevailing Inclination I could perceive in my self, was a strong Desire to be in Favour with the Fair Sex. I am at present in the one and twentieth Year of my Age, and should have made Choice

Choice of a She Bed-fellow many Years since, had not my Father, who has a pretty good Estate of his own getting, and passes in the World for a prudent Man, been pleased to lay it down as a Maxim, That nothing spoils a young Fellow's Fortune so much as marrying early; and that no Man ought to think of Wedlock 'till six and twenty. Knowing his Sentiments upon this Head, I thought it in vain to apply my self to Women of Condition, who expect Settlements; so that all my Amours have hitherto been with Ladies who had no Fortunes: But I know not how to give you so good an Idea of me, as by laying before you the History of my Life.

I can very well remember, that at my School-Mistresses, whenever we broke up, I was always for joining my self with the Miss who *Lay in*, and was constantly one of the first to make a Party in the Play of *Husband and Wife*. This Passion for being well with the Females still increased as I advanced in Years. At the Dancing-School I contracted so many Quarrels by struggling with my Fellow-Scholars for the Partner I liked best, that upon a Ball Night, before our Mothers made their Appearance, I was usually up to the Nose in Blood. My Father, like a discreet Man, soon removed me from this Stage of Softness to a School of Discipline, where I learnt *Latin* and *Greek*. I underwent several Severities in this Place, 'till it was thought convenient to send me to the University; though, to confess the Truth, I should not have arrived so early at that Seat of Learning, but from the Discovery of an Intrigue between me and my Master's House-Keeper; upon whom I had employed my Rhetorick so effectually, that, though she was a very elderly Lady, I had almost brought her to consent to marry me. Upon my Arrival at *Oxford*, I found Logick so dry, that, instead of giving Attention to the Dead, I soon fell to addressing the Living. My first Amour was with a pretty Girl whom I shall call *Parthenope*: Her Mother sold Ale by the Town Wall. Being often caught there by the Proctor, I was forced at last, that my Mistress's Reputation might receive no Blemish, to confess my Addresses were honourable

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honourable. Upon this I was immediately sent home; but *Parthenope* soon after marrying a Shoe-maker, I was again suffered to return. My next Affair was with my Taylor's Daughter, who deserted me for the sake of a young Barber. Upon my complaining to one of my particular Friends on this Misfortune, the cruel Wagg made a meer Jest of my Calamity, and asked me with a Smile, *where the* Needle *should turn but to the* Pole? After this I was deeply in Love with a Millener, and at last with my Bed-maker; upon which I was sent away, or, in the University Phrase, *Rusticated* for ever.

Upon my coming home, I settled to my Studies so heartily, and contracted so great a Reservedness by being kept from the Company I most affected, that my Father thought he might venture me at the *Temple*.

Within a Week after my Arrival I began to shine again, and became enamoured with a mighty pretty Creature, who had every thing but Mony to recommend her. Having frequent Opportunities of uttering all the soft things which an Heart formed for Love could inspire me with, I soon gained her Consent to treat of Marriage; but, unfortunately for us all, in the Absence of my Charmer I usually talked the same Language to her elder Sister, who is also very pretty. Now, I assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, this did not proceed from any real Affection I had conceived for her; but being a perfect Stranger to the Conversation of Men, and strongly addicted to associate with the Women, I knew no other Language but that of Love. I should however be very much obliged to you, if you could free me from the Perplexity I am at present in. I have sent Word to my old Gentleman in the Country, that I am desperately in Love with the younger Sister; and her Father, who knew no better, poor Man! acquainted him by the same Post, that I had for some time made my Addresses to the Elder. Upon this, old Testy sends me up Word, that he has heard so much of my Exploits, that he intends immediately to order me to the *South Sea*. Sir, I have occasionally talked so much of dying, that I begin to think there is not so much in it; and if the old Squire persists in his Design, I do hereby give him Notice that I am providing my

my self with proper Instruments for the Destruction of despairing Lovers. Let him therefore look to it, and consider that by this Obstinacy he may himself lose the Son of his Strength, the World an hopeful Lawyer, my Mistress a passionate Lover, and you, Mr. SPECTATOR,

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Your constant Admirer,

Middle-Temple, Sept. 18. Jeremy Lovemore.'

No. 597.

[ADDISON.] Wednesday, September 22.

-Mens sine pondere ludit, -Petr.

SINCE I received my Friend *Shadow*'s Letter, several of my Correspondents have been pleased to send me an Account how they have been employed in Sleep, and what notable Adventures they have been engaged in during that Moon-shine in the Brain. I shall lay before my Readers an Abridgment of some few of their Extravagancies, in hopes that they will in Time accustom themselves to dream a little more to the Purpose.

One who stiles himself *Gladio*, complains heavily that his Fair One charges him with Inconstancy, and does not use him with half the Kindness which the Sincerity of his Passion may demand; the said *Gladio* having by Valour and Stratagem put to death Tyrants, Inchanters, Monsters, Knights, &c. without Number, and expos'd himself to all manner of Dangers for her Sake and Safety. He desires in his Postscript to know, whether, from a constant Success in them, he may not promise himself to succeed in her Esteem at last.

Another who is very prolix in his Narrative writes me Word, That having sent a Venture beyond Sea, he took Occasion one Night to fancy himself gone along with it, and grown on a sudden the richest Man in all the *Indies*. Having been there about a Year or two, a Gust of Wind that forced open his Casement blew him over to his native Country again; where awaking at Six a Clock, and the Change of the Air not agreeing with him, he turned to his Left Side in order to a second Voyage; but e'er he could get on Shipboard, was

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unfortunately apprehended for stealing a Horse, try'd and condemned for the Fact, and in a fair way of being executed, if some Body stepping hastily into his Chamber had not brought him a Reprieve. This Fellow too wants Mr. *Shadow*'s Advice, who, I dare say, would bid him be content to rise after his first Nap, and learn to be satisfied as soon as Nature is.

The next is a publick-spirited Gentleman, who tells me, That on the Second of *September* at Night the whole City was on Fire, and would certainly have been reduced to Ashes again by this Time, if he had not flown over it with the *New River* on his Back, and happily extinguished the Flames before they had prevailed too far. He would be informed whether he has not a Right to petition the Lord Mayor and Aldermen for a Reward.

A Letter dated *September* the Ninth acquaints me, That the Writer being resolved to try his Fortune, had fasted all that Day; and that he might be sure of dreaming upon something at Night, procured an handsome Slice of Bride-Cake, which he placed very conveniently under his Pillow. In the Morning his Memory happened to fail him, and he could recollect nothing but an odd Fancy that he had eaten his Cake; which being found upon Search reduced to a few Crums, he is resolved to remember more of his Dreams another Time, believing from this that there may possibly be somewhat of Truth in them.

I have received numerous Complaints from several delicious Dreamers, desiring me to invent some Method of silencing those noisy Slaves, whose Occupations lead them to take their early Rounds about the City in a Morning, doing a deal of Mischief, and working strange Confusion in the Affairs of its Inhabitants. Several Monarchs have done me the Honour to acquaint me, how often they have been shook from their respective Thrones by the rattling of a Coach or the rumbling of a Wheel barrow. And many private Gentlemen, I find, have been baul'd of vast Estates by Fellows not worth Three-pence. A fair Lady was just upon the Point of being married to a young, handsome, rich, ingenious Nobleman, when an impertinent Tinker passing by forbid

forbid the Banns; and an hopeful Youth, who had been newly advanced to great Honour and Preferment, was forced by a neighbouring Cobler to resign all for an old Song. It has been represented to me, that those inconsiderable Rascals do nothing but go about dissolving of Marriages and spoiling of Fortunes, impoverishing rich and ruining great People, interrupting Beauties in the midst of their Conquests, and Generals in the Course of their Victories. A boisterous Peripatetick hardly goes through a Street without waking half a dozen Kings and Princes to open their Shops or clean Shooes, frequently transforming Scepters into Paring-Shovels, and Proclamations into Bills. I have by me a Letter from a young Statesman, who in five or six Hours came to be Emperor of *Europe*, after which he made war upon the Great Turk, routed him Horse and Foot, and was crowned Lord of the Universe in *Constantinople*; the Conclusion of all his Successes is, that on the 12th instant, about Seven in the Morning, his Imperial Majesty was deposed by a Chimney-Sweeper.

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On the other hand, I have Epistolary Testimonies of Gratitude from many miserable People, who owe to this clamorous Tribe frequent Deliverances from great Misfortunes. A Small-coal-man, by waking of one of these distressed Gentlemen, saved him from ten Years Imprisonment. An honest Watchman bidding a loud Good-morrow to another, freed him from the Malice of many potent Enemies, and brought all their Designs against him to nothing. A certain Valetudinarian confesses he has often been cured of a sore Throat by the Hoarseness of a Carman, and relieved from a Fit of the Gout by the sound of *old Shooes*. A noisy Puppy that plagued a sober Gentleman all Night long with his Impertinence, was silenced by a Cinder-Wench with a Word speaking.

Instead therefore of suppressing this Order of Mortals, I would propose it to my Readers to make the best Advantage of their Morning Salutations. A famous *Macedonian* Prince, for fear of forgetting himself in the midst of his good Fortune, had a Youth to wait on him every Morning, and bid him remember that he was a Man

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Man. A Citizen who is waked by one of these Criers, may regard him as a kind of Remembrancer, come to admonish him that it is time to return to the Circumstances he has overlooked all the Night-time, to leave off fancying himself what he is not, and prepare to act suitably to the Condition he is really placed in.

People may dream on as long as they please, but I shall take no Notice of any imaginary Adventures that do not happen while the Sun is on this Side the Horizon. For which Reason I stifle *Fritilla*'s Dream at Church last *Sunday*, who, while the rest of the Audience were enjoying the Benefit of an excellent Discourse, was losing her Money and Jewels to a Gentleman at Play, till after a strange Run of ill Luck, she was reduced to pawn three lovely pretty Children for her last Stake. When she had thrown them away her Companion went off, discovering himself by his usual Tokens, a cloven Foot and a strong Smell of Brimstone; which last proved only a Bottle of Spirits, which a good old Lady applied to her Nose, to put her in a Condition of hearing the Preacher's third Head concerning Time.

If a Man has no Mind to pass abruptly from his imagin'd to his real Circumstances, he may employ himself a while in that new kind of Observation which my Oneirocritical Correspondent has directed him to make of himself. Pursuing the Imagination through all its Extravagancies, whether in Sleeping or Waking, is no improper Method of correcting and bringing it to act in Subordinancy to Reason, so as to be delighted only with such Objects as will affect it with Pleasure, when it is never so cool and sedate.

No. 598.

[ADDISON.] Friday, September 24.

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus alter
Ridebat, quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem; flebat contrarius alter?—Juv.

MANKIND may be divided into the Merry and the Serious, who, both of them, make a very good Figure in the Species, so long as they keep their respective Humours from degenerating into the neighbouring

bouring Extreme; there being a natural Tendency in the one to a melancholy Moroseness, and in the other to a fantastick Levity.

The merry Part of the World are very amiable, whilst they diffuse a Chearfulness through Conversation at proper Seasons and on proper Occasions; but, on the contrary, a great Grievance to Society, when they infect every Discourse with insipid Mirth, and turn into Ridicule such Subjects as are not suited to it. For though Laughter is looked upon by the Philosophers as the Property of Reason, the Excess of it has been always considered as the Mark of Folly.

On the other Side, Seriousness has its Beauty whilst it is attended with Chearfulness and Humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good Humour of those with whom we converse.

These two Sets of Men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective Characters, are apt to bear a natural Aversion and Antipathy to one another.

What is more usual, than to hear Men of serious Tempers and austere Morals, enlarging upon the Vanities and Follies of the young and gay Part of the Species; whilst they look with a kind of Horror upon such Pomps and Diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the Mind too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a Passage in the Account which Mr. *Baxter* gives of his own Life, wherein he represents it as a great Blessing, that in his Youth he very narrowly escaped getting a Place at Court.

It must indeed be confessed that Levity of Temper takes a Man off his Guard, and opens a Pass to his Soul for any Temptation that assaults it. It favours all the Approaches of Vice, and weakens all the Resistance of Virtue. For which Reason a renowned Statesman in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Days, after having retired from Court and publick Business, in order to give himself up to the Duties of Religion; when any of his old Friends used to visit him, had still this Word of Advice in his Mouth, *Be serious.*

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An eminent *Italian* Author of this Cast of Mind, speaking of the great Advantage of a serious and composed Temper, wishes very gravely, that for the Benefit of Mankind he had *Trophonius*'s Cave in his Possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the Reformation of Manners than all the Work-houses and *Bride-wells* in *Europe*.

We have a very particular Description of this Cave in *Pausanias*, who tells us, that it was made in the Form of a huge Oven, and had many particular Circumstances, which disposed the Person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch that no Man was ever observed to laugh all his Life after, who had once made his Entry into this Cave. It was usual in those Times, when any one carried a more than ordinary Gloominess in his Features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of *Trophonius*'s Cave.

On the other Hand, Writers of a more merry Complexion have been no less severe on the opposite Party; and have had one Advantage above them, that they have attack'd them with more Turns of Wit and Humour.

After all, if a Man's Temper were at his own Disposal, I think he would not chuse to be of either of these Parties; since the most perfect Character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither chuse to be a Hermit nor a Buffoon; Humane Nature is not so miserable, as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a Word, a Man should not live as if there was no God in the World; nor, at the same time, as if there were no Men in it.

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Monday, September 27.

——*Ubique*
Luctus, ubique pavor——.—*Virg.*

IT has been my Custom, as I grow old, to allow myself in some little Indulgences which I never took in my Youth. Among others is that of an Afternoon's Napp, which I fell into in the Fifty fifth Year of

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of my Age, and have continued for the three last Years past. By this means I enjoy a double Morning, and rise twice a Day fresh to my Speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that some of my Dreams have proved instructive to my Countrymen, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the Good of the Publick. I was yesterday meditating on the Account with which I have already entertained my Readers concerning the Cave of *Trophonius*. I was no sooner fallen into my usual Slumber, but I dreamt that this Cave was put into my Possession, and that I gave publick Notice of its Virtue, inviting every one to it, who had a mind to be a serious Man for the remaining Part of his Life. Great Multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the Experiment was a *Merry-Andrew*, who was put into my Hands by a neighbouring Justice of Peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of Life. Poor Pickle-herring had not taken above one Turn in it, when he came out of the Cave, like a Hermit from his Cell, with a penitential Look and a most rueful Countenance. I then put in a young laughing Fop, and, watching for his Return asked him, with a Smile, how he liked the Place? He replied, Prithee Friend be not impertinent; and stalked by me as grave as a Judge. A Citizen then desired me to give free Ingress and Egress to his Wife, who was dressed in the gayest coloured Ribbons I had ever seen. She went in with a Flirt of her Fan and a smirking Countenance, but came out with the Severity of a Vestal, and throwing from her several Female Gugaws, told me, with a Sigh, that she resolved to go into deep Mourning, and to wear Black all the rest of her Life. As I had many Coquets recommended to me by their Parents, their Husbands, and their Lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into Day-light, you would have fancied my Cave to have been a Nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn Procession of Religious marching out, one behind another, in the most profound Silence and the most exemplary Decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a Sight, there came towards me

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me a great Company of Males and Females laughing, singing, and dancing, in such a manner that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their Leader, what brought them thither? they told me all at once, that they were *French* Protestants lately arrived in *Great Britain*, and that finding themselves of too gay a Humour for my Country, they applied themselves to me in order to compose them for *British* Conversation. I told them, that to oblige them I would soon spoil their Mirth; upon which I admitted a whole Shole of them, who, after having taken a Survey of the Place, came out in very good Order, and with Looks entirely *English*. I afterwards put in a *Dutch* Man, who had a great Fancy to see the *Kelder*, as he called it, but I could not observe that it had made any manner of Alteration in him.

A Comedian who had gained great Reputation in Parts of Humour, told me, that he had a Mighty Mind to act *Alexander* the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it, if he could strike two or three laughing Features out of his Face: He tried the Experiment, but contracted so very solid a Look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no Part hereafter but a *Timon* of *Athens*, or a Mute in the *Funeral*.

I then clapt up an empty fantastick Citizen, in order to qualify him for an Alderman. He was succeeded by a young Rake of the *Middle-Temple*, who was brought to me by his Grandmother; but to her great Sorrow and Surprise, he came out a *Quaker*. Seeing my self surrounded with a Body of *Free-Thinkers*, and Scoffers at Religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober Looks and thoughtful Brows of those who had been in the Cave; I thrust 'em all in, one after another, and locked the Door upon 'em. Upon my opening it, they all look'd as if they had been frighted out of their Wits, and were marching away with Ropes in their Hands to a Wood that was within Sight of the Place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious Thoughts; but knowing these would quickly bring them to a better Frame of Mind, I gave them into the Custody of their Friends, 'till that happy Change was wrought in them.

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The last that was brought to me, was a young Woman, who at the first Sight of my short Face fell into an immoderate Fit of Laughter, and was forced to hold her Sides all the while her Mother was speaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old Lady, and taking her Daughter by the Hand, Madam, said I, be pleased to retire into my Closet, while your Mother tells me your Case. I then put her into the Mouth of the Cave, when the Mother, after having begged Pardon for the Girl's Rudeness, told me, that she often treated her Father and the gravest of her Relations in the same manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her Companions from one End of a Tragedy to the other; nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the Middle of a Sermon, and set the whole Congregation a staring at her. The Mother was going on, when the young Lady came out of the Cave to us with a composed Countenance, and a low Curtsie. She was a Girl of such exuberant Mirth, that her Visit to *Trophonius* only reduced her to a more than ordinary Decency of Behaviour, and made a very pretty Prude of her. After having performed innumerable Cures, I looked about me with great Satisfaction, and saw all my Patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing Posture, so that the whole Place seemed covered with Philosophers. I was at length resolved to go into the Cave my self, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful Effects upon the Company; but as I was stooping at the Entrance, the Door being something low, I gave such a Nod in my Chair, that I awaked. After having recovered my self from my first Startle, I was very well pleased at the Accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little Stay in the Place might have spoiled my SPECTATORS.

Wednesday

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No. 600. [ADDISON.] Wednesday, September 29.

——Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.—Virg.

I HAVE always taken a particular Pleasure in examining the Opinions which Men of different Religion, different Ages, and different Countries, have entertained concerning the Immortality of the Soul, and the State of Happiness which they promise themselves in another World. For whatever Prejudices and Errors Human Nature lies under; we find that either Reason, or Tradition from our first Parents, has discovered to all People something in these great Points which bear Analogy to Truth, and to the Doctrines opened to us by Divine Revelation. I was lately discoursing on this Subject with a learned Person who has been very much conversant among the Inhabitants of the more Western Parts of *Africk*. Upon his conversing with several in that Country, he tells me that their Notion of Heaven or of a future State of Happiness is this, That every thing we there wish for will immediately present it self to us. We find, say they, our Souls are of such a Nature that they require Variety, and are not capable of being always delighted with the same Objects. The Supreme Being, therefore, in compliance with this Taste of Happiness which he has planted in the Soul of Man, will raise up from time to time, say they, every Gratification which it is in the Humour to be pleased with. If we wish to be in Groves or Bowers, among running Streams or Falls of Water, we shall immediately find our selves in the midst of such a Scene as we desire. If we would be entertained with Musick and the Melody of Sounds, the Consort arises upon our Wish, and the whole Region about us is filled with Harmony. In short, every Desire will be followed by Fruition, and whatever a Man's Inclination directs him to, will be present with him. Nor is it material whether the Supreme Power Creates in Conformity to our Wishes, or whether he only produces such a Change in our Imagination, as makes us believe our selves conversant among those Scenes which delight

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us. Our Happiness will be the same, whether it proceed from external Objects, or from the Impressions of the Deity upon our own private Fancies. This is the Account which I have received from my learned Friend. Notwithstanding this System of Belief be in general very chimerical and visionary, there is something sublime in its manner of considering the Influence of a Divine Being on a Human Soul. It has also, like most other Opinions of the Heathen World upon these important Points, it has, I say, its Foundation in Truth, as it supposes the Souls of good Men after this Life to be in a State of perfect Happiness, that in this State there will be no barren Hopes, nor fruitless Wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular Circumstance which I am most pleased with in this Scheme, and which arises from a just Reflexion upon Human Nature, is that Variety of Pleasures which it supposes the Souls of good Men will be possessed of in another World. This I think highly probable, from the Dictates both of Reason and Revelation. The Soul consists of many Faculties, as the Understanding, and the Will, with all the Senses both outward and inward; or to speak more Philosophically, the Soul can exert her self in many different Ways of Action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear, love, and discourse, and apply her self to many other the like Exercises of different Kinds and Natures; but what is more to be considered, the Soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite Pleasure and Satisfaction from the Exercise of any of these its Powers, when they are gratified with their proper Objects; she can be entirely happy by the Satisfaction of the Memory, the Sight, the Hearing, or any other Mode of Perception. Every Faculty is as a distinct Taste in the Mind, and hath Objects accommodated to its proper Relish. Doctor *Tillotson* somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the Happiness of the Blest, because God Almighty is capable of making the Soul happy by Ten Thousand different Ways. Besides those several Avenues to Pleasure which the Soul is endowed with in this Life; it is not impossible, according to the Opinions of many eminent Divines

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Divines, but there may be new Faculties in the Souls of good Men made perfect, as well as new Senses in their glorified Bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new Objects offered to all those Faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take Notice that every particular Faculty is capable of being employed on a very great Variety of Objects. The Understanding, for Example, may be happy in the Contemplation of Moral, Natural, Mathematical, and other Kinds of Truth. The Memory likewise may turn it self to an infinite Multitude of Objects, especially when the Soul shall have passed through the Space of many Millions of Years, and shall reflect with Pleasure on the Days of Eternity. Every other Faculty may be considered in the same Extent.

We cannot question but that the Happiness of a Soul will be adequate to its Nature, and that it is not endowed with any Faculties which are to lye useless and unemployed. The Happiness is to be the Happiness of the whole Man, and we may easily conceive to our selves the Happiness of the Soul, whilst any one of its Faculties is in the Fruition of its chief Good. The Happiness may be of a more exalted Nature in Proportion as the Faculty employ'd is so, but as the whole Soul acts in the Exertion of any of its particular Powers, the whole Soul is happy in the Pleasure which arises from any of its particular Acts. For notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken Notice of by one of the greatest modern Philosophers, we divide the Soul into several Powers and Faculties, there is no such Division in the Soul it self, since it is the whole Soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines. Our manner of considering the Memory, Understanding, Will, Imagination, and the like Faculties, is for the better enabling us to express our selves in such abstracted Subjects of Speculation, not that there is any such Division in the Soul it self.

Seeing then that the Soul has many different Faculties, or in other Words, many different Ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased, or made happy by all these different

different Faculties, or Ways of acting; that it may be endowed with several latent Faculties, which it is not at present in a Condition to exert; that we cannot believe the Soul is endowed with any Faculty which is of no Use to it; that whenever any one of these Faculties is transcendently pleased, the Soul is in a State of Happiness; and in the last Place, considering that the Happiness of another World is to be the Happiness of the whole Man; who can question but that there is an infinite Variety in those Pleasures we are speaking of; and that this Fulness of Joy will be made up of all those Pleasures which the Nature of the Soul is capable of receiving.

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We shall be the more confirmed in this Doctrine, if we observe the Nature of Variety, with regard to the Mind of Man. The Soul does not care to be always in the same bent. The Faculties relieve one another by Turns, and receive an additional Pleasure from the Novelty of those Objects, about which they are conversant.

Revelation likewise very much confirms this Notion, under the different Views which it gives us of our future Happiness. In the Description of the Throne of God, it represents to us all those Objects which are able to gratifie the Senses and Imagination. In very many Places it intimates to us all the Happiness which the Understanding can possibly receive in that State, where all Things shall be revealed to us, and we shall know, even as we are known; the Raptures of Devotion, of Divine Love, the Pleasure of conversing with our Blessed Saviour, with an innumerable Host of Angels, and with the Spirits of Just Men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several Parts of the Holy Writings. There are also mentioned these Hierarchies, or Governments, in which the Blest shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great Part of our Happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this World, where every one is aiming at Power and Superiority; but on the contrary, every one will find that Station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he could not have been so happy in any other Station. These and many other Particulars, are marked

in

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in Divine Revelation, as the several Ingredients of our Happiness in Heaven, which all imply such a Variety of Joys, and such a Gratification of the Soul in all its different Faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

Some of the Rabbins tell us, that the Cherubims are a Set of Angels who know most, and the Seraphims a Set of Angels who love most. Whether this Distinction be not altogether Imaginary, I shall not here examine; but it is highly probable, that among the Spirits of good Men, there may be some who will be more pleased with the Employment of one Faculty than of another, and this perhaps according to those innocent and virtuous Habits or Inclinations which have here taken the deepest Root.

I might here apply this Consideration to the Spirits of wicked Men, with relation to the Pain which they shall suffer in every one of their Faculties, and the respective Miseries which shall be appropriated to each Faculty in particular. But leaving this to the Reflection of my Readers, I shall conclude, with observing how we ought to be thankful to our great Creator, and rejoice in the Being which he has bestowed upon us, for having made the Soul susceptible of Pleasure by so many different Ways. We see by what a Variety of Passages, Joy and Gladness may enter into the Thoughts of Man. How wonderfully a human Spirit is framed, to imbibe its proper Satisfactions, and taste the Goodness of its Creator. We may therefore look into our selves with Rapture and Amazement, and cannot sufficiently express our Gratitude to him, who has encompassed us with such a Profusion of Blessings, and opened in us so many Capacities of enjoying them.

There cannot be a stronger Argument that God has designed us for a State of future Happiness, and for that Heaven which he has revealed to us, than that he has thus naturally qualified the Soul for it, and made it a Being capable of receiving so much Bliss. He would never have made such Faculties in vain, and have endowed us with Powers that were not to be exerted on such Objects as are suited to them. It is very manifest by the inward Frame and Constitution of our Minds, that he

he has adapted them to an infinite Variety of Pleasures and Gratifications, which are not to be met with in this Life. We should therefore at all times take Care that we do not disappoint this his gracious Purpose and Intention towards us, and make those Faculties which he formed as so many Qualifications for Happiness and Rewards, to be the Instruments of Pain and Punishment. No. 600. Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1714.

No. 601.

[HENRY GROVE.] Friday, October 1.

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος εὐεργετικὸς πεφυκώς.--Antonin. Lib. 9.

THE following Essay comes from an Hand which has entertained my Readers once before.

Notwithstanding a narrow contracted Temper be that which obtains most in the World, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine Characteristick of Mankind; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in doing Good, and receive more of their Happiness at second hand, or by rebound from others, than by direct and immediate Sensation. Now tho' these Heroick Souls are but few, and to Appearance so far advanced above the groveling Multitude as if they were of another Order of Beings, yet in Reality their Nature is the same, moved by the same Springs, and endowed with all the same essential Qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid Body in Winter and in Summer; when it stands stiffened in Ice, as when it flows along in gentle Streams gladdening a thousand Fields in its Progress. 'Tis a Property of the Heart of Man to be diffusive: Its kind Wishes spread abroad over the Face of the Creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrap'd up in their own dear selves, without any visible Concern for their Species, let us suppose that their Good-nature is frozen, and by the prevailing Force of some contrary Quality restrained in its Operations. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal Checks upon this generous Propension of the Human Soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what Method, this most

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most useful Principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native Freedom of Exercise.

The first and leading Cause is an unhappy Complexion of Body. The Heathens, ignorant of the true Source of Moral Evil, generally charged it on the Obliquity of Matter, which, being eternal and independant, was incapable of Change in any of its Properties, even by the Almighty Mind, who, when He came to fashion it into a World of Beings, must take it as he found it. This Notion, as most others of theirs, is a Composition of Truth and Error. That Matter is eternal, that from the first Union of a Soul to it, it perverted its Inclinations, and that the ill Influence it hath upon the Mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great Errors, occasioned by a Truth as evident, that the Capacities and Dispositions of the Soul depend, to a great Degree, on the bodily Temper. As there are some Fools, others are Knaves, by Constitution; and particularly, it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal Cast of Mind; the Matter that composes them is tenacious as Birdlime, and a kind of Cramp draws their Hands and their Hearts together, that they never care to open them unless to grasp at more. 'Tis a melancholy Lot this; but attended with one Advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear good Offices, as it is to these Men to perform them; that whereas Persons naturally Beneficent often mistake Instinct for Virtue, by reason of the Difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them and when the other, Men of the opposite Character may be more certain of the Motive that predominates in every Action. If they cannot confer a Benefit with that Ease and Frankness which are necessary to give it a Grace in the Eye of the World, in requital, the real Merit of what they do is enhanc'd by the Opposition they surmount in doing it. The Strength of their Virtue is seen in rising against the Weight of Nature, and every time they have the Resolution to discharge their Duty, they make a Sacrifice of Inclination to Conscience, which is always too grateful to let its Followers go without suitable Marks of its Approbation. Perhaps the entire Cure of this ill Quality is no more possible

possible, than of some Distempers that descend by Inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a Course of Beneficence obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing, being a likely way of establishing a moral Habit, which shall be somewhat of a Counterpoise to the Force of Mechanism. Only it must be remembered, that we do not intermit, upon any Pretence whatsoever, the Custom of doing Good, in regard if there be the least Cessation, Nature will watch the Opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the Ground it was so long in quitting: For there is this Difference between mental Habits, and such as have their Foundation in the Body; that these last are in their Nature more forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, need only not be opposed; whereas the former must be continually reinforced with fresh Supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the Reason why good Habits, in general, require longer time for their Settlement than bad, and yet are sooner displaced; the Reason is, that vicious Habits (as Drunkenness for Instance) produce a Change in the Body, which the others not doing, must be maintained the same way they are acquired, by the mere Dint of Industry, Resolution, and Vigilance.

Another Thing which suspends the Operations of Benevolence, is the Love of the World; proceeding from a false Notion Men have taken up, that an abundance of the World is an essential Ingredient into the Happiness of Life. Worldly Things are of such a Quality as to lessen upon dividing, so that the more Partners there are, the less must fall to every Man's private Share. The Consequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil Eye, each imagining all the rest to be imbarked in an Interest, that cannot take Place but to his Prejudice. Hence are those eager Competitions for Wealth or Power; hence one Man's Success becomes another's Disappointment; and, like Pretenders to the same Mistress, they can seldom have common Charity for their Rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed to quarrel and fall out, but 'tis natural for a Man to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his own Interest first.

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If that which Men esteem their Happiness were, like the Light, the same sufficient and unconfined Good, whether Ten Thousand enjoy the Benefit of it, or but one, we should see Men's good Will, and kind Endeavours, would be as universal.

Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam,
Quasi lumen de suo lumine accendat, facit,
Nihilominus ipsi luceat, cum illi accenderit.

But, unluckily, Mankind agree in making Choice of Objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetual Differences. Learn therefore, like a wise Man, the true Estimate of Things. Desire not more of the World than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as useless only, but burthensome. Place not your Quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beside them, and thereby making them your Enemies; and which, when attain'd, will give you more Trouble to keep, than Satisfaction in the Enjoyment. Virtue is a Good of a nobler Kind; it grows by Communication, and so little resembles earthly Riches, that the more Hands it is lodged in, the greater is every Man's particular Stock. So, by propagating and mingling their Fires, not only all the Lights of a Branch together cast a more extensive Brightness, but each single Light burns with a stronger Flame. And lastly, take this along with you, that if Wealth be an Instrument of Pleasure, the greatest Pleasure it can put into your Power, is that of doing Good. 'Tis worth considering, that the Organs of Sense act within a narrow Compass, and the Appetites will soon say they have enough: Which of the two therefore is the happier Man? He, who confining all his Regard to the Gratification of his own Appetites, is capable but of short Fits of Pleasure? Or the Man, who, reckoning himself a Sharer in the Satisfactions of others, especially those which come to them by his Means, enlarges the Sphere of his Happiness?

The last Enemy to Benevolence I shall mention, is Uneasiness of any Kind. A guilty, or a discontented Mind, a Mind ruffled by ill Fortune, disconcerted by its own Passions, sowered by Neglect, or fretting at Disappointments

appointments, hath not Leisure to attend to the Necessity or Reasonableness of a Kindness desir'd, nor a Taste for those Pleasures which wait on Beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted Heart to relish them. The most miserable of all Beings is the most envious; as, on the other Hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And if you are in search of the Seat of perfect Love and Friendship, you will not find it till you come to the Region of the Blessed, where Happiness, like a refreshing Stream, flows from Heart to Heart in an endless Circulation, and is preserv'd sweet and untainted by the Motion. 'Tis old advice, if you have a Favour to request of any one, to observe the softest times of Address, when the Soul, in a Flush of good Humour, takes a Pleasure to shew itself pleas'd. Persons conscious of their own Integrity, satisfied with themselves, and their Condition, and full of Confidence in a Supreme Being, and the Hope of Immortality, survey all about them with a Flow of Good-will. As Trees which like their Soil, they shoot out in Expressions of Kindness, and bend beneath their own precious Load, to the Hand of the Gatherer. Now if the Mind be not thus easie, 'tis an infallible Sign that it is not in its natural State; Place the Mind in its right Posture, it will immediately discover its innate Propension to Beneficence.

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No. 602.

Monday, October 4.

——*Facit hoc illos Hyacinthos.*—Juv.

THE following Letter comes from a Gentleman, who, I find, is very diligent in making his Observations, which I think too material not to be communicated to the Publick.

'*Sir*,

In order to execute the Office of Love-Casuist to *Great Britain*, with which I take my self to be invested by your Paper of *September* 8, I shall make some further Observations upon the two Sexes in general, beginning with that which always ought to have the upper Hand. After having observed with much Curiosity the Accomplishments

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plishments which are apt to captivate female Hearts, I find that there is no Person so irresistable as one who is a Man of Importance, provided it to be in Matters of no Consequence. One who makes himself talked of, tho' it be for the particular Cock of his Hat, or for prating aloud in the Boxes at a Play, is in a fair way of being a Favourite. I have known a young Fellow make his Fortune by knocking down a Constable; and may venture to say, tho' it may seem a Paradox, that many a Fair One has died by a Duel in which both the Combatants have survived.

About three Winters ago I took Notice of a young Lady at the Theatre, who conceived a Passion for a notorious Rake that headed a Party of Cat-calls; and am credibly informed, that the Emperor of the Mohocks married a rich Widow within three Weeks after having rendered himself formidable in the Cities of *London* and *Westminster*. Scowring and breaking of Windows have done frequent Execution upon the Sex; but there is no Sett of these Male Charmers who make their way more successfully, than those who have gained themselves a Name for Intrigue, and have ruined the greatest Number of Reputations. There is a strange Curiosity in the female World to be acquainted with the dear Man who has been loved by others, and to know what it is that makes him so agreeable. His Reputation does more than half his Business. Every one that is ambitious of being a Woman of Fashion, looks out for Opportunities of being in his Company; so that, to use the old Proverb, When his Name is up he may lye a-bed.

I was very sensible of the great Advantage of being a Man of Importance upon these Occasions on the Day of the King's Entry, when I was seated in a Balcony behind a Cluster of very pretty Country Ladies, who had one of these showy Gentlemen in the Midst of them. The first Trick I caught him at, was bowing to several Persons of Quality whom he did not know; nay, he had the Impudence to hem at a Blue Garter who had a finer Equipage than ordinary, and seemed a little concerned at the impertinent Huzzas of the Mob, that

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that hindered his Friend from taking Notice of him. There was indeed one who pull'd off his Hat to him, and upon the Ladies asking who it was, he told them, it was a Foreign Minister that he had been very merry with the Night before; whereas in Truth, it was the City Common Hunt.

He was never at a Loss when he was asked any Person's Name, tho' he seldom knew any one under a Peer. He found Dukes and Earls among the Aldermen, very good-natured Fellows among the Privy-Counsellors, with two or three agreeable old Rakes among the Bishops and Judges.

In short, I collected from his whole Discourse, that he was acquainted with every Body, and knew no Body. At the same Time, I am mistaken if he did not that Day make more Advances in the Affections of his Mistress, who sat near him, than he could have done in half a Year's Courtship.

Ovid has finely touched this Method of making Love, which I shall here give my Reader in Mr. *Dryden*'s Translation.

Page the Eleventh.

Thus Love in Theatres did first improve,
And Theatres are still the Scene of Love:
Nor shun the Chariots, and the Courser's Race;
The Circus *is no inconvenient Place.*
Nor need is there of talking on the Hand,
Nor Nods, nor Signs, which Lovers understand;
But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide,
Close as you can to hers, and Side by Side:
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no Matter; crowding sit;
For so the Laws of publick Shows permit.
Then find Occasion to begin Discourse,
Enquire whose Chariot this, and whose that Horse;
To whatsoever Side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your Inclinations to her Mind:
Like what she likes, from thence your Court begin,
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.

Again, Page the Sixteenth.

O when will come the Day, by Heaven design'd,
When thou, the best and fairest of Mankind,
Drawn by white Horses, shalt in Triumph ride,
With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy Side;

Slaves

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Slaves, that no longer can be safe in Flight;
O glorious Object! O surprizing Sight!
O Day of publick Joy, too good to end in Night!
On such a Day, if thou, and next to thee
Some Beauty sits, the Spectacle to see;
If she enquire the Names of conquer'd Kings,
Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs;
Answer to all thou knowest; and, if Need be,
Of Things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, *crown'd with Reeds; and there*
Flows the swift Tigris, *with his Sea-green Hair.*
Invent new Names of Things unknown before;
Call this Armenia; *that, the* Caspian *Shore;*
Call this a Mede, *and that a* Parthian *Youth;*
Talk probably; no Matter for the Truth.

No. 603.

Wednesday, October 6.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.—Virg.

THE following Copy of Verses comes from one of my Correspondents, and has something in it so Original, that I do not much doubt but it will divert my Readers.

I.

My Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phebe *went with me wherever I went;*
Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast;
Sure never fond Shepherd like Colin *was blest!*
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find?
When Things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring; but alas! it was she.

II.

With such a Companion, to tend a few Sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lye down and sleep,
I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as ever was known.
My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart—I am sure it weighs more than a Pound.

III.

III.

The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, *if* Phebe *was there,*
'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide.
Must you be so chearful, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

IV.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentime play,
And when Phebe *and I were as joyful as they,*
How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
When Spring, Love and Beauty, were all in their Prime?
But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

V.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his Tail to my fair one and me;
And Phebe *was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,*
Come hither, poor Fellow; and patted his Head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour Look
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a Blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his Master, when Phebe's *away?*

VI.

When walking with Phebe, *what Sights have I seen?*
How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green?
What a lovely appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made?
But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,
They none of 'em now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,
Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

Sweet

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VII.

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throstle, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone:
H'r Voice in the Consort, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable Sound.

VIII.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does ought of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile,
That Meadow, those Daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! Rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made your selves fine for; a Place in her Breast:
You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
To be pluckt by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

IX.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phebe *return?*
While amidst the soft Zephyrs, cool Breezes, I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead.
Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah Colin! *old Time is full of Delay,*
Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou canst say.

X.

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, *thy Passion remove;*
But what Swain is so silly to live without Love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! What shall I do? I shall die with Despair;
Take Heed, all ye Swains, how you love one so fair.

Friday

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Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem di dederint, Leuconoe; nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros.—Hor.

THE Desire of knowing future Events is one of the strongest Inclinations in the Mind of Man. Indeed an Ability of foreseeing probable Accidents is what, in the Language of Men, is called Wisdom and Prudence; But, not satisfied with the Light that Reason holds out, Mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into Futurity. Magick, Oracles, Omens, lucky Hours, and the various Arts of Superstition, owe their Rise to this powerful Cause. As this Principle is founded in Self-Love, every Man is sure to be solicitous in the first Place about his own Fortune, the Course of his Life, and the Time and Manner of his Death.

If we consider that we are free Agents, we shall discover the Absurdity of such Enquiries. One of our Actions, which we might have performed or neglected, is the Cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole Chain of Life is linked together. Pain, Poverty, or Infamy, are the natural Product of vicious and imprudent Acts; as the contrary Blessings are of good ones; so that we cannot suppose our Lot to be determined without Impiety. A great Enhancement of Pleasure arises from its being unexpected; and Pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other Accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this Portion bestowed on us; to adore the Hand that hath fitted every Thing to our Nature, and hath not more display'd his Goodness in our Knowledge than in our Ignorance.

It is not unworthy Observation, that superstitious Enquiries into future Events prevail more or less, in proportion to the Improvement of liberal Arts and useful Knowledge in the several Parts of the World. Accordingly we find, that magical Incantations remain in *Lapland*; in the more remote Parts of *Scotland* they have their second Sight, and several of our own Countrymen see abundance of Fairies. In *Asia* this Credulity

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Credulity is strong; and the greatest Part of refined Learning there consists in the Knowledge of Amulets, Talismans, occult Numbers, and the like.

When I was at *Grand Cairo*, I fell into the Acquaintance of a good-natured Mussulman, who promised me many good Offices, which he designed to do me when he became the Prime Minister, which was a Fortune bestowed on his Imagination by a Doctor very deep in the curious Sciences. At his repeated Sollicitations I went to learn my Destiny of this wonderful Sage. For a small Sum I had his Promise; but was required to wait in a dark Apartment till he had run thro' the preparatory Ceremonies. Having a strong Propensity, even then, to Dreaming, I took a Nap upon the Sofa where I was placed, and had the following Vision, the Particulars whereof I picked up the other Day among my Papers.

I found my self in an unbounded Plain, where methought the whole World, in several Habits, and with different Tongues, was assembled. The Multitude glided swiftly along, and I found in my self a strong Inclination to mingle in the Train. My Eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid Figures. Several in rich Caftans and glittering Turbans bustled through the Throng, and trampled over the Bodies of those they threw down; till to my great Surprize I found, that the great Pace they went only hastened them to a Scaffold or a Bowstring. Many beautiful Damsels on the other Side moved forward with great Gaiety; some danced till they fell all along; and others painted their Faces till they lost their Noses. A Tribe of Creatures with busie Looks falling into a Fit of Laughter at the Misfortunes of the unhappy Ladies, I turned my Eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his Pockets with Gold and Jewels, and when there was no Room left for more, these Wretches looking round with Fear and Horror, pined away before my Face with Famine and Discontent.

This Prospect of humane Misery struck me dumb for some Miles. Then it was that, to disburden my Mind, I took Pen and Ink, and did every Thing that hath since happened under my Office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing my self for the Good of Mankind, I was surprized

surprized to meet with very unsuitable Returns from my Fellow-Creatures. Never was poor Author so beset with Pamphleteers, who sometimes marched directly against me, but oftener shot at me from strong Bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in Ambush. They were of all Characters and Capacities, some with Ensigns of Dignity, and others in Liveries; but what most surprized me, was to see two or three in black Gowns among my Enemies. It was no small Trouble to me, sometimes to have a Man come up to me with an angry Face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my Life. With the Ladies it was otherwise: Many became my Enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who resented the Satyr which they imagined I had directed against them. My great Comfort was in the Company of half a Dozen Friends, who, I found since, were the Club which I have so often mentioned in my Papers. I laughed often at Sir *Roger* in my Sleep, and was the more diverted with *Will Honeycomb*'s Gallantries, (when we afterwards became acquainted) because I had foreseen his Marriage with a Farmer's Daughter. The Regret which arose in my Mind upon the Death of my Companions, my Anxieties for the Publick, and the many Calamities still fleeting before my Eyes, made me repent my Curiosity; when the Magician entered the Room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

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N.B. I have only delivered the Prophecy of that Part of my Life which is past, it being inconvenient to divulge the second Part 'till a more proper Opportunity.

No. 605.

Monday, October 11.

Exuerint silvestrem animum, cultuque frequenti
In quascunque voces artes, haud tarda sequentur.—Virg.

HAVING perused the following Letter, and finding it to run upon the Subject of Love, I referr'd it to the Learned *Casuist*, whom I have retain'd in my Service for Speculations of that Kind. He returned it to me the next Morning

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Morning with his Report annexed to it, with both of which I shall here present my Reader.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

Finding that you have Entertained an useful Person in your Service in quality of *Love Casuist*, I apply my self to you, under a very great Difficulty, that hath for some Months perplexed me. I have a Couple of humble Servants, one of which I have no Aversion to; the other I think of very kindly. The first hath the Reputation of a Man of good Sense, and is one of those People that your Sex are apt to Value. My Spark is reckoned a Coxcomb among the Men, but is a Favourite of the Ladies. If I marry the Man of Worth, as they call him, I shall oblige my Parents and improve my Fortune; but with my dear Beau I promise my self Happiness, altho' not a Jointure. Now I would ask you, whether I should consent to lead my Life with a Man that I have only no Objection to, or with him against whom all Objections to me appear frivolous. I am determined to follow the *Casuist*'s Advice, and I dare say he will not put me upon so serious a thing as Matrimony, contrary to my Inclination.

I am, &c.

Fanny Fickle.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, that the pretty Gentleman is the most complaisant Creature in the World, and is always of my Mind; but the other, forsooth, fancies he has as much Wit as my self, slights my Lap-dog, and hath the Insolence to contradict me when he thinks I am not in the Right. About half an Hour ago, he maintained to my Face, that a Patch always implies a Pimple.'

As I look upon it to be my Duty rather to side with the Parents than the Daughter, I shall propose some Considerations to my gentle Querist which may incline her to comply with those, under whose Direction she is; And at the same time, convince her, that it is not impossible but she may, in time, have a true Affection for him who is, at present, indifferent to her: Or, to use the old Family Maxim, that *If she marries first, Love will come after.*

The

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The only Objection that she seems to insinuate against the Gentleman proposed to her, is his want of Complaisance, which, I perceive, she is very willing to return. Now, I can discover from this very Circumstance, that she and her Lover, whatever they may think of it, are very good Friends in their Hearts. It is difficult to determine, whether Love delights more in giving Pleasure or Pain. Let Miss *Fickle* ask her own Heart, if she doth not take a Secret Pride in making this Man of good Sense look very silly. Hath she ever been better pleased, than when her Behaviour hath made her Lover ready to hang himself? Or doth she ever rejoice more, than when she thinks she hath driven him to the very Brink of a purling Stream? Let her consider, at the same time, that it is not impossible but her Lover may have discovered her Tricks, and hath a Mind to give her as good as she brings. I remember a handsome young Baggage that treated a hopeful *Greek* of my Acquaintance, just come from *Oxford*, as if he had been a *Barbarian*. The first Week, after she had fixed him, she took a Pinch of Snuff out of his Rival's Box, and apparently touched the Enemy's little Finger. She became a profest Enemy to the Arts and Sciences, and scarce ever wrote a Letter to him without willfully misspelling his Name. The young Scholar, to be even with her, railed at *Coquettes* as soon as he had got the Word; and did not want Parts to turn into Ridicule her Men of Wit and Pleasure of the Town. After having irritated one another, for the Space of five Months, she made an Assignation with him fourscore Miles from *London*. But as he was very well acquainted with her Pranks, he took a Journey the quite contrary Way. Accordingly they met, quarrel'd, and in a few Days were Married. Their former Hostilities are now the Subject of their Mirth, being content at present with that Part of Love only, which bestows Pleasure.

Women, who have been married some time, not having it in their Heads to draw after them a numerous Train of Followers, find their Satisfaction in the Possession of one Man's Heart. I know very well, that Ladies in their Bloom desire to be excused in this Particular.

But

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But when Time hath worn out their natural Vanity and taught them Discretion, their Fondness settles on its proper Object. And it is probably for this Reason, that among Husbands, you will find more that are fond of Women beyond their Prime, than of those who are actually in the Insolence of Beauty. My Reader will apply the same Observation to the other Sex.

I need not insist upon the Necessity of their pursuing one common Interest, and their united Care for their Children; but shall only observe, by the Way, that married Persons are both more warm in their Love, and more hearty in their Hatred, than any others whatsoever. Mutual Favours and Obligations, which may be supposed to be greater here than in any other State, naturally beget an Intense Affection in generous Minds. As, on the contrary, Persons who have bestowed such Favours, have a particular Bitterness in their Resentments, when they think themselves ill treated by those of whom they have deserved so much.

Besides, Miss *Fickle* may consider, that as there are often many Faults concealed before Marriage, so there are sometimes many Virtues unobserved.

To this we may add the great Efficacy of Custom, and constant Conversation, to produce a mutual Friendship and Benevolence in two Persons. It is a nice Reflection, which I have heard a Friend of mine make, that you may be sure a Woman loves a Man, when she uses his Expressions, tells his Stories, or imitates his Manner. This gives a secret Delight; for Imitation is a kind of artless Flattery, and mightily favours the powerful Principle of Self-love. It is certain, that married Persons, who are possest with a mutual Esteem, not only catch the Air and way of Talk from one another, but fall into the same Traces of thinking and liking. Nay, some have carried the Remark so far as to assert, that the Features of Man and Wife grow, in time, to resemble one another. Let my fair Correspondent therefore consider, that the Gentleman recommended will have a good deal of her own Face in two or three Years; which she must not expect from the Beau, who is too full of his dear self to copy after another. And I dare appeal to her own Judgment

Judgment, if that Person will not be the handsomest, that is the most like her self.

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We have a remarkable Instance to our present Purpose in the History of King *Edgar*, which I shall here relate, and leave it with my fair Correspondent to be applied to her self.

This great Monarch, who is so famous in *British* Story, fell in Love, as he made his Progress through his Kingdom, with a certain Duke's Daughter who lived near *Winchester*, and was the most celebrated Beauty of the Age. His Importunities and the Violence of his Passion were so great, that the Mother of the young Lady promised him to bring her Daughter to his Bed the next Night, tho' in her Heart she abhorr'd so infamous an Office. It was no sooner dark than she conveyed into his Room a young Maid of no disagreeable Figure, who was one of her Attendants, and did not want Address to improve the Opportunity for the Advancement of her Fortune. She made so good use of her Time, that when she offered to rise a little before Day, the King could by no means think of parting with her. So that finding her self under a Necessity of discovering who she was, she did it in so handsome a Manner, that his Majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his Protection; insomuch that our Chronicles tell us he carry'd her along with him, made her his first Minister of State, and continued true to her alone, 'till his Marriage with the beautiful *Eltrida*.

No. 606.

Wednesday, October 13.

——longum cantu solata laborem
Arguta, conjux percurrit pectine telas.—Virg.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I HAVE a couple of Nieces under my Direction, who so often run gadding abroad, that I don't know where to have them. Their Dress, their Tea, and their Visits, take up all their Time, and they go to Bed as tired with doing nothing, as I am after quilting a whole Under-Petticoat

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Petticoat. The only time they are not idle, is while they read your SPECTATORS; which being dedicated to the Interests of Virtue, I desire you to recommend the long neglected Art of Needle-work. Those Hours which in this Age are thrown away in Dress, Play, Visits, and the like, were employed, in my time, in writing out Receipts, or working Beds, Chairs and Hangings for the Family. For my Part, I have ply'd my Needle these fifty Years, and by my good Will would never have it out of my Hand. It grieves my Heart to see a couple of proud idle Flirts sipping their Tea, for a whole Afternoon, in a Room hung round with the Industry of their great Grandmother. Pray, Sir, take the laudable Mystery of Embroidery into your serious Consideration, and as you have a great deal of the Virtue of the last Age in you, continue your Endeavours to reform the present.

I am, &c.'

In Obedience to the Commands of my venerable Correspondent, I have duly weighed this important Subject, and promise my self, from the Arguments here laid down, that all the fine Ladies of *England* will be ready, as soon as their Mourning is over, to appear covered with the Work of their own Hands.

What a delightful Entertainment must it be to the Fair Sex, whom their native Modesty, and the Tenderness of Men towards them, exempts from Publick Business, to pass their Hours in imitating Fruits and Flowers, and transplanting all the Beauties of Nature into their own Dress, or raising a new Creation in their Closets and Apartments. How pleasing is the Amusement of walking among the Shades and Groves planted by themselves, in surveying Heroes slain by their Needle, or little *Cupids* which they have brought into the World without Pain!

This is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a Lady can shew a fine Genius and I cannot forbear wishing, that several Writers of that Sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to Tapestry than Rhime. Your Pastoral Poetesses may vent their Fancy in Rural Landskips, and place despairing Shepherds under silken Willows

Willows, or drown them in a Stream of Mohair. The Heroick Writers may work up Battles as successfully, and inflame them with Gold or stain them with Crimson. Even those who have only a Turn to a Song or an Epigram, may put many valuable Stitches into a Purse, and crowd a thousand Graces into a Pair of Garters.

If I may, without breach of good Manners, imagine that any pretty Creature is void of Genius, and would perform her Part herein but very awkwardly, I must nevertheless insist upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of Harm's way.

Another Argument for busying good Women in Works of Fancy, is, because it takes them off from Scandal, the usual Attendant of Tea-Tables, and all other unactive Scenes of Life. While they are forming their Birds and Beasts, their Neighbours will be allowed to be the Fathers of their own Children: And *Whig* and *Tory* will be but seldom mentioned, where the great Dispute is, whether Blue or Red is the more proper Colour. How much greater Glory would *Sophronia* do the General, if she would chuse rather to work the Battel of *Blenheim* in Tapestry, than signalize her self with so much Vehemence against those who are *Frenchmen* in their Hearts!

A Third Reason that I shall mention, is the Profit that is brought to the Family where these pretty Arts are encouraged. It is manifest that this way of Life not only keeps fair Ladies from running out into Expences, but is at the same time an actual Improvement. How memorable would that Matron be, who should have it Inscribed upon her Monument, 'that she wrought out the whole Bible in Tapestry, and died in a good old Age, after having covered three hundred Yards of Wall in the Mansion-House.'

The Premises being considered, I humbly submit the following Proposals to all Mothers in *Great Britain*.

I. That no young Virgin whatsoever be allowed to receive the Addresses of her first Lover, but in a Suit of her own Embroidering.

II. That before every fresh Servant, she be obliged to appear with a new Stomacher at the least.

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III. That no one be actually Married, till she hath the Child-bed Pillows, &c. ready Stitched, as likewise the Mantle for the Boy quite finished.

These Laws, if I mistake not, would effectually restore the decayed Art of Needle-work, and make the Virgins of *Great Britain* exceedingly Nimble-finger'd in their Business.

There is a memorable Custom of the *Grecian* Ladies, in this Particular, preserved in *Homer*, which I hope will have a very good Effect with my Country-women. A Widow in Ancient Times, could not, without Indecency, receive a second Husband, till she had Woven a Shrowd for her deceased Lord, or the next of Kin to him. Accordingly, the Chast *Penelope* having, as she thought, lost *Ulysses* at Sea, she employed her time in preparing a Winding-sheet for *Laertes*, the Father of her Husband. The Story of her Web being very Famous, and yet not sufficiently known in its several Circumstances, I shall give it to my Reader, as *Homer* makes one of her Wooers relate it.

Sweet Hope she gave to every Youth apart,
With well taught Looks, and a deceitful Heart;
A Web she wove of many a slender Twine,
Of curious Texture, and perplext Design;
My Youths, she cry'd, my Lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd Bed,
Till I have wov'n, as solemn Vows require,
This Web, a Shrowd for poor Ulysses' *Sire.*
His Limbs, when Fate the Hero's Soul demands,
Shall claim this Labour of his Daughter's Hands;
Lest all the Dames of Greece *my Name despise,*
While the great King without a Covering lies.
Thus she. Nor did my Friends mistrust the Guile.
All Day she sped the long laborious Toil;
But when the burning Lamps supply'd the Sun,
Each Night unravell'd what the Day begun.
Three live-long Summers did the Fraud prevail,
The Fourth her Maidens told th' amazing Tale,
These Eyes beheld, as close I took my Stand,
The backward Labours of her faithless Hand:
'Till watch'd at length, and press'd on every Side,
Her Task she ended, and commenc'd a Bride.

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Dicite Io Paean, et Io bis dicite Paean:
Decidit in casses praeda petita meos.—Ovid.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

HAVING in your Paper of *Monday* last published my Report on the Case of Mrs. *Fanny Fickle*, wherein I have taken Notice, that Love comes after Marriage; I hope your Readers are satisfied of this Truth, that as Love generally produces Matrimony, so it often happens that Matrimony produces Love.

It perhaps requires more Virtues to make a good Husband or Wife, than what go to the finishing any the most shining Character whatsoever.

Discretion seems absolutely necessary; and accordingly we find that the best Husbands have been most famous for their Wisdom. *Homer*, who hath drawn a perfect Pattern of a prudent Man, to make it the more compleat, hath celebrated him for the just Returns of Fidelity and Truth to his *Penelope*; insomuch that he refused the Caresses of a Goddess for her sake, and, to use the Expression of the best of Pagan Authors, *vetulam suam praetulit Immortalitati*, his old Woman was dearer to him than Immortality.

Virtue is the next necessary Qualification for this domestick Character, as it naturally produces Constancy and mutual Esteem. Thus *Brutus* and *Porcia* were more remarkable for Virtue and Affection than any others of the Age in which they lived.

Good-Nature is a third necessary Ingredient in the Marriage State, without which it would inevitably sower upon a thousand Occasions. When Greatness of Mind is joined with this amiable Quality, it attracts the Admiration and Esteem of all who behold it. Thus *Cæsar*, not more remarkable for his Fortune and Valour than for his Humanity, stole into the Hearts of the *Roman* People, when breaking through the Custom, he pronounced an Oration at the Funeral of his first and best beloved Wife.

Good-Nature is insufficient, unless it be steady and uniform

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uniform, and accompanied with an Evenness of Temper, which is, above all things, to be preserved in this Friendship contracted for Life. A Man must be easie within himself, before he can be so to his other Self. *Socrates*, and *Marcus Aurelius*, are Instances of Men, who, by the Strength of Philosophy, having entirely composed their Minds and subdued their Passions, are celebrated for good Husbands, notwithstanding the first was yoked with *Xantippe*, and the other with *Faustina*. If the wedded Pair would but habituate themselves for the first Year to bear with one another's Faults, the Difficulty would be pretty well conquered. This mutual Sweetness of Temper and Complacency, was finely recommended in the Nuptial Ceremonies among the Heathens, who when they sacrificed to *Juno* at that Solemnity, always tore out the Gaul from the Entrails of the Victim, and cast it behind the Altar.

I shall conclude this Letter with a Passage out of Dr. *Plott*'s *Natural History of Staffordshire*, not only as it will serve to fill up your present Paper; but if I find my self in the Humour, may give Rise to another; I having by me an old Register, belonging to the Place here undermentioned.

"Sir *Philip de Somervile* held the Manors of *Whichenovre*, *Scirescot*, *Ridware*, *Netherton*, and *Cowlee*, all in *Com. Stafford*, of the Earls of *Lancaster*, by this memorable Service. The said Sir *Philip* shall find, maintain, and sustain, one *Bacon-Flitch*, hanging in his Hall at *Whichenovre*, ready arrayed all times of the Year, but in *Lent*, to be given to every Man or Woman married, after the Day and the Year of their Marriage be past, in Form following.

Whensoever that any one such before named will come to enquire for the Bacon, in their own Person, they shall come to the Bailiff, or to the Porter of the Lordship of *Whichenovre*, and shall say to them in the Manner as ensueth.

'Bayliff, or Porter, I doo you to know, that I am come for my self, to demand one *Bacon Flyke*, hanging in the Hall of the Lord of *Whichenovre*, after the Form thereunto belonging.'

After

After which Relation, the Bayliff or Porter shall assign a Day to him, upon Promise by his Faith to return, and with him to bring Twain of his Neighbours. And in the mean Time, the said Bayliff shall take with him Twain of the Freeholders of the Lordship of *Whichenovre*, and they three shall go to the Manor of *Rudlow*, belonging to *Robert Knightleye*, and there shall summon the aforesaid *Knightleye*, or his Bayliff, commanding him to be ready at *Whichenovre* the Day appointed, at Prime of Day, with his Carriage, that is to say, a Horse and a Saddle, a Sack and a Pryke, for to convey the said Bacon and Corn a Journey out of the County of *Stafford*, at his Costages. And then the said Bayliff shall, with the said Freeholders, summon all the Tenants of the said Manor, to be ready at the Day appointed, at *Whichenovre*, for to do and perform the Services which they owe to the Bacon. And at the Day assigned, all such as owe Services to the Bacon, shall be ready at the Gate of the Manor of *Whichenovre*, from the Sun-rising to Noon, attending and awaiting for the coming of him who fetcheth the Bacon. And when he is come, there shall be delivered to him and his Fellows, Chapelets; and to all those which shall be there, to do their Services due to the Bacon. And they shall lead the said Demandant with Trumps and Tabours, and other manner of Minstrels to the Hall-Door, where he shall find the Lord of *Whichenovre*, or his Steward, ready to deliver the Bacon in this Manner.

He shall enquire of him, which demandeth the Bacon, if he have brought twain of his Neighbours with him: Which must answer, *They be here ready.* And then the Steward shall cause these two Neighbours to swear, if the said Demandant be a wedded Man, or have been a wedded Man; and if since his Marriage one Year and a Day be past; and if he be a Free-man, or a Villain. And if his said Neighbours make Oath, that he hath for him all these three Points rehearsed; then shall the Bacon be taken down, and brought to the Hall Door, and shall there be laid upon one half Quarter of Wheat, and upon one other of Rye. And he that demandeth the Bacon shall kneel upon his Knee, and shall hold his Right Hand upon a Book, which Book shall be laid upon the

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the Bacon and the Corn, and shall make Oath in this manner.

'Here ye, Sir *Philip* de *Somerville*, Lord of *Whichenovre*, mayntener and gyver of this Baconne: That I, *A.* sithe I Wedded *B.* my Wife, and sithe I hadd hyr in my kepying, and at my Wylle, by a Year and a Day after our Marriage, I wold not have chaunged for none other; farer ne fowler; richer, ne pourer; ne for none other descended of greater Lynage; slepying ne waking, at noo tyme. And if the seyd *B.* were sole and I sole I would take her to be my Wyfe before all the Wymen of the Worlde, of what condiciones soever they be; good or evylle, as help me God ond his Seyntes, and this Flesh and all Fleshes.'

And his Neighbours shall make Oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be found by his Neighbours before-named that he be a Free-man, there shall be delivered to him half a Quarter of Wheat and a Cheese; and if he be a Villain, he shall have half a Quarter of Rye without Cheese. And then shall *Knightleye* the Lord of *Rudlow* be called for, to carry all these Things tofore rehearsed: and the said Corn shall be laid on one Horse and the Bacon above it; and he to whom the Bacon appertaineth shall ascend upon his Horse, and shall take the Cheese before him if he have a Horse. And if he have none, the Lord of *Whichenovre* shall cause him to have one Horse and Saddle, to such time as he be passed his Lordship; and so shall they depart the Manor of *Whichenovre* with the Corn and the Bacon tofore him that hath won it, with Trumpets, Tabourets, and other manner of Minstrelsie. And all the Free Tenants of *Whichenovre* shall Conduct him to be passed the Lordship of *Whichenovre*. And then shall they all return; except him, to whom appertaineth to make the Carriage and Journey without the County of *Stafford*, at the Costs of his Lord of *Whichenovre*."'

No. 608.

Monday, October 18.

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——*Perjuria ridet amantum.*—Ovid.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

ACCORDING to my Promise, I herewith transmit to you a List of several Persons, who from time to time demanded the *Flitch* of *Bacon*, of Sir *Philip de Somerville* and his Descendants; as it is preserved in an ancient Manuscript, under the Title of *The Register of Whichenovre-Hall, and of the Bacon Flitch there maintained.*

In the Beginning of this Record is recited the Law or Institution in Form, as it is already printed in your last Paper: To which are added two By-Laws, as a Comment upon the General Law, the Substance whereof is, That the Wife shall take the same Oath as the Husband, *mutatis mutandis*; and that the Judges shall, as they think meet, interrogate or cross-examine the Witnesses. After this proceeds the Register in Manner following.

Aubry de Falstaff, *Son of Sir* John Falstaff, *Kt., with Dame* Maude *his Wife, were the first that demanded the Bacon, he having bribed twain of his Father's Companions to swear falsely in his Behoof, whereby he gained the Flitch: But he and his said Wife falling immediately into a Dispute how the said Bacon should be dressed, it was by Order of the Judges taken from him, and hung up again in the Hall.*

Alison, *the Wife of* Stephen Freckle, *brought her said Husband along with her, and set forth the good Conditions and Behaviour of her Consort, adding withall, that she doubted not but he was ready to attest the like of her, his Wife; whereupon he, the said* Stephen, *shaking his Head, she turned short upon him, and gave him a Box on the Ear.*

Philip de Waverland, *having laid his Hand upon the Book, when the Clause,* Were I sole and she sole, *was rehearsed, found a secret Compunction rising in his Mind, and stole it off again.*

Richard de Loveless, *who was a Courtier, and a very well bred Man, being observed to hesitate at the Words,* after our Marriage, *was thereupon required to explain himself*

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himself. He replied, by talking very largely of his exact Complaisance while he was a Lover; and alledg'd, that he had not in the least disobliged his Wife for a Year and a Day before *Marriage, which he hoped was the same Thing.*

Rejected.

Joceline Jolly, *Esq., making it appear by unquestionable Testimony, That he and his Wife had preserved full and entire Affection for the Space of the first Month, commonly called the* Honey-Money; *he had, in Consideration thereof, one Rasher bestowed upon him.*

After this, says the Record, many Years passed over before any Demandant appeared at *Whichenovre-Hall*; insomuch that one would have thought that the whole Country were turned *Jews*, so little was their Affection to the Flitch of Bacon.

The next Couple enrolled had like to have carried it, if one of the Witnesses had not deposed, That dining on a *Sunday* with the Demandant, whose Wife had sate below the Squire's Lady at Church, she the said Wife dropped some Expressions, as if she thought her Husband deserved to be knighted; to which he returned a passionate *Pish!* The Judges taking the Premises into Consideration, declared the aforesaid Behaviour to imply an unwarrantable Ambition in the Wife, and Anger in the Husband.

It is recorded as a sufficient Disqualification of a certain Wife, that speaking of her Husband, she said. *God forgive him.*

It is likewise remarkable, that a Couple were rejected upon the Deposition of one of their Neighbours, that the Lady had once told her Husband, that *it was her Duty to obey*; to which he replied, *Oh! my Dear, you are never in the Wrong.*

The violent Passion of one Lady for her Lap-Dog; the turning away of the old House-Maid by another; a Tavern-Bill torn by the Wife, and a Taylor's by the Husband; a Quarrel about the Kissing-Crust; spoiling of Dinners, and coming in late of Nights; are so many several Articles which occasioned the Reprobation of some

some Scores of Demandants, whose Names are recorded in the aforesaid Register. No. 608. Monday, October 18, 1714.

Without enumerating other particular Persons, I shall content my self with observing, that the Sentence pronounced against one *Gervase Poacher* is, that *he might have had Bacon to his Eggs, if he had not heretofore scolded his Wife when they were over boiled.* And the Deposition against *Dorothy Dolittle* runs in these Words; *That she had so far usurped the Dominion of the Coal-fire, (the Stirring whereof her Husband claimed to himself) that by her good Will she never would suffer the Poker out of her Hand.*

I find but two Couples, in this first Century, that were successful: The first, was a Sea-Captain and his Wife, who, since the Day of their Marriage, had not seen one another till the Day of the Claim. The second, was an honest Pair in the Neighbourhood: The Husband was a Man of plain good Sense, and a peaceable Temper; the Woman was dumb.'

No. 609.

Wednesday, October 20.

——— *Farrago libelli* ——. — Juv.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I HAVE for some Time desired to appear in your Paper, and have therefore chosen a Day to steal into the SPECTATOR, when I take it for granted you will not have many spare Minutes for Speculations of your own. As I was the other Day walking with an honest Country-Gentleman, he very often was expressing his Astonishment to see the Town so mightily crowded with Doctors of Divinity: Upon which I told him, He was very much mistaken if he took all those Gentlemen he saw in Scarfs to be Persons of that Dignity; for, that a young Divine, after his first Degree in the University, usually comes hither only to show himself; and on that Occasion is apt to think he is but half equipp'd with a Gown and Cassock for his publick Appearance, if he hath not the additional Ornament of a Scarf of the first Magnitude to intitle him to the Appellation of Doctor from his Landlady and

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and the Boy at *Child's*. Now since I know that this Piece of Garniture is looked upon as a Mark of Vanity or Affectation, as it is made use of among some of the little spruce Adventurers of the Town, I should be glad if you would give it a Place among those Extravagances you have justly exposed in several of your Papers; being very well assured that the main Body of the Clergy, both in the Country and the Universities, who are almost to a Man untainted with it, would be very well pleased to see this venerable Foppery well exposed. When my Patron did me the Honour to take me into his Family (for I must own my self of this Order), he was pleased to say he took me as a Friend and Companion; and whether he looked upon the Scarf, like the Lace and Shoulder-knot of a Footman, as a Badge of Servitude and Dependance, I do not know, but he was so kind as to leave my wearing of it to my own Discretion; and not having any just Title to it from my Degrees, I am content to be without the Ornament. The Privileges of our Nobility to keep a certain Number of Chaplains are undisputed, though perhaps not one in ten of those reverend Gentlemen have any Relation to the Noble Families their Scarfs belong to; the Right generally of creating all Chaplains except the Domestick, where there is one, being nothing more than the Perquisite of a Steward's Place, who, if he happens to outlive any considerable Number of his noble Masters, shall probably, at one and the same Time, have fifty Chaplains, all in their proper Accoutrements, of his own Creation; though perhaps there hath been neither Grace nor Prayer said in the Family since the Introduction of the first Coronet.

I am, &c.'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I wish you would write a Philosophical Paper about Natural Antipathies, with a Word or two concerning the Strength of Imagination. I can give you a List, upon the first Notice, of a Rational *China* Cup, of an Egg that walks upon two Legs, and a Quart-Pot that sings like a Nightingale. There is in my Neighbourhood a very pretty prattling Shoulder of Veal, that squawls out at the Sight of

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of a Knife. Then as for Natural Antipathies, I know a General Officer, who was never conquered but by a smother'd Rabbit; and a Wife that domineers over her Husband by the Help of a Breast of Mutton. A Story that relates to my self on this Subject may be thought not unentertaining, especially when I assure you that it is litterally true. I had long made Love to a Lady, in the Possession of whom I am now the happiest of Mankind, whose Hand I should have gained with much Difficulty without the Assistance of a Cat. You must know then, that my most dangerous Rival had so strong an Aversion to this Species, that he infallibly swooned away at the Sight of that harmless Creature. My Friend Mrs. *Lucy*, her Maid, having a greater Respect for me and my Purse than she had for my Rival, always took Care to pin the Tail of a Cat under the Gown of her Mistress, whenever she knew of his coming; which had such an Effect, that every Time he entred the Room, he looked more like one of the Figures in Mrs. *Salmon*'s Wax-work, than a desirable Lover. In short, he grew sick of her Company; which the young Lady taking Notice of (who no more knew why, than he did), she sent me a Challenge to meet her in *Lincoln*'s *Inn* Chappel, which I joyfully accepted, and have (amongst other Pleasures) the Satisfaction of being praised by her for my Stratagem. I am, *&c.*

From the Hoop. Tom. Nimble.'

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

The Virgins of *Great Britain* are very much oblig'd to you for putting them upon such tedious Drudgeries in Needlework, as were fit only for the *Hilpas* and the *Nilpas* that lived before the Flood. Here's a Stir indeed with your Histories in Embroidery, your Groves with Shades of Silk and Streams of Mohair! I would have you to know, that I hope to kill a hundred Lovers before the best Housewife in *England* can stitch out a Battel, and do not fear but to provide Boys and Girls much faster than your Disciples can embroider them. I love Birds and Beasts as well as you, but am content to fancy them when they are really made. What do you think of Gilt Leather for

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for Furniture? There's your pretty Hanging for a Chamber; and what is more, our own Country is the only Place in *Europe* where Work of that Kind is tolerably done. Without minding your musty Lessons, I am this Minute going to *Paul's* Church-Yard, to bespeak a Skreen and a Set of Hangings; and am resolved to encourage the Manufacture of my Country.

Yours,

Cleora.

No. 610.

Friday, October 22.

Sic, cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus
Ignotus moritur sibi. Seneca.

I HAVE often wondered that the *Jews* should contrive such a worthless Greatness for the Deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up in external Pomp and Pageantry, and represent him to their Imagination, as making Havock amongst his Creatures, and acted with the poor Ambition of a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander*. How much more illustrious doth he appear in his real Character, when considered as the Author of universal Benevolence among Men, as refining our Passions, exalting our Nature, giving us vast Ideas of Immortality, and teaching us a Contempt of that little showy Grandeur, wherein the *Jews* made the Glory of their *Messiah* to consist?

Nothing (says *Longinus*) *can be Great, the Contempt of which is Great.* The Possession of Wealth and Riches cannot give a Man a Title to Greatness, because it is looked upon as a Greatness of Mind, to contemn these Gifts of Fortune, and to be above the Desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think, that there are greater Men who lye concealed among the Species, than those who come out, and draw upon themselves the Eyes and Admiration of Mankind. *Virgil* would never have been heard of, had not his Domestick Misfortunes driven him out of his Obscurity, and brought him to *Rome*.

If

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If we suppose that there are Spirits or Angels who look into the Ways of Men, as it is highly probable there are, both from Reason and Revelation; how different are the Notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another? Were they to give us in their Catalogue of such Worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that, which any of our own Species would draw up?

We are dazled with the Splendour of Titles, the Ostentation of Learning, the Noise of Victories: They, on the contrary, see the Philosopher in the Cottage, who possesses his Soul in Patience and Thankfulness, under the Pressures of what little Minds call Poverty and Distress. They do not look for Great Men at the Head of Armies, or among the Pomps of a Court, but often find them out in Shades and Solitudes, in the private Walks and By-paths of Life. The Evening's Walk of a wise Man is more illustrious in their Sight, than the March of a General at the Head of a hundred thousand Men. A Contemplation on God's Works; a voluntary Act of Justice to our own Detriment; a generous Concern for the Good of Mankind; Tears that are shed in Silence for the Misery of others; a private Desire or Resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned Exercise of Humility, or any other Virtue; are such Actions as are glorious in their Sight, and denominate Men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with Pity, with Contempt, or with Indignation; while those who are most obscure among their own Species, are regarded with Love, with Approbation, and Esteem.

The Moral of the present Speculation amounts to this, That we should not be led away by the Censures and Applauses of Men, but consider the Figure that every Person will make, at that Time when Wisdom shall be justified of her Children, and nothing pass for Great or Illustrious, which is not an Ornament and Perfectio nto humane Nature.

The Story of *Gyges* the rich *Lydian* Monarch is a memorable Instance to our present Purpose. The Oracle being asked by *Gyges*, who was the happiest Man, replied

Aglaüs

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Aglaüs. *Gyges*, who expected to have heard himself named on this Occasion, was much surprized, and very curious to know who this *Aglaüs* should be. After much Enquiry he was found to be an obscure Country Man, who employed all his Time in cultivating a Garden, and a few Acres of Land about his House.

Cowley's agreeable Relation of this Story shall close this Day's Speculation.

Thus Aglaüs (*a Man unknown to Men,*
But the Gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a Name,
Aglaüs, *now consign'd t' eternal Fame.*
For Gyges, *the rich King, wicked and great,*
Presum'd at wise Apollo's Delphick *Seat,*
Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole World's Eye,
See'st thou a Man that happier is than I?
The God, who scorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
Aglaüs *happier is. But* Gyges *cry'd,*
In a proud Rage, Who can that Aglaüs *be?*
We've heard as yet of no such King as he,
And true it was, through the whole Earth around,
No King of such a Name was to be found.
Is some old Hero *of that Name alive,*
Who his high Race does from the Gods derive?
Is it some mighty Gen'ral, that has done
Wonders in Fight, and God-like Honours won?
Is it some Man of endless Wealth? said he;
None, none of these; who can this Aglaüs *be?*
After long Search, and vain Enquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian *Vale at last,*
(*Th'* Arcadian *Life has always shady been*)
Near Sopho's *Town* (*which he but once had seen*)
This Aglaüs, *who a Monarch's Envy drew,*
Whose Happiness the Gods stood Witness to,
This mighty Aglaüs *was lab'ring found,*
With his own Hands, in his own little Ground.
So, gracious God, (*if it may lawful be,*
Among those foolish Gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on such a private Stage,
The last dull Scenes of my declining Age;
After long Toils and Voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my toss'd Vessel gain;
Of heav'nly Rest, this Earnest to me send,
Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.

No. 611. Monday, October 25.

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Perfide! sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus, Hircanaeque admorunt ubera tigres. - Virg.

I AM willing to postpone every thing, to do any the least Service for the Deserving and Unfortunate. Accordingly I have caused the following Letter to be inserted in my Paper the Moment that it came to my Hands, without altering one Tittle in an Account which the Lady relates so handsomely her self.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I Flatter my self, you will not only pity, but, if possible, redress a Misfortune my self and several others of my Sex lye under. I hope you will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to justifie my own imprudent Conduct, or expect You should. No! I am sensible how severely, in some of your former Papers, you have reproved Persons guilty of the like Mismanagements. I was scarce Sixteen, and, I may say without Vanity, Handsome, when courted by a false perjured Man; who, upon Promise of Marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of Women. After he had deluded me from my Parents, who were People of very good Fashion, in less than three Months he left me. My Parents would not see, nor hear from me; and had it not been for a Servant, who had lived in our Family, I must certainly have perished for want of Bread. However, it pleased Providence, in a very short time, to alter my miserable Condition. A Gentleman saw me, liked me, and married me. My Parents were reconciled; and I might be as happy in the change of my Condition, as I was before miserable, but for some things, that you shall know, which are insupportable to me; and I am sure you have so much Honour and Compassion as to let those Persons know, in some of your Papers, how much they are in the wrong. I have been married near five Years, and do not know that in all that time I ever went abroad without my

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my Husband's Leave and Approbation. I am obliged, through the Importunities of several of my Relations, to go abroad oftner than suits my Temper. Then it is, I labour under insupportable Agonies. That Man, or rather Monster, haunts every place I go to. Base Villain! By reason I will not admit his nauseous wicked Visits and Appointments, he strives all the ways he can to ruin me. He left me destitute of Friend or Money, nor ever thought me worth enquiring after, till he unfortunately happened to see me in a Front Box sparkling with Jewels. Then his Passion returned. Then the Hypocrite pretended to be a Penitent. Then he practised all those Arts that helped before to undo me. I am not to be deceived a second time by him. I hate and abhor his odious Passion; and, as he plainly perceives it, either out of Spight or Diversion, he makes it his Business to expose me. I never fail seeing him in all publick Company, where he is always most industriously spightful. He hath, in short, told all his Acquaintance of our unhappy Affair; they tell theirs; so that it is no Secret among his Companions, which are numerous. They, to whom he tells it, think they have a Title to be very familiar. If they bow to me, and I out of good Manners return it, then I am pester'd with Freedoms that are no ways agreeable to my self or Company. If I turn my Eyes from them, or seem displeased, they sower upon it, and whisper the next Person; he his next; till I have at last the Eyes of the whole Company upon me. Nay, they report abominable Falshoods, under that mistaken Notion, *She that will grant Favours to one Man will to a hundred.* I beg you will let those, who are guilty, know, how ungenerous this way of proceeding is. I am sure he will know himself the Person aimed at, and perhaps put a stop to the Insolence of others. Cursed is the Fate of unhappy Women! that Men may boast and glory in those things that we must think of with Shame and Horror! You have the Art of making such odious Customs appear detestable. For my Sake, and I am sure, for the Sake of several others, who dare not own it, but like me, lye under the same Misfortunes, make it as infamous for a Man to boast of Favours, or expose our Sex

Sex, as it is to take the Lie or a Box on the Ear, and not resent it. No. 611. Monday, October 25, 1714.

Your Constant Reader,
and Admirer,
LESBIA.

P. S. I am the more Impatient, under this Misfortune, having received fresh Provocation, last *Wednesday*, in the Abbey.'

I entirely agree with the amiable and unfortunate *LESBIA*, that an insult upon a Woman in her Circumstances, is as infamous in a Man, as a tame Behaviour when the Lie or a Buffet is given; which Truth, I shall beg leave of her to illustrate by the following Observation.

It is a Mark of Cowardice passively to forbear resenting an Affront, the Resenting of which would lead a Man into Danger; it is no less a sign of Cowardice to affront a Creature, that hath not Power to avenge it self. Whatever Name therefore this ungenerous Man may bestow on the helpless Lady he hath injured, I shall not scruple to give him in return for it, the Appellation of *Coward*.

A Man, that can so far descend from his Dignity, as to strike a Lady, can never recover his Reputation with either Sex, because no Provocation is thought strong enough to justifie such Treatment from the Powerful towards the Weak. In the Circumstances, in which poor *LESBIA* is situated, she can appeal to no Man whatsoever to avenge an Insult, more grievous than a Blow. If she could open her Mouth, the base Man knows, that a Husband, a Brother, a generous Friend would die to see her righted.

A generous Mind, however enraged against an Enemy, feels its Resentments sink and vanish away, when the Object of its Wrath falls into its Power. An estranged Friend, filled with Jealousie and Discontent towards a Bosom-Acquaintance, is apt to overflow with Tenderness and Remorse, when a Creature, that was once dear to him, undergoes any Misfortune. What Name then shall we give to his Ingratitude, who (forgetting the Favours he sollicited with Eagerness, and received with Rapture)

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can insult the Miseries that he himself caused, and make Sport with the Pain to which he owes his greatest Pleasure? There is but one Being in the Creation, whose Province it is to practise upon the Imbecilities of frail Creatures, and triumph in the Woes which his own Artifices brought about; and we well know, those who follow his Example, will receive his Reward.

Leaving my fair Correspondent to the Direction of her own Wisdom and Modesty; and her Enemy, and his mean Accomplices, to the Compunction of their own Hearts; I shall conclude this Paper with a memorable Instance of Revenge, taken by a *Spanish* Lady upon a guilty Lover, which may serve to show what violent Effects are wrought by the most tender Passion, when sower'd into Hatred; and may deter the Young and Unwary from unlawful Love. The Story, however Romantick it may appear, I have heard affirmed for a Truth.

Not many Years ago an *English* Gentleman, who in a Recounter by Night in the Streets of *Madrid* had the Misfortune to kill his Man, fled into a Church-Porch for Sanctuary. Leaning against the Door, he was surprized to find it open, and a glimmering Light in the Church. He had the Courage to advance towards the Light; but was terribly startled at the sight of a Woman in White who ascended from a Grave, with a bloody Knife in her Hand. The Phantome marched up to him, and asked him, what he did there. He told her the Truth without reserve, believing that he had met a Ghost: Upon which, she spoke to him in the following Manner. 'Stranger, thou art in my Power; I am a Murderer, as thou art. Know then, that I am a Nun of a noble Family. A base perjured Man undid me, and boasted of it. I soon had him dispatched; but not content with the Murder, I have bribed the Sexton to let me enter his Grave, and have now plucked out his false Heart from his Body; and thus I use a Traitor's Heart.' At these Words she tore it in Pieces, and trampled it under her Feet.

No. 612.

Wednesday, October 27.

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Murranum hic, atavos & avorum antiqua sonantem
Nomina, per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,
Praecipitem scopulo, atque ingentis turbine saxi
Excutit, effunditque solo.—Virg.

IT is highly laudable to pay Respect to Men who are descended from worthy Ancestors, not only out of Gratitude to those who have done Good to Mankind, but as it is an Encouragement to others to follow their Example. But this is an Honour to be received, not demanded, by the Descendants of great Men; and they who are apt to remind us of their Ancestors, only put us upon making Comparisons to their own Disadvantage. There is some Pretence for boasting of Wit, Beauty, Strength or Wealth, because the Communication of them may give Pleasure or Profit to others; but we can have no Merit, nor ought we to claim any Respect, because our Fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

The following Letter ridicules the Folly I have mentioned in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable Light.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

Were the Genealogy of every Family preserved, there would probably be no Man valued or despised on Account of his Birth. There is scarce a Beggar in the Streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great Man; nor any one of the highest Title, who would not discover several base and indigent Persons among his Ancestors. It would be a pleasant Entertainment to see one Pedigree of Men appear together, under the same Characters they bore when they acted their respective Parts among the Living. Suppose therefore a Gentleman, full of his illustrious Family, should, in the same manner as *Virgil* makes *Æneas* look over his Descendants, see the whole Line of his Progenitors pass in Review before his Eyes. With how many varying Passions would he behold Shepherds and Soldiers, States-men and Artificers, Princes and Beggars, walk in the Procession of five thousand Years! How would his Heart sink or flutter at the several Sports of Fortune in a Scene so diversified with

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with Rags and Purple, Handicraft Tools and Sceptres, Ensigns of Dignity and Emblems of Disgrace; and how would his Fears and Apprehensions, his Transports and Mortifications, succeed one another, as the Line of his Genealogy appear'd bright or obscure?

In most of the Pedigrees hung up in old Mansion Houses, you are sure to find the first in the Catalogue a great Statesman, or a Soldier with an honourable Commission. The honest Artificer that begot him, and all his frugal Ancestors before him, are torn off from the Top of the Register; and you are not left to imagine, that the noble Founder of the Family ever had a Father. Were we to trace many boasted Lines farther backwards, we should lose them in a Mob of Tradesmen, or a Crowd of Rusticks, without Hope of seeing them emerge again: Not unlike the old *Appian* way, which, after having run many Miles in Length, loses it self in a Bog.

I lately made a Visit to an old Country Gentleman, who is very far gone in this sort of *Family-Madness*. I found him in his Study perusing an old Register of his Family, which he had just then discovered, as it was branched out in the Form of a Tree, upon a Skin of Parchment. Having the Honour to have some of his Blood in my Veins, he permitted me to cast my Eye over the Boughs of this venerable Plant; and asked my Advice in the Reforming of some of the superfluous Branches.

We passed slightly over three or four of our immediate Fore-fathers, whom we knew by Tradition, but were soon stopped by an Alderman of *London*, who, I perceived, made my Kinsman's Heart go pit-a-pat. His Confusion increased when he found the Alderman's Father to be a Grasier; but he recovered his Height upon seeing *Justice of the Quorum* at the end of his Titles. Things went on pretty well, as we threw our Eyes occasionally over the Tree, when unfortunately he perceived a Merchant-Tailor perched on a Bough, who was said greatly to have encreased the Estate; he was just a going to cut him off, if he had not seen *Gent.* after the Name of his Son; who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the Manors his honest Father had purchased. A

Weaver

Weaver, who was burnt for his Religion in the Reign of Queen *Mary*, was pruned away without Mercy; as was likewise a Yeoman, who died of a Fall from his own Cart. But great was our Triumph in one of the Blood who was beheaded for High-Treason; which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our Ancestors who was hanged for stealing Sheep. The Expectations of my good Cousin were wonderfully raised by a Match into the Family of a Knight, but unfortunately for us this Branch proved barren: On the other hand *Margery* the Milk-maid being twined round a Bough, it flourished out into so many Shoots, and bent with so much Fruit, that the old Gentleman was quite out of Countenance. To comfort me, under this Disgrace, he singled out a Branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which, he told me, he valued more than any in the Tree, and bade me be of good Comfort. This enormous Bough was a Graft out of a *Welch* Heiress, with so many *Ap*'s upon it that it might have made a little Grove by it self. From the Trunk of the Pedigree, which was chiefly composed of Labourers and Shepherds, arose a huge Sprout of Farmers; this was branched out into Yeomen; and ended in a Sheriff of the County, who was Knighted for his good Service to the Crown, in bringing up an Address. Several of the Names that seemed to disparage the Family, being looked upon as Mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered; as, on the contrary, no small Number appearing without any Titles, my Cousin, to supply the Defects of the Manuscript, added *Esq.* at the End of each of them.

This Tree so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was, within few Days, transplanted into a large Sheet of Vellum and placed in the great Hall, where it attracts the Veneration of his Tenants every *Sunday* Morning, while they wait till his Worship is ready to go to Church; wondering that a Man who had so many Fathers before him, should not be made a Knight, or at least a Justice of the Peace.

No. 613. Friday, October 29, 1714.

No. 613.

Friday, October 29.

——— *Studiis florentem ignobilis oti.* Virg.

IT is reckoned a Piece of Ill-breeding for one Man to engross the whole Talk to himself. For this Reason, since I keep three Visiting-Days in the Week, I am content now and then to let my Friends put in a Word. There are several Advantages hereby accruing both to my Readers and my self. As first, Young and modest Writers have an Opportunity of getting into Print: Again, the Town enjoys the Pleasure of Variety; and Posterity will see the Humour of the present Age, by the help of these little Lights into private and domestick Life. The Benefits I receive from thence, are such as these: I gain more Time for future Speculations; pick up Hints which I improve for the publick Good; give Advice; redress Grievances; and, by leaving commodious Spaces between the several Letters that I print, furnish out a *Spectator* with little Labour and great Ostentation.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I was mightily pleased with your Speculation of *Friday*. Your Sentiments are Noble, and the whole worked up in such a manner, as cannot but strike upon every Reader. But give me leave to make this Remark: That while you write so Pathetically on Contentment and a retired Life, you sooth the Passion of Melancholy, and depress the Mind from Actions truly Glorious. Titles and Honours are the Reward of Virtue. We therefore ought to be affected with them. And tho' light Minds are too much puffed up with exteriour Pomp, yet I cannot see why it is not as truly philosophical, to admire the glowing Ruby, or the sparkling Green of an Emerald, as the fainter and less permanent Beauties of a Rose or a Myrtle. If there are Men of extraordinary Capacities who lye concealed from the World, I should impute it to them as a Blot in their Character, did not I believe it owing to the Meanness of their Fortune rather than of their Spirit. *Cowley*, who tells the Story of *Aglaus* with

so

so much Pleasure, was no Stranger to Courts, nor insensible of Praise. No. 613. Friday, October 29, 1714.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the Age to come my own?

was the Result of a laudable Ambition. It was not till after frequent Disappointments, that he termed himself the Melancholy *Cowley*; and he praised Solitude, when he despaired of shining in a Court. The Soul of Man is an active Principle. He therefore, who withdraws himself from the Scene before he has played his Part, ought to be hissed off the Stage, and cannot be deemed Virtuous, because he refuses to answer his End. I must own I am fired with an honest Ambition to imitate every illustrious Example. The Battles of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies* have more than once made me wish my self a Soldier. And when I have seen those Actions so nobly celebrated by our Poets, I have secretly aspired to be one of that distinguished Class. But in vain I wish, in vain I pant with the Desire of Action. I am chained down in Obscurity, and the only Pleasure I can take, is in seeing so many brighter Genius's join their friendly Lights, to add to the Splendor of the Throne. Farewel then, dear *Spec*, and believe me to be with great Emulation, and no Envy,

Your professed Admirer,

Will. Hopeless.'

'*Sir*, *Middle-Temple, Octob.* 26. 1714.

The' you have formerly made *Eloquence* the Subject of one or more of your Papers, I do not remember that you ever considered it as possessed by a Set of People, who are so far from making *Quintilian*'s Rules their Practice, that, I dare say for them, they never heard of such an Author, and yet are no less Masters of it than *Tully* or *Demosthenes* among the Ancients, or whom you please amongst the Moderns. The Persons I am speaking of are our common Beggars about this Town; and that what I say is true, I appeal to any Man who has a Heart one Degree softer than a Stone. As for my part, who don't pretend to more Humanity than

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than my Neighbours, I have oftentimes gone from my Chambers with Mony in my Pocket, and returned to them not only Pennyless, but destitute of a Farthing, without bestowing of it any other way than on these seeming Objects of Pity. In short, I have seen more Eloquence in a *Look* from one of these despicable Creatures, than in the *Eye* of the fairest *She* I ever saw, yet no one a greater Admirer of that Sex than my self. What I have to desire of you is, to lay down some Directions in order to guard against these powerful Orators, or else I know nothing to the contrary but I must my self be forced to leave the Profession of the Law, and endeavour to get the Qualifications necessary to that more profitable one of Begging. But in which soever of these two Capacities I shine, I shall always desire to be your constant Reader, and ever will be

Your most humble Servant,

J. B.'

'*Sir,*

Upon Reading a *Spectator* last Week, where Mrs. *Fanny Fickle* submitted the Choice of a Lover for Life to your decisive Determination, and imagining I might claim the Favour of your Advice in an Affair of the like, but much more difficult Nature, I called for Pen and Ink, in order to draw the Characters of Seven Humble Servants, whom I have equally incourag'd for some time: But alas! while I was reflecting on the agreeable Subject, and contriving an advantageous Description of the dear Person I was most inclined to favour, I happened to look into my Glass. The sight of the Small-Pox, out of which I am just recovered, tormented me at once with the Loss of my captivating Arts and my Captives: The Confusion I was in, on this unhappy, unseasonable Discovery, is inexpressible. Believe me, Sir, I was so taken up with the Thoughts of your fair Correspondent's Case, and so intent on my own Design, that I fancied my self as Triumphant in my Conquests as ever.

Now Sir, finding I was incapacitated to Amuse my self on that pleasing Subject, I resolved to apply my self

self to you, or your Casuistical Agent, for Advice in my present Circumstances. I am sensible the Tincture of my Skin, and the Regularity of my Features, which the Malice of my late Illness has altered, are irrecoverable; yet don't despair, but that Loss, by your Assistance, may in some Measure be reparable, if you'll please to propose a way for the Recovery of one only of my Fugitives.

One of them is in a more particular Manner beholden to me than the rest; he for some private Reasons being desirous to be a Lover Incognito, always addressed me with *Billet-Doux*, which I was so careful of in my Sickness, that I secured the Key of my Love-Magazine under my Head, and hearing a Noise of opening a Lock in my Chamber, indanger'd my Life by getting out of Bed, to prevent, if it had been attempted, the Discovery of that Amour.

I have formerly made use of all those Artifices, which our Sex daily practises over yours, to draw, as it were undesignedly, the Eyes of a whole Congregation to my Pew; I have taken a Pride in the Number of Admirers at my Afternoon Levée; but am now quite another Creature. I think, could I regain the attractive Influence I once had, if I had a Legion of Suitors, I should never be ambitious of Entertaining more than one. I have almost contracted an Antipathy to the trifling Discourses of Impertinent Lovers, though I must needs own, I have thought it very odd of late, to hear Gentlemen, instead of their usual Complacencies, fall into Disputes before me of Politicks, or else weary me with the tedious Repetition of how thankful I ought to be, and satisfied with my Recovery out of so dangerous a Distemper: This, though I am very sensible of the Blessing, yet I cannot but dislike, because such Advice from them rather seems to Insult than Comfort me, and reminds me too much of what I was; which Melancholy Consideration I cannot yet perfectly surmount, but hope your Sentiments on this Head will make it supportable.

To shew you what a Value I have for your Dictates, these are to certifie the Persons concerned, that unless one of them returns to his Colours (if I may so call them now

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now) before the Winter is over, I'll voluntarily confine my self to a Retirement, where I'll punish them all with my Needle. I'll be revenged on them by deciphering them on a Carpet, humbly begging Admittance, my self scornfully refusing it: If you disapprove of this, as savouring too much of Malice, be pleased to acquaint me with a Draught you like better, and it shall be faithfully performed

By the Unfortunate

Monimia.'

No. 614.

Monday, November 1.

Si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sederet,
Ne cui me vinclo vellem sociare jugali,
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit,
Si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset;
Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpae. —Virg.

THE following Account hath been transmitted to me by the Love-Casuist.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

Having, in some former Papers, taken Care of the two States of Virginity and Marriage, and being willing that all People should be served in their Turn; I this Day drew out my Drawer of Widows, where I met with several Cases, to each whereof I have returned satisfactory Answers by the Post. The Cases are as follow:

Q. Whether *Amoret* be bound by a Promise of Marriage to *Philander*, made during her Husband's Life?

Q. Whether *Sempronia*, having faithfully given a Promise to two several Persons during the last Sickness of her Husband, is not thereby left at Liberty to chuse which of them she pleases, or to reject them both for the Sake of a new Lover?

Cleora asks me, Whether she be obliged to continue single, according to a Vow made to her Husband at the Time of his presenting her with a Diamond Neck-lace; she being informed by a very pretty young Fellow of a good Conscience, that such Vows are in their Nature sinful?

Another inquires, Whether she hath not the Right of Widowhood

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Widowhood, to dispose of her self to a Gentleman of great Merit, who presses very hard; her Husband being irrecoverably gone in a Consumption?

An unreasonable Creature hath the Confidence to ask, Whether it be proper for her to marry a Man who is younger than her eldest Son?

A scrupulous well-spoken Matron, who gives me a great many good Words, only doubts, Whether she is not obliged in Conscience to shut up her two marriageable Daughters, till such time as she hath comfortably disposed of her self?

Sophronia, who seems by her Phrase and Spelling to be a Person of Condition, sets forth, That whereas she hath a great Estate, and is but a Woman, she desires to be informed, whether she would not do prudently to marry *Camillus*, a very idle tall young Fellow, who hath no Fortune of his own, and consequently hath nothing else to do but to manage hers?

Before I speak of Widows, I cannot but observe one thing, which I do not know how to account for; A Widow is always more sought after, than an old Maid of the same Age. It is common enough among ordinary People, for a stale Virgin to set up a Shop in a Place where she is not known; where the large Thumb Ring, supposed to be given her by her Husband, quickly recommends her to some wealthy Neighbour, who takes a Liking to the jolly Widow, that would have over-looked the venerable Spinster.

The Truth of it is, if we look into this Sett of Women, we find, according to the different Characters or Circumstances, wherein they are left, that Widows may be divided into those who raise Love, and those who raise Compassion.

But not to ramble from this Subject, there are two Things in which consists chiefly the Glory of a Widow; the Love of her deceased Husband, and the Care of her Children: To which may be added a third, arising out of the former, Such a prudent Conduct as may do Honour to both.

A Widow, possessed of all these three Qualities, makes not only a virtuous but a sublime Character.

There

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There is something so great and so generous in this State of Life, when it is accompanied with all its Virtues, that it is the Subject of one of the finest among our modern Tragedies in the Person of *Andromache*; and hath met with an universal and deserved Applause, when introduced upon our *English* Stage by Mr. *Philips*.

The most memorable Widow in History is Queen *Artemisia*, who not only erected the famous *Mausoleum*, but drank up the Ashes of her dead Lord; thereby enclosing them in a nobler Monument than that which she had built, though deservedly esteemed one of the Wonders of Architecture.

This last Lady seems to have had a better Title to a second Husband than any I have read of, since not one Dust of her First was remaining. Our modern Heroines might think a Husband a very bitter Draught, and would have good Reason to complain, if they might not accept of a second Partner, till they had taken such a troublesome Method of losing the Memory of the first.

I shall add to these illustrious Examples out of ancient Story, a remarkable Instance of the Delicacy of our Ancestors in Relation to the State of Widowhood, as I find it recorded in *Cowell*'s Interpreter. *At* East *and* West-Enborne, *in the County of* Berks, *if a Customary Tenant die, the Widow shall have what the Law calls her* Free-Bench *in all his Copy-hold Lands*, dum sola & casta fuerit; *that is*, while she lives single and chaste; *but if she commit Incontinency, she forfeits her Estate; Yet, if she will come into the Court riding backward upon a Black Ram, with his Tail in her Hand, and say the Words following, the Steward is bound by the Custom to re-admit her to her* Free-Bench.

Here I am,
Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;
And, for my Crincum Crancum,
Have lost my Bincum Bancum;
And, for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame;
Therefore, I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my Land again.

The

The like Custom there is in the Manor of *Torre* in *Devonshire*, and other Parts of the *West*. No. 614. Monday, Nov. 1, 1714.

It is not impossible but I may in a little Time present you with a Register of *Berkshire* Ladies and other Western Dames, who rode publickly upon this Occasion; and I hope the Town will be entertained with a Cavalcade of Widows.

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Wednesday, November 3.

---- Qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejusque leto flagitium timet,
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.

IT must be owned that Fear is a very powerful Passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest of Virtues to subdue it. It being implanted in us for our Preservation, it is no Wonder that it sticks close to us, as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve. But as Life, and all its Enjoyments, would be scarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual Dread of losing them; it is the Business of Religion and Philosophy to free us from all unnecessary Anxities, and direct our Fear to its proper Object.

If we consider the Painfulness of this Passion, and the violent Effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight Occasions. Some have frightened themselves into Madness, others have given up their Lives to these Apprehensions. The Story of a Man who grew grey in the space of one Night's Anxiety is very famous;

O! nox, quam longa es, quae facis una senem.

These Apprehensions, if they proceed from a Consciousness of Guilt, are the sad Warnings of Reason; and may excite our Pity, but admit of no Remedy. When the Hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the Impious, the Heart of mortal Man cannot withstand him

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him. We have this Passion sublimely represented in the Punishment of the *Egyptians*, tormented with the Plague of Darkness, in the *Apocryphal* Book of *Wisdom*, ascribed to *Solomon*:

'For when unrighteous Men thought to oppress the holy Nation; they being shut up in their Houses, the Prisoners of Darkness, and fettered with the Bonds of a long Night, lay there exiled from the eternal Providence. For while they supposed to lie hid in their secret Sins, they were scattered under a dark Veil of Forgetfulness, being horribly astonished and troubled with strange Apparitions— — For Wickedness, condemned by her own Witness, is very timorous, and being oppressed with Conscience, always forecasteth grievous things. For Fear is nothing else but a betraying of the Succours which Reason offereth — — For the whole World shined with clear Light, and none were hindered in their Labour. Over them only was spread a heavy Night, an Image of that Darkness which should afterwards receive them; but yet were they unto themselves more grievous than the Darkness.'

To Fear, so justly grounded, no Remedy can be proposed; but a Man (who hath no great Guilt hanging upon his Mind, who walks in the plain Path of Justice and Integrity, and yet either by natural Complection, or confirmed Prejudices, or Neglect of serious Reflection, suffers himself to be moved by this abject and unmanly Passion) would do well to consider, That there is nothing which deserves his Fear, but that beneficent Being who is his Friend, his Protector, his Father. Were this one Thought strongly fixed in the Mind, what Calamity would be dreadful? What Load can Infamy lay upon us, when we are sure of the Approbation of him, who will repay the Disgrace of a Moment with the Glory of Eternity? What Sharpness is there in Pain and Diseases, when they only hasten us on to the Pleasures that will never fade? What Sting is in Death, when we are assured that it is only the Beginning of Life? A Man who lives so, as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself, if he delivers himself up to any incidental Anxiety.

The

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The Intrepidity of a just good Man is so nobly set forth by *Horace*, that it cannot be too often repeated.

The Man resolv'd and steady to his Trust,
Inflexible to Ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude Rabble's Insolence despise,
Their senseless Clamours and tumultuous Cries;
The Tyrant's Fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern Brow, and the harsh Voice defies,
And with superior Greatness smiles.

Not the rough Whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black Gulf, and vexes it with Storms,
The stubborn Virtue of his Soul can move;
Not the Red Arm of Angry Jove,
That flings the Thunder from the Sky,
And gives it Rage to roar, and Strength to fly.

Should the whole Frame of Nature round him break,
In Ruin and Confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty Crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling World.

The Vanity of Fear may be yet farther illustrated, if we reflect,

First, What we fear may not come to pass. No human Scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little Circumstance intervening may spoil it. He, who directs the Heart of Man at his Pleasure, and understands the Thoughts long before, may by ten thousand Accidents, or an immediate Change in the Inclinations of Men, disconcert the most subtle Project, and turn it to the Benefit of his own Servants.

In the next Place we should consider, though the Evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it appeared to be. As there is no prosperous State of Life without its Calamities, so there is no Adversity without its Benefits. Ask the Great and Powerful, if they do not feel the Pangs of Envy and Ambition. Enquire of the Poor and Needy, if they have not tasted the Sweets of Quiet and Contentment. Even under the Pains of Body; the Infidelity of Friends; or the Misconstructions put upon our laudable Actions, our Minds (when for some Time accustomed to these Pressures) are sensible of secret Flowings of Comfort

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Comfort, the present Reward of a pious Resignation. The Evils of this Life appear like Rocks and Precipices, rugged and barren at a Distance; but, at our nearer Approach, we find little fruitful Spots, and refreshing Springs, mixed with the Harshness and Deformities of Nature.

In the last Place, we may comfort our selves with this Consideration; that, as the Thing feared may not reach us, so we may not reach what we fear: Our Lives may not extend to that dreadful Point which we have in View. He who knows all our Failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our Strength, is often pleased in his tender Severity, to separate the Soul from its Body and Miseries together.

If we look forward to him for Help, we shall never be in Danger of falling down those Precipices which our Imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a Line, if we keep our Eye fixed upon one Point, we may step forward securely; whereas an imprudent or cowardly Glance on either Side will infallibly destroy us.

No. 616.

Friday, November 5.

— *Qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.* Martial.

CICERO hath observed, that a Jest is never uttered with a better Grace, than when it is accompanied with a serious Countenance. When a pleasant Thought plays in the Features, before it discovers itself in Words, it raises too great an Expectation, and loses the Advantage of giving Surprize. Wit and Humour are no less poorly recommended by a Levity of Phrase, and that kind of Language which may be distinguished by the Name of *Cant*. Ridicule is never more strong, than when it is concealed in Gravity. True Humour lies in the Thought, and arises from the Representation of Images in odd Circumstances and uncommon Lights. A pleasant Thought strikes us by the Force of its natural Beauty: and the Mirth of it is generally rather palled, than heightened by that ridiculous Phraseology, which

is

is so much in fashion among the Pretenders to Humour and Pleasantry. This Tribe of Men are like our Mountebanks; they make a Man a Wit, by putting him in a fantastick Habit. No. 616. Friday, Nov. 5, 1714.

Our little Burlesque Authors, who are the Delight of ordinary Readers, generally abound in these pert Phrases, which have in them more Vivacity than Wit.

I lately saw an Instance of this kind of Writing, which gave me so lively an Idea of it, that I could not forbear begging a Copy of the Letter from the Gentleman who shewed it to me. It is written by a Country Wit, upon the Occasion of the Rejoycings on the Day of the King's Coronation.

Past two a clock and a frosty Morning.

'Dear Jack,

I have just left the Right Worshipful and his Myrmidons, about a Sneaker of Five Gallons. The whole Magistracy was pretty well disguised before I gave 'em the Slip. Our Friend the Alderman was half Seas over before the Bonfire was out. We had with us the Attorney, and two or three other bright Fellows. The Doctor plays least in Sight.

At Nine a Clock in the Evening we set Fire to the Whore of *Babylon*. The Devil acted his Part to a Miracle. He has made his Fortune by it. We equipp'd the young Dog with a Tester a piece. Honest old *Brown* of *England* was very drunk, and show'd his Loyalty to the Tune of a hundred Rockets. The Mob drank the King's Health, on their Marrow bones, in Mother *Day*'s Double. They whip'd us half a dozen Hogsheads. Poor *Tom Tyler* had like to have been demolished with the End of a Sky-Rocket, that fell upon the Bridge of his Nose as he was drinking the King's Health, and spoiled his Tip. The Mob were very loyal till about Midnight, when they grew a little mutinous for more Liquor. They had like to have dumfounded the Justice; but his Clerk came in to his Assistance, and took them all down in Black and White.

When I had been huzza'd out of my Senses, I made a Visit to the Women, who were guzzling very

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comfortably. Mrs. Mayoress clip'd the King's *English*. Clack was the Word.

I forgot to tell thee, that every one of the Posse had his Hat cock'd with a Distich: The Senators sent us down a Cargo of Ribbon and Metre for the Occasion.

Sir *Richard*, to shew his Zeal for the Protestant Religion, is at the Expence of a Tar-Barrel and a Ball. I peep'd into the Knight's great Hall, and saw a very pretty Bevy of Spinsters. My dear Relict was amongst them, and ambled in a Country-Dance as notably as the best of 'em.

May all his Majesty's liege Subjects love him as well as his good People of this his ancient Borough. Adieu.'

No. 617.

Monday, November 8.

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassaris, & lyncem Macnas flexura corymbis,
Evion ingeminat; reparabilis adsonat echo. Persius.

THERE are two Extreams in the Stile of Humour, one of which consists in the Use of that little pert Phraseology which I took notice of in my last Paper; the other in the Affectation of strained and pompous Expressions, fetched from the learned Languages. The first savours too much of the Town; the other of the College.

As nothing illustrates better than Example, I shall here present my Reader with a Letter of Pedantick Humour, which was written by a young Gentleman of the University to his Friend; on the same Occasion and from the same Place as the lively Epistle published in my last *Spectator*.

'*Dear Chum*,

It is now the third Watch of the Night, the greatest Part of which I have spent round a capacious Bowl of *China*, filled with the choicest Products of both the *Indies*. I was placed at a quadrangular Table, diametrically opposite to the Mace-bearer. The Visage of that venerable Herald was, according to Custom, most gloriously

gloriously illuminated on this joyful Occasion. The Mayor and Aldermen, those Pillars of our Constitution, began to totter; and if any one at the Board could have so far articulated, as to have demanded intelligibly a Reinforcement of Liquor, the whole Assembly had been by this time extended under the Table. No. 617. Monday, Nov. 8, 1714.

The Celebration of this Night's Solemnity was opened by the obstreperous Joy of Drummers, who, with their Parchment Thunder, gave a Signal for the Appearance of the Mob under their several Classes and Denominations. They were quickly joined by the melodious Clank of Marrow-bone and Cleaver, whilst a Chorus of Bells filled up the Consort. A Pyramid of Stack-Faggots cheared the Hearts of the Populace with the Promise of a Blaze: The Guns had no sooner uttered the Prologue, but the Heavens were brightened with artificial Meteors, and Stars of our own making; and all the *High-street* lighted up, from one End to another, with a Galaxy of Candles. We collected a Largess for the Multitude, who tippled Eleemosynary till they grew exceeding Vociferous. There was a Paste-board Pontiff with a little swarthy Dæmon at his Elbow, who, by his diabolical Whispers and Insinuations, tempted his Holiness into the Fire, and then left him to shift for himself. The Mobile were very sarcastick with their Clubs, and gave the old Gentleman several Thumps upon his triple Head-piece. *Tom Tyler's* Phiz is something damaged by the Fall of a Rocket, which hath almost spoiled the Gnomon of his Countenance. The Mirth of the Commons grew so very outrageous, that it found Work for our Friend of the *Quorum*, who, by the help of his *Amanuensis*, took down all their Names and their Crimes, with a Design to produce his Manuscript at the next Quarter-Sessions. *&c. &c. &c.*'

I shall subjoin to the foregoing Piece of a Letter, the following Copy of Verses translated from an *Italian* Poet, who was the *Cleveland* of his Age, and had Multitudes of Admirers. The Subject is an Accident that happened under the Reign of Pope *Leo*, when a Fire-work, that had been prepared upon the Castle of St. *Angelo*, begun

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begun to play before its Time, being kindled by a Flash of Lightning. The Author hath written his Poem in the same kind of Style, as that I have already exemplified in Prose. Every Line in it is a Riddle, and the Reader must be forced to consider it twice or thrice, before he will know that the *Cynick*'s Tenement is a *Tub*, and *Bacchus* his Cast-coat a *Hogshead*, &c.

'Twas Night, and Heav'n, a Cyclops, *all the Day,*
An Argus *now did countless Eyes display;*
In ev'ry Window Rome *her Joy declares,*
All bright, and studded with terrestrial Stars.
A blazing Chain of Lights her Roofs entwines,
And round her Neck the mingled Lustre shines.
The Cynick's *rowling Tenement conspires,*
With Bacchus *his Cast-coat, to feed the Fires.*

The Pile, still big with undiscover'd Shows.
The Tuscan *Pile did last its Freight disclose,*
Where the proud Tops of Rome's *new Ætna rise,*
Whence Giants sally, and invade the Skies.

Whilst now the Multitude expect the Time,
And their tir'd Eyes the lofty Mountain climb,
A thousand Iron Mouths their Voices try,
And thunder out a dreadful Harmony:
In treble Notes the small Artill'ry plays,
The deep-mouth'd Cannon bellows in the Bass.
The lab'ring Pile now heaves; and having giv'n
Proofs of its Travail, sighs in Flames to Heav'n.

The Clouds invelop'd Heav'n from Human Sight,
Quench'd every Star, and put out every Light.
New real Thunder grumbles in the Skies,
And in disdainful Murmurs Rome *defies,*
Nor doth its answer'd Challenge Rome *declines.*
But whilst both Parties in full Consort join,
While Heav'n and Earth in Rival Peals resound,
The doubtful Cracks the Hearer's Sense confound;
Whether the Claps of Thunder-bolts they hear,
Or else the Bursts of Cannon wounds their Ear;
Whether Clouds rage'd by struggling Metals rent,
Or struggling Clouds in Roman *Metals pent.*
But O, my Muse, the whole Adventure tell,
As ev'ry Accident in order fell

Tall Groves of Trees the Hadrian *Tow'r surround,*
Fictitious Trees with Paper Garlands crown'd.
These know no Spring, but when their Bodies sprout
In Fire, and shoot their gilded Blossoms out;

When

When blazing Leaves appear above their Head,
And into branching Flames their Bodies spread,
Whilst Real Thunder splits the Firmament,
And Heav'n's whole Roof in one vast Cleft is rent,
The three-fork'd Tongue amidst the Rupture lolls,
Then drops and on the Airy Turret falls.
The Trees now kindle, and the Garland burns,
And thousand Thunderbolts for one returns.
Brigades of burning Archers upward fly,
Bright Spears and shining Spearmen mount on high,
Flash in the Clouds and glitter in the Sky.
A Seven-fold Shield of Spheres doth Heav'n defend,
And back again the blunted Weapons send:
Unwillingly they fall, and dropping down,
Pour out their Souls, their Sulph'rous Souls, and groan.

With Joy, great Sir, we view'd this pompous Show,
While Heav'n, that sate Spectator still till now,
Itself turn'd Actor, proud to Please you.
And so 'tis fit, when Leo's Fires appear,
That Heav'n itself should turn an Engineer;
That Heav'n itself should all its Wonders show,
And Orbs above consent with Orbs below.

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No. 618.

Wednesday, November 10.

—Neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis: neque si quis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam. Hor.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

YOU having in your two last *Spectators* given the Town a couple of remarkable Letters, in very different Styles; I take this opportunity to offer to you some Remarks upon the *Epistolary* way of writing in Verse. This is a *Species* of Poetry by it self; and has not so much as been hinted at in any of the Arts of Poetry that have ever fallen into my Hands: Neither has it in any Age, or any Nation, been so much cultivated, as the other several Kinds of Poesie. A Man of *Genius* may, if he pleases, write Letters in Verse upon all manner of Subjects, that are capable of being embellished with Wit and Language, and may render them new and agreeable by giving the proper Turn to them. But in speaking at present, of *Epistolary Poetry*, I would be understood to mean only such Writings in this Kind, as have been in

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in Use amongst the Ancients, and have been copied from them by some Moderns. These may be reduced into two *Classes*: In the one I shall rank Love-Letters, Letters of Friendship, and Letters upon mournful Occasions: In the other I shall place such Epistles in Verse, as may properly be called Familiar, Critical, and Moral; to which may be added Letters of Mirth and Humour. *Ovid* for first, and *Horace* for the latter, are the best Originals we have left.

He that is ambitious of succeeding in the *Ovidian* way, should first examine his Heart well, and feel whether his Passions (especially those of the gentler Kind) play easie, since it is not his Wit, but the Delicacy and Tenderness of his Sentiments, that will affect his Readers. His Versification likewise should be soft, and all his Numbers flowing and querulous.

The Qualifications requisite for writing Epistles, after the Model given us by *Horace*, are of a quite different Nature. He that would excel in this kind must have a good Fund of strong Masculine Sense: To this there must be joined a thorough Knowledge of Mankind, together with an Insight into the Business, and the prevailing Humours of the Age. Our Author must have his Mind well seasoned with the finest Precepts of Morality, and be filled with nice Reflections upon the bright and the dark sides of human Life: He must be a Master of refined Raillery, and understand the Delicacies, as well as the Absurdities of Conversation. He must have a lively Turn of Wit, with an easie and concise manner of Expression; Every thing he says, must be in a free and disengaged manner. He must be guilty of nothing that betrays the Air of a Recluse, but appear a Man of the World throughout. His Illustrations, his Comparisons, and the greatest part of his Images must be drawn from common Life. Strokes of Satyr and Criticism, as well as Panegyrick, judiciously thrown in (and as it were by the by) give a wonderful Life and Ornament to Compositions of this kind. But let our Poet, while he writes Epistles, though never so familiar, still remember that he writes in Verse, and must for that reason have a more than ordinary care not to fall into Prose

Prose, and a vulgar Diction, excepting where the Nature and Humour of the Thing does necessarily require it. In this Point *Horace* hath been thought by some Criticks to be sometimes careless, as well as too negligent of his Versification; of which he seems to have been sensible himself. No. 618. Wednesday, Nov. 10, 1714.

All I have to add is, that both these Manners of Writing may be made as entertaining, in their way, as any other Species of Poetry, if undertaken by Persons duly qualify'd; and the latter sort may be managed so as to become in a peculiar manner Instructive. *I am, &c.*'

I shall add an Observation or two to the Remarks of my ingenious Correspondent, and, in the First place, take Notice, that Subjects of the most sublime Nature are often treated in the Epistolary way with Advantage, as in the famous Epistle of *Horace* to *Augustus*. The Poet surprizes us with his Pomp, and seems rather betrayed into his Subject, than to have aimed at it by design: He appears like the Visit of a King *Incognito*, with a mixture of Familiarity, and Grandeur. In Works of this kind, when the Dignity of the Subject hurries the Poet into Descriptions and Sentiments, seemingly unpremeditated, by a sort of Inspiration; it is usual for him to Recollect himself, and fall back gracefully into the natural Stile of a Letter.

I might here mention an Epistolary Poem, just Published by Mr. *Eusden* on the King's Accession to the Throne: Wherein, amongst many other noble and beautiful Strokes of Poetry, his Reader may see this Rule very happily observed.

No. 619.

Friday, November 12.

——— *Dura*
Exerce imperia, & ramos compesce fluentes. Virg.

I HAVE often thought, that if the several Letters, which are Written to me under the Character of SPECTATOR, and which I have not made use of, were published in a Volume, they would not be an unentertaining Collection. The Variety of the Subjects, Stiles, Sentiments and informations

No. 619. Friday, Nov. 12, 1714.

formations, which are transmitted to me, would lead a very curious, or very idle Reader, insensibly along, through a great many Pages. I know some Authors, who would pick up a *Secret History* out of such Materials, and make a Bookseller an Alderman by the Copy. I shall therefore carefully preserve the Original Papers in a Room set apart for that Purpose, to the end that they may be of Service to Posterity; but shall at present content my self, with owning the Receipt of several Letters, lately come to my Hands, the Authors whereof are impatient for an Answer.

Charissa, whose Letter is dated from *Cornhill*, desires to be eased in some Scruples relating to the Skill of Astrologers. *Referred to the Dumb Man for an Answer.*

J. C. who proposes a Love-Case, as he calls it, to the Love-Casuist, is hereby desired to speak of it to the Minister of the Parish; it being a Case of Conscience.

The poor young Lady, whose Letter is dated *October* 26, who complains of a harsh Guardian, and an unkind Brother, can only have my good Wishes, unless she pleases to be more particular.

The Petition of a certain Gentleman, whose Name I have forgot, famous for renewing the Curls of decayed Perriwigs, is referred to *the Censor of small Wares.*

The Remonstrance of *T. C.* against the Profanation of the Sabbath by Barbers, Shoe-cleaners, *&c.* had better be offered to *the Society of Reformers.*

A learned and laborious Treatise upon the Art of Fencing, *returned to the Author.*

To the Gentleman of *Oxford*, who desires me to insert a Copy of *Latin* Verses, which were denied a Place in the University Books. Answer. *Nonumque prematur in annum.*

To my learned Correspondent who writes against Master's Gowns, and Poke Sleeves, with a Word in Defence of large Scarves. Answer. *I resolve not to raise Animosities amongst the Clergy.*

To the Lady, who writes with Rage against one of her own Sex, upon the Account of Party-Warmth.

Answer

Answer. *Is not the Lady she writes against reckoned Handsome?*

I desire *Tom Truelove* (who sends me a Sonnet upon his Mistress, with a Desire to print it immediately) to consider, that it is long since I was in Love.

I shall answer a very profound Letter from my old Friend the Upholsterer, who is still inquisitive whether the King of *Sweden* be living or dead, by whispering him in the Ear, *That I believe he is alive.*

Let Mr. *Dapperwit* consider, *What is that long story of the Cuckoldom to me?*

At the earnest Desire of *Monimia*'s Lover, who declares himself very penitent, he is recorded in my Paper by the Name of *The Faithful* Castalio.

The Petition of *Charles Cockaure*, which the Petitioner stiles *very reasonable* *Rejected.*

The Memorial of *Philander*, which he desires may be dispatched out of Hand, *Postponed.*

I desire *S. R.* not to repeat the Expression *under the Sun* so often in his next Letter.

The Letter of *P. S.* who desires either to have it printed entire, or committed to the Flames. *Not to be printed entire.*

No. 620. Monday, November 15

Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis. Virg.

HAVING lately presented my Reader with a Copy of Verses, full of the false Sublime, I shall here communicate to him an excellent Specimen of the True Tho' it hath not been yet published, the judicious Reader will readily discern it to be the Work of a Master: And if he hath read that noble Poem on *The Prospect of Peace*, he will not be at a Loss to guess at the Author.

The ROYAL PROGRESS.

When BRUNSWICK *first appear'd, each honest Heart*
Intent on Verse, disdain'd the Rules of Art;
For Him the Songsters, in unmeasur'd Odes,
Debas'd Alcides, *and dethron'd the Gods,*

In

No. 620. Monday, Nov. 15, 1714.

In Golden Chains the Kings of India *led,*
Or rent the Turban from the Sultan's *Head.*
One, in old Fables, and the Pagan *Strain,*
With Nymphs *and* Tritons, *wafts him o'er the Main;*
Another draws fierce Lucifer *in Arms,*
And fills th' Infernal Region with Alarms;
A Third awakes some Druid, *to foretel*
Each future Triumph from his dreary Cell.
Exploded Fancies! that in vain deceive,
While the Mind nauseates what she can't believe.
My Muse th' expected Hero shall pursue
From Clime to Clime, and keep him still in View;
His shining March describe in faithful Lays,
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;
Their Charms, if Charms they have, the Truth supplies,
And from the Theme unlabour'd Beauties rise.

By longing Nations for the Throne design'd,
And call'd to guard the Rights of Humankind;
With secret Grief his God-like Soul repines,
And Britain's *Crown with joyless Lustre shines,*
While Prayers and Tears his destin'd Progress stay,
And Crowds of Mourners choak their Sovereign's Way.
Not so he march'd, when Hostile Squadrons stood
In Scenes of Death, and fir'd his generous Blood;
When his hot Courser paw'd th' Hungarian *Plain,*
And adverse Legions stood the Shock in vain.

His Frontiers past, the Belgian *Bounds he views,*
And cross the level Fields his March pursues.
Here pleas'd the Land of Freedom to survey,
He greatly scorns the Thirst of boundless Sway.
O'er the thin Soil, with silent Joy he spies
Transplanted Woods, and borrow'd Verdure rise;
Where every Meadow won with Toil and Blood,
From haughty Tyrants, and the raging Flood,
With Fruits and Flowers the careful Hind supplies,
And cloaths the Marshes in a rich Disguise.
Such Wealth for frugal Hands doth Heaven decree,
And such thy Gifts, Celestial Liberty!

Through

No. 620. Monday, Nov. 15, 1714.

Through stately Towns, and many a fertile Plain,
The Pomp advances to the neighbouring Main.
Whole Nations crowd around with joyful Cries,
And view the Heroe with insatiate Eyes.

In Haga's *Towers he waits, 'till Eastern Gales*
Propitious rise to swell the British *Sails.*
Hither the Fame of England's *Monarch brings*
The Vows and Friendships of the neighb'ring Kings;
Mature in Wisdom, his extensive Mind
Takes in the blended Int'rests of Mankind,
The World's great Patriot. Calm thy anxious Breast,
Secure in him, O Europe *take thy Rest;*
Henceforth thy Kingdoms shall remain confin'd
By Rocks or Streams, the Mounds which Heav'n design'd;
The Alps *their new-made Monarch shall restrain,*
Nor shall thy Hills, Pirene, *rise in vain.*

But see! to Britain's *Isle the Squadrons stand*
And leave the sinking Towers, and lessening Land.
The Royal Bark bounds o'er the floating Plain,
Breaks thro' the Billows, and divides the Main.
O'er the vast Deep, Great Monarch, dart thine Eyes,
A watry Prospect bounded by the Skies:
Ten thousand Vessels from Ten thousand Shores
Bring Gums and Gold, and either India's *Stores:*
Behold the Tributes hastening to thy Throne,
And see the wide Horison all thy own.

Still is it thine; tho' now the cheerful Crew
Hail Albion's *Cliffs, just whitening to the View,*
Before the Wind with swelling Sails they ride,
Till Thames *receives them in his opening Tide.*
The Monarch hears the thundring Peals around,
From trembling Woods and echoing Hills rebound,
Nor misses yet, amid the deafening Train,
The Roarings of the hoarse-resounding Main.

As in the Flood he sails, from either Side
He views his Kingdom in its rural Pride;

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A various Scene the wide-spread Landskip yields,
O'er rich Enclosures and luxuriant Fields;
A lowing Herd each fertile Pasture fills,
And distant Flocks stray o'er a thousand Hills:
Fair Greenwich hid in Woods with new Delight,
(Shade above Shade) now rises to the Sight:
His Woods ordain'd to visit every Shore,
And guard the Island which they grac'd before.

The Sun now rowling down the Western Way,
A Blaze of Fires renews the fading Day;
Unnumber'd Barks the Regal Barge infold,
Brightening the Twilight with its beamy Gold;
Less thick the finny Shoals, a countless Fry,
Before the Whale or kingly Dolphin fly,
In one vast Shout he seeks the crowded Strand,
And in a Peal of Thunder gains the Land.

Welcome, great Stranger, to our longing Eyes,
Oh! King desir'd, adopted Albion *cries.*
For Thee the East breath'd out a prosp'rous Breeze,
Bright were the Suns, and gently swell'd the Seas.
Thy Presence did each doubtful Heart compose,
And Factions wonder'd that they once were Foes:
That joyful Day they lost each Hostile Name,
The same their Aspect, and their Voice the same.

So two fair Twins, whose Features were design'd
At one soft Moment in the Mother's Mind,
Show each the other with reflected Grace,
And the same Beauties bloom in either Face;
The puzzled Strangers which is which enquire,
Delusion grateful to the smiling Sire.

From that fair Hill, where hoary Sages boast
To name the Stars, and count the heavenly Host,
By the next Dawn doth great Augusta *rise,*
Proud Town! the noblest Scene beneath the Skies.
O'er Thames *her thousand Spires their Lustre shed,*
And a vast Navy hides his ample Bed,
A floating Forest. From the distant Strand

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A Line of golden Carrs strikes o'er the Land:
Britannia's *Peers, in Pomp and rich Array,*
Before their King, triumphant, lead the Way.
Far as the Eye can reach, the gawdy Train,
A bright Procession, shines along the Plain.

So haply through the Hea'v'ns wide pathless Ways
A Comet draws a long-extended Blaze;
From East to West burns through th' ethereal Frame,
And half Heav'n's Convex glitters with the Flame.

Now to the Regal Towers securely brought,
He plans Britannia's *Glories in his Thought;*
Resumes the delegated Pow'r he gave,
Rewards the Faithful, and restores the Brave.
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining Throng
Select to heighten and adorn her Song?
Thee, Halifax. *To thy capacious Mind,*
O Man approv'd, is Britain's *Wealth consign'd.*
Her Coin (while Nassau *fought) debas'd and rude,*
By Thee in Beauty and in Truth renew'd,
An Arduous Work! Again thy Charge we see,
And thy own Care once more returns to Thee.
O! form'd in every Scene to awe and please,
Mix Wit with Pomp, and Dignity with Ease;
Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
To smile on Arts thy self did once adorn:
For this thy Name succeeding Times shall praise,
And envy less thy Garter, than thy Bays.

The Muse, it fir'd with thy enlivening Beams,
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted Themes,
Record our Monarch in a nobler Strain,
And sing the opening Wonders of his Reign;
Bright Carolina's *heavenly Beauties trace,*
Her valiant Consort, *and his blooming Race.*
A Train of Kings their fruitful Love supplies,
A glorious Scene to Albion's *ravish'd Eyes;*
Who sees by Brunswick's *Hand her Sceptre sway'd,*
And through his Line from Age to Age convey'd

No. 621. Wednesday, Nov. 17, 1714.

No. 621.

Wednesday, November 17.

—Postquam se lumine vero
Implevit, stellasque vagas miratur & astra
Fixa polis, vidit, quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria——.—Lucan.

THE following Letter having in it some Observations out of the common Road, I shall make it the Entertainment of this Day.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

The common Topicks against the Pride of Man, which are laboured by florid and declamatory Writers, are taken from the Baseness of his Original, the Imperfections of his Nature, or the short Duration of those Goods in which he makes his Boast. Though it be true that we can have nothing in us that ought to raise our Vanity, yet a Consciousness of our own Merit may be sometimes laudable. The Folly therefore lies here; We are apt to pride our selves in worthless, or perhaps shameful Things; and, on the other hand, count that disgraceful which is our truest Glory.

Hence it is, that the Lovers of Praise take wrong Measures to attain it. Would a vain Man consult his own Heart, he would find, that if others knew his Weaknesses as well as he himself doth, he could not have the Impudence to expect the publick Esteem. Pride therefore flows from want of Reflection, and Ignorance of our selves. Knowledge and Humility come upon us together.

The proper way to make an Estimate of our selves, is to consider seriously what it is we value or despise in others. A man who boasts of the Goods of Fortune, a gay Dress, or a new Title, is generally the Mark of Ridicule. We ought therefore not to admire in our selves, what we are so ready to laugh at in other Men.

Much less can we with Reason pride our selves in those things, which at some time of our Life we shall certainly despise. And yet, if we will give our selves the Trouble of looking backward and forward on the several Changes, which we have already undergone and hereafter

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after must try, we shall find that the greater Degrees of our Knowledge and Wisdom serve only to show us our own Imperfections.

As we rise from Childhood to Youth, we look with Contempt on the Toys and Trifles which our Hearts have hitherto been set upon. When we advance to Manhood, we are held wise in proportion to our Shame and Regret for the Rashness and Extravagance of Youth. Old Age fills us with mortifying Reflections upon a Life, mis-spent in the Pursuit of anxious Wealth or uncertain Honour. Agreeable to this Gradation of Thought in this Life, it may be reasonably supposed, that in a future State, the Wisdom, the Experience, and the Maxims of old Age, will be looked upon by a separate Spirit in much the same Light, as an ancient Man now sees the little Follies and Toyings of Infants. The Pomps, the Honours, the Policies, and Arts of Mortal Men, will be thought as trifling as Hobby-horses, Mock Battles, or any other Sports that now employ all the Cunning, and Strength, and Ambition of rational Beings from four Years old to nine or ten.

If the Notion of a gradual Rise in Beings, from the meanest to the most High, be not a vain Imagination, it is not improbable that an Angel looks down upon a Man, as a Man doth upon a Creature which approaches the nearest to the rational Nature. By the same Rule (if I may indulge my Fancy in this Particular) a superior Brute looks with a kind of Pride on one of an inferior Species. If they could reflect, we might imagine from the Gestures of some of them, that they think themselves the Soveraigns of the World, and that all Things were made for them. Such a Thought would not be more absurd in Brute Creatures, than one which Men are apt to entertain, namely, That all the Stars in the Firmament were created only to please their Eyes and amuse their Imaginations. Mr. *Dryden* in his Fable of the *Cock and the Fox*, makes a Speech for his Hero the Cock, which is a pretty Instance for this Purpose.

Then turning, said to Partlet, *See, my Dear,*
How lavish Nature hath adorn'd the Year;
How the pale Primrose and the Violet spring,

And

No. 621. Wednesday, Nov. 17, 1714.

And Birds essay their Throats, dispos'd to sing;
All these are ours, and I with Pleasure see
Man strutting on two Legs, and aping me.

What I would observe from the Whole is this, That we ought to value our selves upon those Things only which superiour Beings think valuable, since that is the only way for us not to sink in our own Esteem hereafter.

No. 622.

Friday, November 19.

——Fallentis semita vitae.—Hor.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

IN a former Speculation you have observed, that true Greatness doth not consist in that Pomp and Noise wherein the Generality of Mankind are apt to place it. You have there taken Notice, that Virtue in Obscurity often appears more illustrious in the Eye of superior Beings, than all that passes for Grandeur and Magnificence among Men.

When we look back upon the History of those who have born the Parts of Kings, Statesmen, or Commanders, they appear to us stripped of those out-side Ornaments that dazzled their Contemporaries; and we regard their Persons as great or little, in proportion to the Eminence of their Virtues or Vices. The wise Sayings, generous Sentiments, or disinterested Conduct of a Philosopher under mean Circumstances of Life, set him higher in our Esteem than the mighty Potentates of the Earth, when we view them both through the long Prospect of many Ages. Were the Memoirs of an obscure Man, who lived up to the Dignity of his Nature, and according to the Rules of Virtue, to be laid before us, we should find nothing in such a Character which might not set him on a Level with Men of the highest Stations. The following Extract out of the private Papers of an honest Country-Gentleman will set this Matter in a clear Light. Your Reader will perhaps conceive a greater Idea of him from these Actions done in Secret, and without a Witness, than

than of those which have drawn upon them the Admiration of Multitudes.

No. 622. Friday, Nov. 19, 1714.

MEMOIRS.

'In my 22d Year I found a violent Affection for my Cousin *Charles*'s Wife growing upon me, wherein I was in danger of succeeding, if I had not upon that Account begun my Travels into foreign Countries.

A little after my Return into *England*, at a private Meeting with my Uncle *Francis*, I refused the Offer of his Estate, and prevailed upon him not to disinherit his Son *Ned*.

Mem. Never to tell this to *Ned*, lest he should think hardly of his deceased Father; though he continues to speak ill of me for this very Reason.

Prevented a scandalous Law-Suit betwixt my Nephew *Harry* and his Mother, by allowing her under-hand, out of my own pocket, so much Money yearly as the Dispute was about.

Procured a Benefice for a young Divine, who is Sister's Son to the good Man who was my Tutor, and hath been dead twenty Years.

Gave Ten Pounds to poor Mrs. ——, my Friend *H*——'s Widow.

Mem. To retrench one Dish at my Table, till I have fetched it up again.

Mem. To repair my House and finish my Gardens in order to employ poor People after Harvest-time.

Ordered *John* to let out Goodman *D*——'s Sheep that were pounded, by Night; but not to let his Fellow-Servants know it.

Prevailed upon *M. T.* Esq., not to take the Law of the Farmer's Son for shooting a Partridge. and to give him his Gun again.

Paid the Apothecary for curing an old Woman that confessed her self a Witch.

Gave away my favourite Dog for biting a Beggar.

Made the Minister of the Parish and a *Whig* Justice of one Mind, by putting them upon explaining their Notions to one another.

No. 622. Friday, Nov. 19, 1714.

Mem. To turn off *Peter*, for shooting a Doe while she was eating Acorns out of his Hand.

When my Neighbour *John*, who hath often injur'd me, comes to make his Request to Morrow;

Mem. I have forgiven him.

Laid up my Chariot and sold my Horses, to relieve the Poor in a Scarcity of Corn.

In the same Year remitted to my Tenants a Fifth Part of their Rents.

As I was airing to Day, I fell into a Thought that warmed my Heart, and shall, I hope, be the better for it as long as I live.

Mem. To charge my Son in private to erect no Monument for me; but not to put this in my last Will.'

No. 623.

Monday, November 22.

Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi noctemque profundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violem aut tua jura resolvam.
Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.—Virg.

I AM obliged to my Friend, the *Love-Casuist*, for the following curious Piece of Antiquity, which I shall communicate to the Publick in his own Words.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

You may remember, that I lately transmitted to you an Account of an ancient Custom, in the Manors of East *and* West-Enborne, *in the County of* Berks, *and elsewhere. If a customary Tenant die, the Widow shall have what the Law calls her* Free-Bench *in all his Copy-hold Lands*, dum sola & casta fuerit; *that is*, while she lives single and chaste; *but if she commit Incontinency, she forfeits her Estate: Yet, if she will come into the Court riding backward upon a Black Ram, with his Tail in her Hand, and say the Words following, the Steward is bound by the Custom to re-admit her to her* Free-Bench.

Here

No. 623.
Monday,
Nov. 22,
1714.

Here I am,
Riding upon a Black Ram,
Like a Whore as I am;
And, for my Crincum Crancum,
Have lost my Bincum Bancum;
And, for my Tail's Game,
Have done this worldly Shame;
Therefore, I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my Land again.

After having informed you that my Lord *Coke* observes, that this is the most frail and slippery Tenure of any in *England*, I shall tell you, since the writing of that Letter, I have, according to my Promise, been at great Pains in searching out the Records of the *Black Ram*; and have at last met with the Proceedings of the Court-Baron, held in that Behalf, for the Space of a whole Day. The Record saith, that a strict Inquisition having been made into the Right of the Tenants to their several Estates, by a crafty old Steward, he found that many of the Lands of the Manor were, by default of the several Widows, forfeited to the Lord, and accordingly would have entered on the Premises; Upon which the good Women demanded the *Benefit of the Ram*. The Steward, after having perused their several Pleas, adjourned the Court to *Barnaby bright*, that they might have Day enough before them.

The Court being set, and filled with a great Concourse of People, who came from all Parts to see the Solemnity, the first who entered was the Widow *Frontly*, who had made her Appearance in the last Year's Cavalcade. The Register observes, that finding it an easie Pad-Ram, and foreseeing she might have further Occasion for it, she purchased it of the Steward.

Mrs. *Sarah Dainty*, Relict of Mr. *John Dainty*, (who was the greatest Prude of the Parish) came next in the Procession. She at first made some Difficulty of taking the Tail in her Hand; and was observed, in pronouncing the Form of Penance, to soften the two most emphatical Words into *Clincum Clancum*: But the Steward took care to make her speak plain *English*, before he would *let her have her Land again*.

The third Widow that was *brought to this worldly Shame*

No. 623. Monday, Nov. 22, 1714.

Shame, being mounted upon a vicious Ram, had the Misfortune to be thrown by him; upon which she hoped to be excused from going thro' the rest of the Ceremony: But the Steward being well versed in the Law, observed very wisely upon this Occasion, that the breaking of the Rope does not hinder the Execution of the Criminal.

The fourth Lady upon Record was the Widow *Ogle*, a famous Coquette, who had kept half a Score young Fellows off and on for the Space of two Years; but having been more kind to her Carter *John*, she was introduced with the Huzzas of all her Lovers about her.

Mrs. *Sable* appearing in her Weeds, which were very new and fresh, and of the same Colour with her whimsical *Palfrey*, made a very decent Figure in the Solemnity.

Another, who had been summon'd to make her Appearance, was excused by the Steward, as well knowing in his Heart, that the good Squire himself had qualified her for the Ram.

Mrs. *Quick*, having nothing to object against the Indictment, pleaded her Belly. But it was remembered that she made the same Excuse the Year before. Upon which the Steward observed, that she might so contrive it, as never to do the Service of the Manor.

The Widow *Fidget*, being cited into Court, insisted that she had done no more since the Death of her Husband, than what she used to do in his Life-time; and withal desired Mr. Steward to consider his own Wife's Case, if he should chance to die before her.

The next in order was a Dowager of a very corpulent Make, who would have been excused as not finding any Ram that was able to carry her; upon which the Steward commuted her Punishment, and ordered her to make her Entry upon a black Ox.

The Widow *Maskwell*, a Woman who had long lived with a most unblemished Character, having turned off her old Chamber-maid in a Pet, was by that revengeful Creature brought in upon the Black Ram Nine times the same Day.

Several Widows of the Neighbourhood, being brought upon

upon their Tryal they showed that they did not hold of the Manor, and were discharged accordingly. No. 623. Monday, Nov. 22, 1714.

A pretty young Creature, who closed the Procession, came ambling in, with so bewitching an Air, that the Steward was observed to cast a Sheep's Eye upon her, and married her within a Month after the Death of his Wife.

N. B. Mrs. *Touchwood* appeared, according to Summons, but had nothing laid to her Charge; having lived irreproachably since the Decease of her Husband, who left her a Widow in the Sixty-ninth Year of her Age.

I am, Sir, &c.'

No. 624.

Wednesday, November 24.

Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore,
Quisquis luxuria———Hor.

MANKIND is divided into two Parts, the Busie and the Idle. The Busie World may be divided into the Virtuous and the Vicious; The Vicious again into the Covetous, the Ambitious, and the Sensual. The Idle Part of Mankind are in a State inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the Pursuit of Happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such Means, as shall be proposed to them for that End. The Idle, who are neither wise for this World, nor the next, are emphatically called by Dr. *Tillotson, Fools at large.* They propose to themselves no End, but run adrift with every Wind. Advice therefore would be but thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the Pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless Tribe with a long Harangue; but will leave them with this short Saying of *Plato*, that *Labour is preferable to Idleness, as Brightness to Rust.*

The Pursuits of the Active Part of Mankind, are either in the Paths of Religion and Virtue; or, on the other Hand, in the Roads to Wealth, Honours or Pleasure. I shall therefore compare the Pursuits of Avarice, Ambition and Sensual Delight, with their opposite Virtues; and shall consider which of these Principles engages Men

No. 624. Wednesday, Nov. 24, 1714.

Men in a Course of the greatest Labour, Suffering and Assiduity. Most Men, in their cool Reasonings, are willing to allow that a Course of Virtue will in the End be rewarded the most amply; but represent the Way to it as rugged and narrow. If therefore it can be made appear, that Men struggle through as many Troubles to be miserable, as they do to be happy; my Readers may perhaps be persuaded to be Good, when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

First, for Avarice. The Miser is more Industrious than the Saint; The Pains of getting, the Fears of losing, and the Inability of enjoying his Wealth, have been the Mark of Satyr in all Ages. Were his Repentance upon his Neglect of a good Bargain, his Sorrow for being over-reached, his Hope of improving a Sum, and his Fear of falling into Want, directed to their proper Objects; they would make so many different *Christian* Graces and Virtues. He may apply to himself a great Part of St. *Paul*'s Catalogue of Sufferings. *In journeying often; in Perils of Waters, in Perils of Robbers, in Perils among false Brethren. In Weariness and Painfulness, in Watchings often, in Hunger and Thirst, in Fastings often.*——At how much less Expence might he *lay up to himself Treasures in Heaven*; or if I may, in this Place, be allowed to add the Saying of a great Philosopher, he may *provide such Possessions, as fear neither Arms, nor Men, nor* Jove *himself.*

In the second Place, if we look upon the Toils of Ambition, in the same Light as we have considered those of Avarice, we shall readily own that far less Trouble is requisite to gain lasting Glory, than the Power and Reputation of a few Years; or, in other Words, we may with more Ease deserve Honour, than obtain it. The Ambitious Man should remember Cardinal *Wolsey*'s Complaint. 'Had I served God, with the same Application, wherewith I served my King, he would not have forsaken me in my old Age.' The Cardinal here softens his Ambition by the specious Pretence of *serving his King*; Whereas his Words, in the proper Construction, imply, that if instead of being acted by Ambition, he had been acted by Religion, he should have now felt the Comforts

Comforts of it, when the whole World turned its Back upon him. No. 624. Wednesday, Nov. 24, 1714.

Thirdly, Let us compare the Pains of the Sensual, with those of the Virtuous, and see which are heavier in the Balance. It may seem strange, at the first View, that the Men of Pleasure should be advised to change their Course, because they lead a painful Life. Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of Delight; under so many Disquiets, and the Sport of such various Passions; let them answer, as they can, if the Pains, they undergo, do not outweigh their Enjoyments. The Infidelities on the one Part between the two Sexes, and the Caprices on the other, the Debasement of Reason, the Pangs of Expectation, the Disappointments in Possession, the Stings of Remorse, the Vanities and Vexations attending even the most refined Delights that make up this Business of Life, render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no Man is thought wise till he hath got over it, or happy, but in proportion as he hath cleared himself from it.

The Sum of all is this. Man is made an active Being. Whether he walks in the Paths of Virtue or Vice, he is sure to meet with many Difficulties to prove his Patience, and excite his Industry. The same, if not greater Labour, is required in the Service of Vice and Folly, as of Virtue and Wisdom: And he hath this easie Choice left him, whether with the Strength he is Master of, he will purchase Happiness or Repentance.

No. 625.

Friday, November 26.

Amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.—Hor.

THE *Love Casuist* hath referred to me the following Letter of Queries, with his Answers to each Question for my Approbation. I have accordingly considered the several Matters therein contained, and hereby confirm and ratifie his Answers, and require the gentle Querist to conform her self thereunto.

'*Sir*

No. 625. Friday, Nov. 26, 1714.

'*Sir*,

I was Thirteen the Ninth of *November* last, and must now begin to think of settling my self in the World, and so I would humbly beg your Advice, what I must do with Mr. *Fondle*, who makes his Addresses to me. He is a very pretty Man, and hath the blackest Eyes and whitest Teeth you ever saw. Though he is but a younger Brother, he dresses like a Man of Quality, and no Body comes into a Room like him. I know he hath refused great Offers, and if he cannot Marry me, he will never have any Body else. But my Father hath forbid him the House, because he sent me a Copy of Verses; for he is one of the greatest Wits in Town. My elder Sister, who, with her good Will, would call me *Miss* as long as I live, must be married before me, they say. She tells them, that Mr. *Fondle* makes a Fool of me, and will spoil the Child, as she calls me, like a confident Thing as she is. In short, I am resolved to marry Mr. *Fondle*, if it be but to spite her. But because I would do nothing that is imprudent, I beg of you to give me your Answers to some Questions I will write down, and desire you to get them printed in the SPECTATOR, and I do not doubt but you will give such Advice as, I am sure, I shall follow.

When Mr. *Fondle* looks upon me for half an Hour together, and calls me *Angel*, is he not in Love?

Answer, *No.*

May not I be certain he will be a kind Husband, that has promised me half my Portion in Pin-mony, and to keep me a Coach and Six in the Bargain?

No.

Whether I, who have been acquainted with him, this whole Year almost, am not a better Judge of his Merit, than my Father and Mother, who never heard him talk, but at Table?

No.

Whether I am not old enough to chuse for my self?

No.

Whether it would not have been rude in me to refuse a Lock of his Hair?

No.

Should

Should not I be a very barbarous Creature, if I did not pity a Man that is always Sighing for my Sake? No. 625 Friday, Nov. 26. 1714.

No.

Whether you would not advise me to run away with the poor Man?

No.

Whether you do not think, that if I won't have him, he won't drown himself?

No.

What shall I say to him the next time he asks me if I will marry him?'

No.

The following Letter requires neither Introduction nor Answer.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

I wonder that, in the present Situation of Affairs, you can take Pleasure in writing any thing but News; for in a Word, who minds any thing else? The Pleasure of increasing in Knowledge, and learning something new every Hour of Life, is the noblest Entertainment of a Rational Creature. I have a very good Ear for a Secret, and am naturally of a communicative Temper; by which Means I am capable of doing you great Services in this way. In order to make my self useful, I am early in the Antichamber, where I thrust my Head into the thick of the Press, and catch the News, at the opening of the Door, while it is warm. Sometimes I stand by the Beef-Eaters, and take the Buz as it passes by me. At other times I lay my Ear close to the Wall, and suck in many a valuable Whisper, as it runs in a streight Line from Corner to Corner. When I am weary with standing, I repair to one of the neighbouring Coffee-houses, where I sit sometimes for a whole Day, and have the News as it comes from Court, fresh and fresh. In short, Sir, I spare no Pains to know how the World goes. A Piece of News loses its Flavour when it hath been an Hour in the Air. I love, if I may so speak, to have it fresh from the Tree; and to convey it to my Friends before it is faded. Accordingly my Expences in Coach-hire make no small Article; which you may believe, when I assure you, that

No. 625. Friday, Nov. 26, 1714.

I post away from Coffee-house to Coffee-house, and fore-stall the *Evening-Post* by two Hours. There is a certain Gentleman, who hath given me the slip twice or thrice, and hath been before-hand with me at *Child's*. But I have played him a Trick. I have purchased a Pair of the best Coach-horses I could buy for Money, and now let him out-strip me if he can. Once more, Mr. SPECTATOR, let me advise you to deal in News. You may depend upon my Assistance. But I must break off abruptly, for I have twenty Letters to write.

Yours, in haste,
Tho. Quid-nunc.'

No. 626.

Monday, November 29.

——*Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.*—Ov. *Met.* IV.

I HAVE seen a little Work of a learned Man, consisting of extemporary Speculations, which owed their Birth to the most trifling Occurrences of Life. His usual Method was, to write down any sudden Start of Thought which arose in his Mind upon the Sight of any odd Gesticulation in a Man, any whimsical Mimickry of Reason in a Beast, or whatever appeared remarkable in any Object of the visible Creation. He was able to moralize upon a Snuff-Box, would flourish eloquently upon a Tucker or a Pair of Ruffles, and draw practical Inferences from a full-bottomed Perriwig. This I thought fit to mention, by way of Excuse, for my ingenious Correspondent, who hath introduced the following Letter by an Image which, I will beg leave to tell him, is too ridiculous in so serious and noble a Speculation.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

When I have seen young Puss playing her wanton Gambols, and with a thousand antick Shapes express her own Gaiety at the same time that she moved mine, while the old Grannum hath sat by with a most exemplary Gravity, unmoved at all that past; it hath made me reflect what should be the Occasion of Humours so opposite in two Creatures, between whom there was no visible

visible Difference but that of Age; and I have been able to resolve it into nothing else but *the Force of Novelty.* No. 626. Monday, Nov. 29, 1714.

In every Species of Creatures, those that have been least Time in the World, appear best pleased with their Condition; for, besides that to a new Comer the World hath a Freshness on it that strikes the Sense after a most agreeable Manner, *Being* it self, unattended with any great Variety of Enjoyments, excites a Sensation of Pleasure. But as Age advances, every thing seems to wither, the Senses are disgusted with their old Entertainments, and Existence turns flat and insipid. We may see this exemplified in Mankind: The Child, let him be free from Pain, and gratified in his Change of Toys, is diverted with the smallest Trifle. Nothing disturbs the Mirth of the Boy but a little Punishment or Confinement. The Youth must have more violent Pleasures to employ his Time; the Man loves the Hurry of an active Life, devoted to the Pursuits of Wealth or Ambition; and Lastly, old Age, having lost its Capacity for these Avocations, becomes its own insupportable Burthen. This Variety may in part be accounted for by the Vivacity and Decay of the Faculties; but I believe is chiefly owing to this, That the longer we have been in Possession of Being, the less sensible is the Gust we have of it, and the more it requires of adventitious Amusements to relieve us from the Satiety and Weariness it brings along with it.

And as Novelty is of a very powerful, so of a most extensive Influence. Moralists have long since observed it to be the Source of Admiration, which lessens in proportion to our Familiarity with Objects, and upon a thorough Acquaintance is utterly extinguished. But I think it hath not been so commonly remarked, that all the other Passions depend considerably on the same Circumstance. What is it but Novelty that awakens Desire, enhances Delight, kindles Anger, provokes Envy, inspires Horror? To this Cause we must ascribe it, that Love languishes with Fruition, and Friendship it self is recommended by Intervals of Absence: Hence Monsters, by use, are beheld without loathing, and the most Enchanting Beauty without Rapture. That Emotion of

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of the Spirits in which Passion consists, is usually the Effect of Surprize, and as long as it continues, heightens the agreeable or disagreeable Qualities of its Object; but as this Emotion ceases (and it ceases with the Novelty) things appear in another Light, and affect us even less than might be expected from their proper Energy, for having moved us too much before.

It may not be a useless Enquiry, how far the Love of Novelty is the unavoidable Growth of Nature, and in what Respects it is peculiarly adapted to the present State. To me it seems impossible, that a reasonable Creature should rest absolutely satisfied in any Acquisitions whatever, without endeavouring farther; for after its highest Improvements, the Mind hath an Idea of an Infinity of things still behind worth knowing, to the Knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing up a Hill in the midst of a wide Plain, a Man hath his Prospect enlarged, and, together with that, the bounds of his Desires. Upon this Account, I cannot think he detracts from the State of the Blessed, who conceives them to be perpetually employed in fresh Searches into Nature, and to Eternity advancing into the fathomless Depths of the Divine Perfections. In this Thought there is nothing but what doth Honour to these glorified Spirits; provided still it be remembred, that their Desire of more proceeds not from their disrelishing what they possess; and the Pleasure of a new Enjoyment is not with them measured by its Novelty (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental) but by its real intrinsick Value. After an Acquaintance of many thousand Years with the Works of God, the Beauty and Magnificence of the Creation fills them with the same pleasing Wonder and profound Awe, which *Adam* felt himself seized with as he first opened his Eyes upon this glorious Scene. Truth captivates with unborrowed Charms, and whatever hath once given Satisfaction will always do it: In all which they have manifestly the Advantage of us, who are so much governed by sickly and changeable Appetites, that we can with the greatest Coldness behold the stupendous Displays of Omnipotence, and be in Transports at the puny Essays of humane Skill; throw aside

Speculations

Speculations of the sublimest Nature and vastest Importance into some obscure Corner of the Mind, to make Room for New Notions of no Consequence at all; are even tired of Health, because not enlivened with alternate Pain; and prefer the first Reading of an indifferent Author, to the second or third Perusal of one whose Merit and Reputation are established. No. 626. Monday, Nov. 29, 1714.

Our Being thus formed serves many useful Purposes in the present State. It contributes not a little to the Advancement of Learning; for, as *Cicero* takes Notice, That which makes Men willing to undergo the Fatigues of Philosophical Disquisitions, is not so much the Greatness of Objects as their Novelty. It is not enough that there is Field and Game for the Chace, and that the Understanding is prompted with a restless Thirst of Knowledge, effectually to rouse the Soul, sunk into a State of Sloth and Indolence; it is also necessary that there be an uncommon Pleasure annex'd to the first Appearance of Truth in the Mind. This Pleasure being exquisite for the Time it lasts, but transient, it hereby comes to pass that the Mind grows into an Indifference to its former Notions, and passes on after new Discoveries, in hope of repeating the Delight. It is with Knowledge as with Wealth, the Pleasure of which lies more in making endless Additions, than in taking a Review of our old Store. There are some Inconveniences that follow this Temper, if not guarded against, particularly this, that through a too great Eagerness of something new we are many times impatient of staying long enough upon a Question that requires some time to resolve it, or, which is worse, perswade our selves that we are Masters of the Subject before we are so, only to be at the Liberty of going upon a fresh Scent; in Mr. *Locke*'s Words, *We see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the Conclusion.*

A farther Advantage of our Inclination for Novelty, as at present circumstantiated, is, that it annihilates all the boasted Distinctions among Mankind. Look not up with Envy to those above thee. Sounding Titles, stately Buildings, fine Gardens, gilded Chariots, rich Equipages, what are they? They dazzle every one but the Possessor;

To

No. 629. Monday, Nov. 29, 1714.

To him that is accustomed to them they are cheap and regardless Things; They supply him not with brighter Images, or more sublime Satisfactions than the plain Man may have, whose small Estate will just enable him to support the Charge of a simple unencumber'd Life. He enters heedless into his Rooms of State, as you or I do under our poor Sheds. The noble Paintings and costly Furniture are lost on him; he sees them not: As how can it be otherwise, when, by Custom, a Fabrick infinitely more grand and finished, that of the Universe, stands unobserved by the Inhabitants, and the everlasting Lamps of Heaven are lighted up in vain, for any Notice that Mortals take of them? Thanks to indulgent Nature, which not only placed her Children originally upon a Level, but still, by the Strength of this Principle, in a great Measure preserves it, in spite of all the Care of Man, to introduce artificial Distinctions.

To add no more, Is not this Fondness for Novelty, which makes us out of Conceit with all we already have, a convincing Proof of a future State? Either Man was made in vain, or this is not the only World he was made for: For there cannot be a greater Instance of Vanity, than that to which Man is liable, to be deluded from the Cradle to the Grave with fleeting Shadows of Happiness. His Pleasures, and those not considerable neither, die in the Possession, and fresh Enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half his Life with Satisfaction. When I see Persons sick of themselves any longer than they are called away by something that is of Force to chain down the present Thought; when I see them hurry from Country to Town, and then from the Town back again into the Country, continually shifting Postures, and placing Life in all the different Lights they can think of; *Surely*, say I to my self, *Life is vain, and the Man beyond Expression stupid or prejudic'd, who from the Vanity of Life cannot gather, He is designed for Immortality.*'

No. 627.

Wednesday, December 1.

No. 627. Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1714.

Tantum inter densas umbrosa cacumina fagos
Assidue veniebat; ibi haec incondita solus
Montibus et silvis studio jactabat inani.—Virg.

THE following Account, which came to my Hands some time ago, may be no disagreeable Entertainment to such of my Readers, as have tender Hearts and nothing to do.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

A Friend of mine died of a Fever last Week, which he caught by walking too late in a dewy Evening amongst his Reapers. I must inform you that his greatest Pleasure was in Husbandry and Gardening. He had some Humours which seemed inconsistent with that good Sense he was otherwise Master of. His Uneasiness in the Company of Women was very remarkable in a Man of such perfect Good-breeding; and his avoiding one particular Walk in his Garden, where he had use to pass the greatest Part of his Time, raised abundance of idle Conjectures in the Village where he lived. Upon looking over his Papers we found out the Reason, which he never intimated to his nearest Friends. He was, it seems, a passionate Lover in his Youth, of which a large Parcel of Letters he left behind him are a Witness. I send you a Copy of the last he ever wrote upon that Subject, by which you will find that he concealed the true Name of his Mistress under that of *Zelinda*.

A long Month's Absence would be insupportable to me, if the Business I am employed in were not for the Service of my Zelinda, *and of such a Nature as to place her every Moment in my Mind. I have furnished the House exactly according to your Fancy, or, if you please, my own; for I have long since learned to like nothing but what you do. The Apartment designed for your Use is so exact a Copy of that which you live in, that I often think my self in your House when I step into it, but sigh when I find it without its proper Inhabitant. You will have the most delicious Prospect from*

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from your Closet-Window that England *affords; I am sure I should think it so, if the Landskip that shows such Variety, did not at the same time suggest to me the Greatness of the Space that lies between us.*

The Gardens are laid out very beautifully; I have dressed up every Hedge in Woodbines, sprinkled Bowers and Arbours in every Corner, and made a little Paradise round me; yet I am still like the first Man in his Solitude, but half blest without a Partner in my happiness. I have directed one Walk to be made for two Persons, where I promise ten thousand Satisfactions to my self in your Conversation. I already take my Evening's Turn in it, and have worn a Path upon the Edge of this little Alley, while I soothed my self with the Thought of your walking by my Side. I have held many imaginary Discourses with you in this Retirement; and when I have been weary have sat down with you in the midst of a Row of Jessamines. The many Expressions of Joy and Rapture I use in these silent Conversations, have made me for some Time the Talk of the Parish; but a neighbouring young Fellow, who makes Love to the Farmer's Daughter, hath found me out, and made my Case known to the whole Neighbourhood.

In planting of the Fruit-Trees I have not forgot the Peach you are so fond of. I have made a Walk of Elms along the River Side, and intend to sow all the Place about it with Cowslips, which I hope you will like as well as that I have heard you talk of by your Father's House in the Country.

Oh! Zelinda, What a Scheme of Delight have I drawn up in my Imagination! What Day-dreams do I indulge my self in! When will the Six Weeks be at an End, that lye between me and my promised Happiness?

How could you break off so abruptly in your last, and tell me you must go and dress for the Play? If you loved as I do, you would find no more Company in a Crowd, than I have in my Solitude.

I am, &c.

On

On the Back of this Letter is written, in the Hand of the Deceased, the following Piece of History. No. 627. Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1714.

Mem. *Having waited a whole Week for an Answer to this Letter, I hurried to Town, where I found the perfidious Creature married to my Rival. I will bear it as becomes a Man, and endeavour to find out Happiness for my self in that Retirement, which I had prepared in vain for a false ungrateful Woman.*

I am, &c.'

No. 628.

Friday, December 3.

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis aevum.—Hor.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

There are none of your Speculations which please me more than those upon Infinitude and Eternity. You have already consider'd that Part of Eternity which is past, and I wish you would give us your Thoughts upon that which is to come.

Your Readers will perhaps receive greater Pleasure from this View of Eternity than the former, since we have every one of us a Concern in that which is to come: whereas a Speculation on that which is past is rather curious than useful.

Besides, we can easily conceive it possible for successive Duration never to have an End; tho' as you have justly observed, that Eternity which never had a Beginning is altogether incomprehensible: That is, we can conceive an Eternal Duration which *may be*, though we cannot an Eternal Duration which *hath been*; or, if I may use the Philosophical Terms, we may apprehend a *Potential* though not an *Actual* Eternity.

This Notion of a future Eternity, which is natural to the Mind of Man, is an unanswerable Argument that he is a Being design'd for it; especially if we consider that he is capable of being Virtuous or Vicious here; that he hath Faculties improvable to all Eternity; and by a proper or wrong Employment of them may be happy or miserable throughout that infinite Duration. Our Idea indeed of this Eternity is not of an adequate

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or fixed Nature, but is perpetually growing and enlarging itself toward the Object, which is too big for human Comprehension. As we are now in the Beginnings of Existence, so shall we always appear to our selves as if we were for ever entring upon it. After a Million or two of Centuries, some considerable Things, already past, may slip out of our Memory; which, if it be not strengthened in a wonderful Manner, may possibly forget that ever there was a Sun or Planets. And yet, notwithstanding the long Race that we shall then have run, we shall still imagine our selves just starting from the Goal, and find no Proportion between that Space which we know had a Beginning, and what we are sure will never have an End.

But I shall leave this Subject to your Management, and question not but you will throw it into such Lights as shall at once improve and entertain your Reader.

I have enclos'd sent you a Translation of the Speech of *Cato* on this Occasion, which hath accidentally fallen into my Hands, and which for Conciseness, Purity, and Elegance of Phrase cannot be sufficiently admired.'

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

CATO *solus*, &c.

Sic, sic se habere rem necesse prorsus est,
Ratione vincis, do lubens manus, Plato.
Quid enim dedisset, quae dedit frustra nihil,
Æternitatis insitam cupidinem
Natura? Quorsum haec dulcis expectatio,
Vitaeque non explenda melioris siti?
Quid vult sibi aliud iste redeundi in nihil
Horror, sub imis quemque agens precordiis
Cur territa in se refugit anima, cur tremit
Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timet?
Particula nempe est cuique nascenti indita
Divinior, quae corpus incolens agit,
Hominique succinit, tua est aeternitas.
Æternitas! O lubricum nimis aspici,
Mixtumque dulci gaudium formidine!

Quae demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?
Quae terra mox incognita? Quis orbis novus
Manet incolendus? Quanta erit mutatio?

Haec

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Haec intuenti spatia mihi quaqua patent
Immensa; sed caliginosa nox premit;
Nec luce clara vult videri singula.
Figendus hic pes; certa sunt haec hactenus;
Si quod gubernet numen humanum genus,
(At, quod gubernet, esse clamant omnia)
Virtute non gaudere certe non potest;
Nec esse non beata, qua gaudet, potest.
Sed qua beata sede? Quove in tempore?
Haec quanta quanta terra, tota est Cæsaris.
Quid dubius haeret animus usque adeo? Brevi
Hic nodum hic omnem expediet. Arma en induor.

[Ensi manum admovens.

In utramque partem facta; quaeque vim inferant,
Et quae propulsent! Dextera intentat necem;
Vitam sinistra; vulnus haec dabit manus;
Altera medelam vulneris; hic ad exitum
Deducet, ictu simplici; haec vetant mori.
Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,
Ensesque strictos, interire nescia.
Extinguet aetas sidera diuturnior;
Ætate languens ipse sol, obscurius
Emittet orbi consenescenti jubar;
Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices
Ætatis, annis ipsa deficiet gravis;
At tibi juventus, at tibi immortalitas,
Tibi parta divum est vita. Periment mutuis
Elementa sese, et interibunt ictibus;
Tu permanebis sola semper integra,
Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,
Jam portu in ipso tuta, contemplabere.
Compage rupta, corruent in se invicem,
Orbesque fractis ingerentur orbibus;
Illaesa tu sedebis extra fragmina.

ACT V. *SCENE* I.

CATO alone, &c.

It must be so——*Plato*, thou reason'st well——
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on her self, and startles at Destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, Thought!

Through

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Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes and Changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded Prospect, lies before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where!——This World was made for *Caesar*.
I'm weary of Conjectures——This must end 'em.

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd; my Death and Life,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me:
This in a Moment brings me to an End;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles
At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.
The Stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
The Wrecks of Matter and the Crush of Worlds.

No. 629.

Monday, December 6.

——Experiar quid concedatur in illos,
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.—Juv.

NEXT to the People who want a Place, there are none to be pitied more than those who are solicited for one. A plain Answer, with a Denial in it, is looked upon as Pride, and a civil Answer as a Promise.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the Pretensions of People upon these Occasions. Every thing a Man hath suffered, whilst his Enemies were in play, was certainly brought about by the Malice of the opposite Party. A bad Cause would not have been lost, if such an one had not been upon the Bench; nor a profligate Youth disinherited, if he had not got drunk every Night by toasting an outed Ministry. I remember a Tory, who having been fined in a Court of Justice for a Prank that deserved the Pillory, desired upon the Merit of it to be made a Justice of Peace when his Friends came into Power; and shall never forget a Whig Criminal, who,

upon

upon being indicted for a Rape, told his Friends, *You see what a Man suffers for sticking to his Principles.*

The Truth of it is, the Sufferings of a Man in a Party are of a very doubtful Nature. When they are such as have promoted a good Cause, and fallen upon a Man undeservedly, they have a Right to be heard and recompensed beyond any other Pretensions. But when they rise out of Rashness or Indiscretion, and the Pursuit of such Measures, as have rather ruined, than promoted the Interest they aim at, (which hath always been the Case of many great Sufferers) they only serve to recommend them to the Children of Violence or Folly.

I have by me a Bundle of Memorials presented by several Cavaliers upon the Restauration of K. *Charles* II. which may serve, as so many Instances, to our present Purpose.

Among several Persons and Pretensions recorded by my Author, he mentions one of a very great Estate, who, for having roasted an Ox whole, and distributed a Hogshead upon K. *Charles*'s Birth-Day, desired to be provided for, as his Majesty in his great Wisdom shall think fit.

Another put in to be Prince *Henry*'s Governor, for having dared to drink his Health in the worst of Times.

A Third petitioned for a Colonel's Commission, for having Cursed *Oliver Cromwell*, the Day before his Death, on a publick Bowling-Green.

But the most whimsical Petition I have met with is that of *B. B.* Esq., who desired the Honour of Knighthood, for having Cuckolded Sir *T. W.* a notorious *Roundhead.*

There is likewise the Petition of one, who, having let his Beard grow from the Martyrdom of K. *Charles* the First, till the Restauration of K. *Charles* the Second, desired, in Consideration thereof, to be made a Privy-Counsellor.

I must not omit a Memorial setting forth, that the Memorialist had, with great dispatch, carried a Letter from a certain Lord to a certain Lord, wherein, as it afterwards appeared, Measures were concerted for the Restauration, and without which he verily believes that

happy

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happy Revolution had never been effected; who thereupon humbly prays to be made Post-Master-General.

A certain Gentleman, who seems to write with a great deal of Spirit, and uses the Words *Gallantry* and *Gentleman-like* very often in his Petition, begs that (in Consideration of his having worn his Hat for ten Years past in the Loyal Cavalier Cock, to his great Danger and Detriment) he may be made a Captain of the Guards.

I shall close my Account of this Collection of Memorials, with the Copy of one Petition at Length, which I recommend to my Reader as a very valuable Piece.

'*The Petition of* E. H. *Esq., humbly Sheweth,*

That your Petitioner's Father's Brother's Uncle, Colonel *W. H.* lost the Third Finger of his Left Hand at *Edge-hill* Fight.

That your Petitioner, notwithstanding the Smallness of his Fortune, (he being a younger Brother) always kept Hospitality, and drank Confusion to the Round-heads in half a Score Bumpers every *Sunday* in the Year, as several honest Gentlemen (whose Names are under-written) are ready to testifie.

That your Petitioner is remarkable in his Country for having dared to treat Sir *P. P.* a cursed Sequestrator, and three Members of the Assembly of Divines, with Brawn and Mince Pies upon *New-Year's* Day.

That your said humble Petitioner hath been five times imprisoned in five several County-Goals, for having been a Ring-leader in five different Riots; into which his Zeal for the Royal Cause hurried him, when Men of greater Estates had not the Courage to rise.

That he, the said *E. H.* hath had six Duels and four and twenty Boxing-Matches in Defence of his Majesty's Title; and that he received such a Blow upon the Head at a Bonfire in *Stratford* upon *Avon*, as he hath been never the better for from that Day to this.

That your Petitioner hath been so far from improving his Fortune, in the late damnable times, that he verily believes, and hath good Reason to imagine, that if he had been Master of an Estate, he hath infallibly been plundered and sequestred.

Your

Your Petitioner, in Consideration of his said Merits and Sufferings, humbly requests that he may have the Place of Receiver of the Taxes, Collector of the Customs, Clerk of the Peace, Deputy Lieutenant, or whatsoever else he shall be thought qualified for.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.'

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No. 630.

Wednesday, December 8.

Favete linguis———.—Hor.

HAVING no spare Time to write any thing of my own, or to correct what is sent me by others, I have thought fit to publish the following Letters.

'*Sir*, *Oxford, Novemb. 22.*

If you would be so kind to me, as to suspend that Satisfaction, which the Learned World must receive in reading one of your Speculations, by publishing this Endeavour, you will very much oblige and improve one who has the Boldness to hope, that he may be admitted into the number of your Correspondents.

I have often wondered to hear Men of good Sense and good Nature profess a Dislike to Musick, when, at the same time, they do not scruple to own, that it has the most agreeable and improving Influences over their Minds: It seems to me an unhappy Contradiction, that those Persons should have an Indifference for an Art, which raises in them such a Variety of sublime Pleasures.

However, though some few, by their own or the unreasonable Prejudices of others, may be led into a Distaste for those Musical Societies which are erected meerly for Entertainment, yet sure I may venture to say, that no one can have the least Reason for Disaffection to that solemn kind of Melody which consists of the Praises of our Creator.

You have, I persume, already prevented me in an Argument upon this Occasion (which some Divines have successfully advanced upon a much greater) that Musical Sacrifice and Adoration has claimed a Place in the Laws and Customs of the most different Nations:

As

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As the *Grecians* and *Romans* of the Prophane, the *Jews* and *Christians* of the Sacred World did as unanimously agree in this, as they disagreed in all other Parts of their OEconomy.

I know there are not wanting some who are of Opinion that the pompous kind of Musick which is in Use in foreign Churches is the most excellent, as it most affects our Senses. But I am swayed by my Judgment to the Modesty which is observed in the musical Part of our Devotions. Methinks there is something very laudable in the Custom of a *Voluntary* before the first Lesson; by this we are supposed to be prepared for the Admission of those Divine Truths, which we are shortly to receive. We are then to cast all worldly Regards from off our Hearts, all Tumults within are then becalmed, and there should be nothing near the Soul but Peace and Tranquility. So that in this short Office of Praise, the Man is raised above himself, and is almost lost already amidst the Joys of Futurity.

I have heard some nice Observers frequently commend the Policy of our Church in this Particular, that it leads us on by such easie and regular Methods, that we are perfectly deceived into Piety. When the Spirits begin to languish (as they too often do) with a constant Series of Petitions, she takes care to allow them a pious Respite, and relieves them with the Raptures of an Anthem. Nor can we doubt that the sublimest Poetry, softned in the most moving Strains of Musick, can ever fail of humbling or exalting the Soul to any Pitch of Devotion. Who can hear the Terrors of the Lord of Hosts described in the most expressive Melody without being awed into a Veneration? Or who can hear the kind and endearing Attributes of a merciful Father, and not to be softned into Love towards him?

As the rising and sinking of the Passions, the casting soft or noble Hints into the Soul, is the natural Privilege of Musick in general, so more particularly of that kind which is employed at the Altar. Those Impressions which it leaves upon the Spirits are more deep and lasting as the Grounds from which it receives its Authority are founded more upon Reason. It diffuses

a Calmness all around us, it makes us drop all those vain or immodest Thoughts which would be an hinderance to us in the Performance of that great Duty of Thanksgiving, which, as we are informed by our Almighty Benefactor, is the most acceptable Return which can be made for those infinite Stores of Blessings which he daily condescends to pour down upon his Creatures. When we make Use of this pathetical Method of addressing our selves to him, we can scarce contain from Raptures! The Heart is warmed with a Sublimity of Goodness! We are all Piety and all Love!

How do the Blessed Spirits rejoice and wonder to behold unthinking Man prostrating his Soul to his dread Sovereign in such a Warmth of Piety as they themselves might not be ashamed of!

I shall close these Reflections with a Passage taken out of the Third Book of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, where those harmonious Beings are thus nobly described.

> *Then Crown'd again their Gold'n Harps they took,*
> *Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side*
> *Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble sweet*
> *Of Charming Symphony they introduce*
> *The Sacred Song, and waken Raptures high;*
> *No one exempt, no Voice but well could join*
> *Melodious part, such Concord is in Heav'n.'*

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR,

The Town cannot be unacquainted, that in divers Parts of it there are vociferous Setts of Men who are called *Rattling Clubs*; but what shocks me most is, they have now the Front to invade the Church and institute these Societies there, as a Clan of them have in late times done, to such a degree of Insolence, as has given the Partition where they reside in a Church near one of the City Gates, the Denomination of the *Rattling Pew*. These gay Fellows, from humble lay Professions, set up for Criticks without any Tincture of Letters or Reading, and have the Vanity to think they can lay hold of something from the Parson, which may be formed into Ridicule.

It is needless to observe, that the Gentlemen who every *Sunday* have the hard Province of Instructing these

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these Wretches in a way they are in no present Disposition to take, have a fixt Character for Learning and Eloquence, not to be tainted by the weak Efforts of this Contemptible Part of their Audiences. Whether the Pulpit is taken by these Gentlemen, or any Strangers their Friends, the way of the Club is this: If any Sentiments are delivered too Sublime for their Conception; if any uncommon Topick is entred on, or one in use new modified with the finest Judgment and Dexterity; or any controverted Point be never so elegantly handled; In short, whatever surpasses the narrow Limits of their Theology, or is not suited to their Taste, they are all immediately upon their Watch, fixing their Eyes upon each other, with as much Warmth as our Gladiators of *Hockley in the Hole*, and waiting like them for a Hit; if one touches, all take Fire, and their Noddles instantly meet in the Centre of the Pew; then, as by beat of Drum, with exact Discipline, they rear up into a full length of Stature, and with odd Looks and Gesticulations confer together in so loud and clamorous a manner, continued to the close of the Discourse, and during the After-Psalm, as is not to be silenced but by the Bells. Nor does this suffice them, without aiming to propagate their Noise through all the Church, by Signals given to the adjoining Seats, where others designed for this Fraternity are sometimes placed upon Tryal to receive them.

The Folly as well as Rudeness of this Practice is in nothing more conspicuous than this, that all that follows in the Sermon is lost; for whenever our Sparks take alarm, they blaze out and grow so Tumultuous, that no After-Explanation can avail, it being impossible for themselves or any near them to give an Account thereof. If any thing really Novel is advanced, how averse soever it may be to their way of thinking, to say nothing of Duty, Men of less Levity than these would be led by a natural Curiosity to hear the whole.

Laughter, where things Sacred are transacted, is far less pardonable than Whining at a Conventicle; the last has at least a Semblance of Grace, and where the Affectation is unseen may possibly imprint wholesome Lessons

Lessons on the Sincere; but the first has no Excuse, breaking through all the Rules of Order and Decency, and manifesting a Remissness of Mind in those important Matters which require the strictest Composure and Steadiness of Thought: A Proof of the greatest Folly in the World. No. 630. Wednesday, Dec. 8, 1714.

I shall not here enter upon the Veneration due to the Sanctity of the Place, the Reverence owing the Minister, or the Respect that so great an Assembly as a whole Parish may justly claim. I shall only tell them, that as the *Spanish* Cobler, to reclaim a profligate Son, bid him *have some regard to the Dignity of his Family*; so they as Gentlemen (for we Citizens assume to be such one Day in a Week,) are bound for the future to repent of, and abstain from the gross Abuses here mentioned, whereof they have been Guilty in Contempt of Heaven and Earth, and contrary to the Laws in this Case made and provided.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble Servant,
R. M.'

No. 631.

Friday, December 10.

Simplex munditiis————.—Hor.

I HAD occasion to go a few Miles out of Town, some Days since, in a Stage-Coach, where I had for my Fellow-Travellers a dirty Beau, and a pretty young Quaker Woman. Having no Inclination to Talk much at that time, I placed my self backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a Speculation out of my two Companions. Their different Figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my Attention. The Gentleman was dressed in a Suit, the Ground whereof had been Black, as I perceived from some few Spaces, that had escaped the Powder, which was Incorporated with the greatest part of his Coat; His Periwig, which cost no small Sum, was after so Slovenly a manner cast over his Shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the Year 1712; his Linnen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain *Spanish* from

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from the Chin to the lowest Button, and the Diamond upon his Finger (which naturally dreaded the Water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the Rubbish of the Mine, where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty Quaker appeared in all the Elegance of Cleanliness. Not a Speck was to be found on her. A clear, clean oval Face, just edged about with little thin Plaits of the purest Cambrick, received great Advantages from the Shade of her black Hood; as did the Whiteness of her Arms from that sober coloured Stuff, in which she had Cloathed her self. The Plainness of her Dress was very well suited to the Simplicity of her Phrases; all which put together, though they could not give me a great Opinion of her Religion, they did of her Innocence.

This Adventure occasioned my throwing together a few Hints upon *Cleanliness*, which I shall consider as one of the *Half-Virtues*, as *Aristotle* calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following Heads. As it is a Mark of Politeness; as it is produces Love; and as it bears Analogy to Purity of Mind.

First, It is a Mark of Politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorn'd with this Virtue, can go into Company without giving a manifest Offence. The easier or higher any one's Fortune is, this Duty rises proportionably. The different Nations of the World are as much distinguished by their Cleanliness, as by their Arts and Sciences. The more any Country is civilized, the more they consult this part of Politeness. We need but compare our Ideas of a Female *Hottentot* and an *English* Beauty, to be satisfied of the Truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next Place, Cleanliness may be said to be the Foster-Mother of Love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that Passion in the Mind, but Cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent Face and Person, kept in perpetual Neatness, hath won many a Heart from a pretty Slattern. Age it self is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied; Like a Piece of Metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more Pleasure than on a new Vessel that is canker'd with Rust.

I might observe farther, that as Cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easie to our selves; that it is an excellent Preservative of Health; and that several Vices, destructive both to Mind and Body, are inconsistent with the Habit of it. But these Reflections I shall leave to the Leisure of my Readers, and shall observe in the Third Place, That it bears a great Analogy with Purity of Mind, and naturally inspires refined Sentiments and Passions.

We find from Experience, that through the Prevalence of Custom, the most vicious Actions lose their Horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the Neighbourhood of good Examples, fly from the first Appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same Manner, as to our Ideas. Our Senses, which are the Inlets to all the Images conveyed to the Mind, can only transmit the Impression of such things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied Thoughts are naturally suggested to the Mind, by those Objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their Kind.

In the East, where the Warmth of the Climate makes Cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder Countries, it is made one Part of their Religion: The *Jewish* Law (and the *Mahometan*, which in some Things copies after it) is filled with Bathings, Purifications, and other Rites of the like Nature. Though there is the above-named convenient Reason to be assigned for these Ceremonies, the chief Intention undoubtedly was to typifie inward Purity and Cleanness of Heart by those outward Washings. We read several Injunctions of this Kind in the Book of *Deuteronomy*, which confirm this Truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying, as some do, that they were only instituted for convenience in the Desart, which otherwise could not have been habitable for so many Years.

I shall conclude this Essay, with a Story which I have somewhere read in an Account of *Mahometan* Superstitions.

A *Dervise* of great Sanctity one Morning had the Misfortune as he took up a Chrystal Cup, which was consecrated

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consecrated to the Prophet, to let it fall upon the Ground, and dash it in Pieces. His Son coming in, some time after, he stretched out his Hands to bless him, as his manner was every Morning; but the Youth going out, stumbled over the Threshold and broke his Arm. As the old Man wondered at these Events, a Caravan passed by in its way from *Mecca*. The *Dervise* approached it to beg a Blessing; but as he stroaked one of the Holy Camels, he received a Kick from the Beast, that sorely bruised him. His Sorrow and Amasement increased upon him, till he recollected that through Hurry and Inadvertency he had that Morning come abroad without washing his Hands.

No. 632.

Monday, December 13.

——Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.—Virg.

THE Love of Symmetry and Order, which is natural to the Mind of Man, betrays him sometimes into very whimsical Fancies. *This noble Principle*, says a *French* Author, *loves to amuse itself on the most trifling Occasions. You may see a profound Philosopher*, says he, *walk for an Hour together in his Chamber, and industriously treading, at every Step, upon every other Board in the Flooring.* Every Reader will recollect several Instances of this Nature without my Assistance. I think it was *Gregorio Leti* who had published as many Books as he was Years old; which was a Rule he had laid down and punctually observed, to the Year of his Death. It was, perhaps, a Thought of the like Nature which determined *Homer* himself to divide each of his Poems into as many Books, as there are Letters in the *Greek* Alphabet. *Herodotus* has in the same manner adapted his Books to the Number of the *Muses*, for which Reason many a Learned Man hath wished there had been more than Nine of that Sisterhood.

Several *Epic* Poets have religiously followed *Virgil* as to the Number of his Books; and even *Milton* is thought by many to have changed the Number of his Books from Ten

Ten to Twelve, for no other Reason; as *Cowley* tells us, it was his Design, had he finished his *Davideis*, to have also imitated the *Æneid* in this Particular. I believe every one will agree with me, that a Perfection of this Nature hath no Foundation in Reason; and, with due Respect to these great Names, may be looked upon as something whimsical. No. 632. Monday, Dec. 13, 1714.

I mention these great Examples in Defence of my Bookseller, who occasioned this Eighth Volume of *Spectators*, because, as he said, he thought Seven a very Odd Number. On the other Side, several grave Reasons were urged on this important Subject; as in particular, that Seven was the precise Number of the Wise Men, and that the most Beautiful Constellation in the Heavens was composed of Seven Stars. This he allowed to be true; but still insisted, that Seven was an Odd Number; suggesting at the same time, that if he were provided with a sufficient Stock of leading Papers, he should find Friends ready enough to carry on the Work. Having by this means got his Vessel launched and set afloat, he hath committed the Steerage of it, from time to time, to such as he thought capable of conducting it.

The Close of this Volume, which the Town may now expect in a little time, may possibly ascribe each Sheet to its proper Author.

It were no hard Task to continue this Paper a considerable Time longer, by the Help of large Contributions sent from unknown Hands.

I cannot give the Town a better Opinion of the SPECTATOR's Correspondents, than by publishing the following Letter, with a very fine Copy of Verses upon a Subject perfectly new.

'*Mr.* SPECTATOR, *Dublin*, Nov. 30. 1714.

You lately recommended to your Female Readers, the good old Custom of their Grandmothers, who used to lay out a great Part of their Time in Needle-work; I entirely agree with you in your Sentiments, and think it would not be of less Advantage to themselves, and their Posterity, than to the Reputation of many of their good Neighbours, if they past many of those Hours in this innocent

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nocent Entertainment, which are lost at the Tea-Table. I would, however, humbly offer to your Consideration, the Case of the Poetical Ladies; who, though they may be willing to take any Advice given them by the SPECTATOR, yet can't so easily quit their Pen and Ink, as you may imagine. Pray allow them, at least now and then, to indulge themselves in other Amusements of Fancy, when they are tired with stooping to their Tapestry. There is a very particular kind of Work, which of late several Ladies here in our Kingdom are very fond of, which seems very well adapted to a Poetical Genius; It is the making of *Grottos*. I know a Lady who has a very Beautiful one, composed by her self, nor is there one Shell in it not stuck up by her own Hands. I here send you a Poem to the fair Architect, which I would not offer to herself, till I knew whether this Method of a Lady's passing her Time, were approv'd of by the *British* SPECTATOR, which, with the Poem, I submit to your Censure, who am,

Your Constant Reader,
and Humble Servant,
A. B.

To Mrs. —— on her *Grotto.*

A Grotto *so compleat, with such Design,*
What Hands, Calypso, *cou'd have form'd but Thine?*
Each chequer'd Pebble, and each shining Shell,
So well proportion'd, and dispos'd so well,
Surprizing Lustre from thy Thought receive,
Assuming Beauties more than Nature gave.
To Her their various Shapes, and glossy Hue,
Their curious Symmetry they owe to You.
Not fam'd Amphion's *Lute, whose pow'rful Call*
Made willing Stones dance to the Theban *Wall,*
In more harmonious Ranks cou'd make them fall.
Not Ev'ning Cloud a brighter Arch can shew,
Nor richer Colours paint the heav'nly Bow.

Where can unpolished Nature boast a Piece,
In all her Mossie Cells exact as This?
At the gay parti-colour'd Scene we start,
For Chance too regular, too rude for Art.

Charm'd

Charm'd with the sight, my ravish'd Breast is fir'd
With Hints like those which ancient Bards inspir'd;
All the feign'd Tales by Superstition told,
All the bright Train of fabled Nymphs of Old,
Th' enthusiastick Muse believes are true,
Thinks the Spot sacred, and its Genius You.
Lost in wild Rapture, wou'd she fain disclose,
How by degrees the pleasing Wonder rose;
Industrious in a faithful Verse to trace
The various Beauties of the lovely Place;
And while she keeps the glowing Work in view,
Thro' ev'ry Maze thy artful Hand pursue.

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Oh were I equal to the bold Design,
Or cou'd I boast such happy Art as Thine!
That cou'd rude Shells in such sweet Order place,
Give common Objects such uncommon Grace!
Like them my well chose Words in ev'ry Line,
As sweetly temper'd, shou'd as sweetly shine.
So just a Fancy shou'd my Numbers warm,
Like the gay Piece shou'd the Description charm.
Then with superior Strength my Voice I'd raise,
The echoing Grotto *shou'd approve my Lays,*
Pleas'd to reflect the well-sung Founder's Praise.

No. 633.

Wednesday, December 15.

Omnia profecto, cum se a caelestibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelsius magnificentiusque & dicet & sentiet.—Cicer.

THE following Discourse is printed, as it came to my Hands, without Variation.

'Cambridge, Dec. 12.

It was a very common Enquiry among the Ancients why the Number of excellent Orators, under all the Encouragements the most flourishing States could give them, fell so far short of the Number of those who excelled in all other Sciences. A Friend of mine used merrily to apply to this Case an Observation of

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Herodotus, who says, That the most useful Animals are the most fruitful in their Generation; whereas the Species of those Beasts that are fierce and mischievous to Mankind are but scarcely continued. The Historian instances in a Hare, which always either breeds or brings forth; and a Lioness, which brings forth but once, and then loses all Power of Conception. But, leaving my Friend to his Mirth, I am of Opinion, that in these latter Ages we have greater Cause of Complaint than the Ancients had. And since that solemn Festival is approaching, which calls for all the Power of Oratory, and which affords as noble a Subject for the Pulpit as any Revelation has taught us, the Design of this Paper shall be to show, that our Moderns have greater Advantages towards true and solid Eloquence, than any which the celebrated Speakers of Antiquity enjoy'd.

The first great and substantial Difference is, that their common Places, in which almost the whole Force of Amplification consists, were drawn from the Profit or Honesty of the Action, as they regarded only this present State of Duration. But Christianity, as it exalts Morality to a greater Perfection, as it brings the Consideration of another Life into the Question, as it proposes Rewards and Punishments of a higher Nature, and a longer Continuance, is more adapted to affect the Minds of the Audience, naturally inclin'd to pursue what it imagines its greatest Interest and Concern. If *Pericles*, as Historians report, could shake the firmest Resolutions of his Hearers, and set the Passions of all *Greece* in a Ferment, when the present Welfare of his Country, or the Fear of hostile Invasions, was the Subject; What may be expected from that Orator, who warns his Audience against those Evils which have no Remedy, when once undergone, either from Prudence or Time. As much greater as the Evils in a future State are than these at present, so much are the Motives to Persuasion under Christianity greater than those which meer moral Considerations could supply us with. But what I now mention relates only to the Power of moving the Affections. There is another Part of Eloquence, which is indeed its Masterpiece; I mean the Marvellous or Sublime. In this the Christian

Christian Orator has the Advantage beyond Contradiction. Our Ideas are so infinitely enlarged by Revelation, the Eye of Reason has so wide a Prospect into Eternity, the Notions of a Deity are so worthy and refin'd, and the Accounts we have of a State of Happiness or Misery so clear and evident, that the Contemplation of such Objects will give our Discourse a noble Vigour, an invincible Force, beyond the Power of any Human Consideration. *Tully* requires in his Perfect Orator some Skill in the Nature of Heavenly Bodies, because, says he, his Mind will become more extensive and unconfin'd; and when he descends to treat of human Affairs, he will both think and write in a more exalted and magnificent manner. For the same Reason that excellent Master would have recommended the Study of those great and glorious Mysteries which Revelation has discovered to us; to which the noblest Parts of this System of the World are as much inferior, as the Creature is less excellent than its Creator. The wisest and most knowing among the Heathens had very poor and imperfect Notions of a future State. They had indeed some uncertain Hopes, either received by Tradition, or gathered by Reason, that the Existence of virtuous Men would not be determined by the Separation of Soul and Body: But they either disbelieved a future State of Punishment and Misery, or, upon the same Account that *Apelles* painted *Antigonus* with one Side only towards the Spectator, that the Loss of his Eye might not cast a Blemish upon the whole Piece; so these represented the Condition of Man in its fairest View, and endeavoured to conceal what they thought was a Deformity to human Nature. I have often observed, that whenever the abovemention'd Orator in his Philosophical Discourses is led by his Argument to the Mention of Immortality, he seems like one awak'd out of Sleep, rous'd and alarm'd with the Dignity of the Subject, he stretches his Imagination to conceive something uncommon, and with the Greatness of his Thoughts, casts, as it were, a Glory round the Sentence: Uncertain and unsettled as he was, he seems fired with the Contemplation of it: And nothing but such a Glorious Prospect could have forced so great a Lover of Truth,

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as

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as he was, to declare his Resolution never to part with his Persuasion of Immortality, though it should be proved to be an erroneous one. But had he lived to see all that Christianity has brought to Light how would he have lavished out all the Force of Eloquence in those noblest Contemplations which humane Nature is capable of, the Resurrection and the Judgment that follows it? How had his Breast glow'd with Pleasure, when the whole Compass of Futurity lay open and exposed to his View? How would his Imagination have hurried him on in the Pursuit of the Mysteries of the Incarnation? How would he have enter'd, with the Force of Lightning, into the Affections of his Hearers, and fixed their Attention, in spite of all the Opposition of corrupt Nature, upon those glorious Themes, which his Eloquence hath painted in such lively and lasting Colours?

This Advantage Christians have; and it was with no small Pleasure I lately met with a Fragment of *Longinus*, which is preserved, as a Testimony of that Critick's Judgment, at the Beginning of a Manuscript of the New Testament in the *Vatican* Library. After that Author has number'd up the most celebrated Orators among the *Grecians*, he says, *Add to these* Paul *of* Tarsus, *the Patron of an Opinion not yet fully proved.* As a Heathen, he condemns the Christian Religion; and, as an impartial Critick, he judges in Favour of the Promoter and Preacher of it. To me it seems, that the latter Part of his Judgment adds great Weight to his Opinion of St. *Paul*'s Abilities, since, under all the Prejudice of Opinions directly opposite, he is constrained to acknowledge the Merit of that Apostle. And, no doubt, such as *Longinus* describes St. *Paul*, such he appeared to the Inhabitants of those Countries which he visited and blessed with those Doctrines he was divinely commissioned to preach. Sacred Story gives us, in one Circumstance, a convincing Proof of his Eloquence, when the Men of *Lystra* called him *Mercury, because he was the chief Speaker*, and would have paid Divine Worship to him as to the God who invented and presided over Eloquence. This one Account of our Apostle sets his Character, considered as an Orator only, above all the celebrated

celebrated Relations of the Skill and Influence of *Demosthenes* and his Contemporaries. Their Power in Speaking was admired, but still it was thought human; Their Eloquence warmed and ravished the Hearers, but still it was thought the Voice of Man, not the Voice of God. What Advantage then had St. *Paul* above those of *Greece* or *Rome?* I confess I can ascribe this Excellence to nothing but the Power of the Doctrines he delivered, which may have still the same Influence on the Hearers; which have still the Power, when preached by a skilful Orator, to make us break out in the same Expressions as the Disciples who met our Saviour in their Way to *Emmaus* made use of; *Did not our Hearts burn within us, when he talked to us by the Way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?* I may be thought bold in my Judgment by some; but I must affirm, That no one Orator has left us so visible Marks and Footsteps of his Eloquence as our Apostle. It may perhaps be wondered at, that in his Reasonings upon Idolatry at *Athens*, where Eloquence was born and flourished, he confines himself to strict Argument only; but my Reader may remember what many Authors of the best Credit have assured us, That all Attempts upon the Affections and Strokes of Oratory were expressly forbidden, by the Laws of that Country, in Courts of Judicature. His want of Eloquence therefore here, was the Effect of his exact Conformity to the Laws: But his Discourse on the Resurrection to the *Corinthians*, his Harangue before *Agrippa* upon his own Conversion and the Necessity of that of others, are truly Great, and may serve as full Examples to those excellent Rules for the Sublime, which the best of Criticks has left us. The Sum of all this Discourse is, That our Clergy have no farther to look for an Example of the Perfection they may arrive at, than to St. *Paul's* Harangues; that when he, under the Want of several Advantages of Nature (as he himself tells us) was heard, admired, and made a Standard to succeeding Ages by the best Judge of a different Persuasion in Religion: I say, our Clergy may learn, That, however instructive their Sermons are, they are capable of receiving a great Addition; which St. *Paul* has

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has given them a noble Example of, and the Christian Religion has furnished them with certain Means of attaining to.'

No. 634.

Friday, December 17.

'Ο θαλαττων δεόμενος ἐγγιστα θεῶν.—Socrates apud Xen.

IT was the common Boast of the Heathen Philosophers, that by the Efficacy of their several Doctrines, they made Humane Nature resemble the Divine. How much mistaken soever they might be in the several Means they proposed for this End, it must be owned that the Design was great and glorious. The finest Works of Invention and Imagination are of very little Weight, when put in the balance with what refines and exalts the rational Mind. *Longinus* excuses *Homer* very handsomely, when he says the Poet made his Gods like Men, that he might make his Men appear like the Gods: But it must be allowed that several of the ancient Philosophers acted, as *Cicero* wishes *Homer* had done; they endeavoured rather to make Men like Gods, than Gods like Men.

According to this general Maxim in Philosophy, some of them have endeavoured to place Men in such a State of Pleasure, or Indolence at least, as they vainly imagined the Happiness of the Supreme Being to consist in. On the other Hand, the most virtuous Sect of Philosophers have created a chimerical Wise Man, whom they made exempt from Passion and Pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him All-sufficient.

This last Character, when Divested of the Glare of Humane Philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more, than that a Good and a Wise Man should so arm himself with Patience, as not to yield tamely to the Violence of Passion and Pain; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his Desires as to have few Wants; and that he should cherish so many Virtues in his Soul, as to have a perpetual Scource of Pleasure in Himself.

The Christian Religion requires, that, after having framed the best Idea, we are able, of the Divine Nature, it

it should be our next Care to conform our selves to it as far as our Imperfections will permit. I might mention several Passages in the Sacred Writings on this Head, to which I might add many Maxims and wise Sayings of Moral Authors among the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

I shall only instance a remarkable Passage, to this Purpose, out of *Julian*'s *Cæsars*. That Emperor having represented all the *Roman* Emperors, with *Alexander* the Great, as passing in Review before the Gods, and striving for the Superiority, lets them all drop, excepting *Alexander*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Augustus Cæsar*, *Trajan*, *Marcus Aurelius*, and *Constantine*. Each of these great Heroes of Antiquity lays in his claim for the upper Place; and, in Order to it, sets forth his Actions after the most advantageous Manner. But the Gods, instead of being dazzled with the Lustre of their Actions, enquire, by *Mercury*, into the proper Motive and Governing Principle that influenced them throughout the whole Series of their Lives and Exploits. *Alexander* tells them, That his Aim was to conquer; *Julius Cæsar*, That his was to gain the highest Post in his Country; *Augustus*, To govern well; *Trajan*, That His was the same as that of *Alexander*, namely, To conquer. The Question, at length, was put to *Marcus Aurelius*, who replied, with great Modesty, That *it had always been his Care to imitate the Gods*. This Conduct seems to have gained him the most Votes and best Place in the whole Assembly. *Marcus Aurelius* being afterwards asked to explain himself, declares, That, by imitating the Gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the Use of his Understanding, and of all other Faculties; and, in particular, That it was always his Study to have as few Wants as possible in himself, and to do all the Good he could to others.

Among the many Methods by which Revealed Religion has advanced Morality, this is one. That it has given us a more just and perfect Idea of that Being whom every reasonable Creature ought to imitate. The Young Man, in a Heathen Comedy, might justify his Lewdness by the Example of *Jupiter*; as, indeed, there was scarce any Crime that might not be countenanced

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nanced by those Notions of the Deity which prevailed among the common People in the Heathen World. Revealed Religion sets forth a proper Object for Imitation, in that Being who is the Pattern, as well as the Source, of all Spiritual Perfection.

While we remain in this Life, we are subject to innumerable Temptations, which, if listen'd to, will make us deviate from Reason and Goodness, the only Things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next Life we meet with nothing to excite our Inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my Reader with this Maxim, *viz. Our Happiness in this World proceeds from the Suppression of our Desires, but in the next World from the Gratification of them.*

No. 635.

Monday, December 20.

Sentio te sedem etiam nunc hominum ac domum contemplari; quae si tibi parva, ut est, ita videtur, haec caelestia semper spectato; illa humana contemnito.—Cicero, *Somn. Scip.*

THE following Essay comes from the ingenious Author of the Letter upon *Novelty*, printed in a late *Spectator*; The Notions are drawn from the *Platonick* way of Thinking, but as they contribute to raise the Mind, and may inspire noble Sentiments of our own future Grandeur and Happiness, I think it well deserves to be presented to the Publick.

If the Universe be the Creature of an intelligent Mind, this Mind could have no immediate Regard to him self in producing it. He needed not to make Trial of his Omnipotence, to be informed what Effects were within its Reach; The World as existing in his eternal Idea was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into Being; and in the immense Abyss of his Essence are contained far brighter Scenes than will be ever set forth to View; it being impossible that the great Author of Nature should bound his own Power by giving Existence to a System of Creatures so perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other Exertions of his Almighty Will

Will. Between Finite and Infinite there is an unmeasured Interval, not to be filled up in endless Ages; for which Reason, the most excellent of all God's Works must be equally short of what his Power is able to produce as the most imperfect, and may be exceeded with the same Ease. No. 635. Monday, Dec. 20, 1714.

This Thought hath made some imagine (what, it must be confest, is not impossible) that the unfathomed Space is ever teeming with new Births, the younger still inheriting a greater Perfection than the elder. But as this doth not fall within my present View, I shall content my self with taking Notice, that the Consideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the Ideal Worlds in the Divine Understanding yield a Prospect incomparably more ample, various and delightful than any Created World can do; And that therefore as it is not to be supposed that God should make a World merely of inanimate Matter, however diversified; or inhabited only by Creatures of no higher an Order than Brutes; so the End for which he designed his reasonable Offspring is the Contemplation of his Works, the Enjoyment of himself, and in both to be happy; having, to this Purpose, endowed them with correspondent Faculties and Desires. He can have no greater Pleasure from a bare Review of his Works, than from the Survey of his own Ideas, but we may be assured that he is well pleased in the Satisfaction derived to Beings capable of it, and, for whose Entertainment, he hath erected this immense Theatre. Is not this more than an Intimation of our Immortality? Man, who when considered as on his probation for a happy Existence hereafter is the most remarkable Instance of Divine Wisdom, if we cut him off from all Relation to Eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable Composition in the whole Creation. He hath Capacities to lodge a much greater Variety of Knowledge than he will be ever Master of, and an unsatisfied Curiosity to tread the secret Paths of Nature and Providence: But, with this, his Organs, in their present Structure, are rather fitted to serve the Necessities of a vile Body, than to minister to his Understanding; and from the little Spot to which he is chained, he can frame but wandering Guesses concerning the innumerable Worlds of Light that encompass him

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him, which, tho' in themselves of a prodigious Bigness, do but just glimmer in the remote Spaces of the Heavens; and, when with a great deal of Time and Pains he hath laboured a little way up the steep Ascent of Truth, and beholds with Pity the groveling Multitude beneath, in a Moment his Foot slides, and he tumbles down headlong into the Grave.

Thinking on this, I am obliged to believe, in Justice to the Creator of the World, that there is another State when Man shall be better situated for Contemplation, or rather have it in his Power to remove from Object to Object, and from World to World; and be accommodated with Senses, and other Helps, for making the quickest and most amazing Discoveries. How doth such a Genius as Sir *Isaac Newton*, from amidst the Darkness that involves human Understanding, break forth, and appear like one of another Species! The vast Machine, we inhabit, lies open to him, he seems not unacquainted with the general Laws that govern it, and while with the Transport of a Philosopher he beholds and admires the glorious Work, he is capable of paying at once a more devout and more rational Homage to his Maker. But alas! how narrow is the Prospect even of such a Mind? and how obscure to the Compass that is taken in by the Ken of an Angel; or of a Soul but newly escaped from its Imprisonment in the Body! For my part, I freely indulge my Soul in the Confidence of its future Grandeur; it pleases me to think that I who know so small a portion of the Works of the Creator, and with slow and painful Steps creep up and down on the Surface of this Globe, shall e'er long shoot away with the Swiftness of Imagination, trace out the hidden Springs of Nature's Operations, be able to keep pace with the heavenly Bodies in the Rapidity of their Career, be a Spectator of the long Chain of Events in the natural and moral Worlds, visit the several Apartments of the Creation, know how they are furnished and how inhabited, comprehend the Order and measure the Magnitudes, and Distances of those Orbs, which to us seem disposed without any regular Design, and set all in the same Circle, observe the Dependance of the Parts of each System, and (if our Minds are big enough to grasp the Theory

Theory) of the several Systems upon one another, from whence results the Harmony of the Universe. In Eternity a great deal may be done of this kind. I find it of use to cherish this generous Ambition; for besides the secret Refreshment it diffuses through my Soul, it engages me in an Endeavour to improve my Faculties, as well as to exercise them conformably to the Rank I now hold among reasonable Beings, and the hope I have of being once advanced to a more exalted Station. No. 635. Monday, Dec. 20, 1714.

The other, and that the Ultimate end of Man, is the Enjoyment of God, beyond which he cannot form a Wish. Dim at best are the Conceptions we have of the Supreme Being, who, as it were, keeps his Creatures in Suspence, neither discovering, nor hiding himself; by which means, the Libertine hath a Handle to dispute his Existence, while the most are content to speak him fair, but in their Hearts prefer every trifling Satisfaction to the Favour of their Maker, and ridicule the good Man for the Singularity of his Choice. Will there not a time come, when the Free-thinker shall see his impious Schemes overturned, and be made a Convert to the Truths he hates; when deluded Mortals shall be convinced of the Folly of their Pursuits, and the few Wise who followed the Guidance of Heaven, and, scorning the Blandishments of Sense and the sordid Bribery of the World, aspired to a celestial Abode, shall stand possessed of their utmost Wish in the Vision of the Creator? Here the Mind heaves a Thought now and then towards him, and hath some transient Glances of his Presence: When, in the Instant it thinks itself to have the fastest hold, the Object eludes its Expectations, and it falls back tir'd and baffled to the Ground. Doubtless there is some more perfect way of conversing with heavenly Beings. Are not Spirits capable of mutual Intelligence unless immersed in Bodies, or by their Intervention? Must superior Natures depend on inferior for the main Privilege of sociable Beings, that of conversing with, and knowing each other? What would they have done, had Matter never been created? I suppose, not have lived in eternal Solitude. As incorporeal Substances are of a nobler Order, so, be sure, their manner of Intercourse

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course is answerably more expedite and intimate. This method of Communication, we call Intellectual Vision, as somewhat Analogous to the Sense of Seeing, which is the Medium of our Acquaintance with this visible World. And in some such way can God make himself the Object of immediate Intuition to the Blessed; and as he can, 'tis not improbable that he will, always condescending, in the Circumstances of doing it, to the Weakness and Proportion of finite Minds. His Works but faintly reflect the Image of his Perfections; 'tis a Second-hand Knowledge: To have a just Idea of him, it may be necessary that we see him as he is. But what is that? 'Tis something that never entered into the Heart of Man to conceive; yet, what we can easily conceive will be a Fountain of Unspeakable, of everlasting Rapture. All created Glories will fade and die away in his Presence. Perhaps it will be my Happiness to compare the World with the fair Exemplar of it in the Divine Mind; perhaps, to view the original Plan of those wise Designs that have been executing in a long Succession of Ages. Thus employed in finding out his Works, and contemplating their Author, how shall I fall prostrate and adoring, my Body swallowed up in the Immensity of Matter, my Mind in the Infinitude of his Perfections!

The End of the Eighth and Last Volume.

NOTES

A. = Original Daily Issue.
B. I. = Biographical Index.

NOTES TO VOL. VII

PAGE 1. Mr. Methuen, later Sir Paul Methuen. See *B. I.* Dedication.

PAGE 3. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* I. i. xviii. 6.

PAGE 5. *In talking*, etc. *King John*, I. i. 202-3, 205 ["And talking"; "But this"], No. 474.

PAGE 7. *Infirmary.* See Nos. 424, 429, and 440.

—This letter has been ascribed to Steele's friend Richard Parker, Fellow of Merton. His criticism of Steele's first literary effort (a comedy) induced the latter to withhold it from the public. To him also Edmund Smith submitted his translation of Longinus (Johnson, *Lives*, ii. 242). He is probably the "old friend" who contributed two letters (in a similar strain) to the *Tatler* (Nos. 89 and 112), to which Mr. Bickerstaff gave the name of "Right Country Letters." See a letter by 'J. R.' in Steele's *Epist. Corresp.* ii. 595.

—*Mr. Campbell.* See note, vol. v. p. 285.

—*Jacobus.* A gold coin, struck in the reign of James I., worth about twenty-five shillings.

PAGE 8. *Motto.* Terence, *Eunuchus*, I. i. 12-13 (57-8). No. 475.

PAGE 11. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 41. No. 476.

PAGE 12. *From the Dispensary.* Garth's *Dispensary*, ii. 95-6.

> "Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
> A barren superfluity of words."

PAGE 13. *Doway and Denain.* Douai capitulated to Marlborough and Prince Eugene on 14th June 1710. Villars defeated the Earl of Albemarle before Denain on 24th July 1712, and soon thereafter captured Douai.

—In *A* is advertised an *Essay towards a History of Dancing*, the book referred to in No. 466. See note, vol. vi. p. 297.

PAGE 14. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, II. iv. 5-8. No. 477.

PAGE 15. *Wise and London.* See note, vol. i. p. 314.

PAGE 17. *Vernal Delight.* See No. 393 (vol. v.).

PAGE 18. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 71-2. No. 478.

PAGE 19. *The author . . . who advises his Son.* See Osborne's *Advice to a Son.*

—*A Baby dress'd.* See No. 277 (vol. iv.).

PAGE 20. *And perhaps the Ballance*, etc. Steele would not have been surprised at the turn in Parisian fashion at the close of the nineteenth century.

PAGE 23. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 398. No. 479.

PAGE 25. *One of our famous Lawyers.* Henry de Bracton, *De Legibus*, i. 10. *Cf.* No. 482, *infra.*

—*Socrates.* See the anecdotes in Xenophon's *Symposium*, ii.

PAGE 27. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* vii. 85-6. No. 480.

—*Those old Manuscripts.* See No. 76 (vol. i.) and Nos. 84 and 97 (vol ii.).

No. 480. PAGE 30. *M. D.* "This letter was written by Mr. Robert Harper, of Lincoln's-Inn, an eminent conveyancer. Steele omitted some parts of it, and made some alterations in it; at least the author's original draft of it in his letter-book, communicated to the annotator by the Rev. Mr. Harper of the British Museum, is somewhat different. This letter was sent to the *Spectator*, Aug. 9, 1712, as appears from the author's autograph endorsement" (*Note in Chalmers's edition*).

No. 481. — *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* I. vii. 19-21.

PAGE 31. *One of Mr. Southern's Plays. The Fatal Marriage, or the Innocent Adultery*, V. i. See note in vol. II. p. 327.

— *Count Rechteren and Monsieur Mesnager.* An account of this petty trouble arising from the insulting behaviour of the servants of M. Mesnager, the French Plenipotentiary, and the reprisals by those of Count Rechteren, deputy for Overyssel, will be found in the *Mémoires de Torcy* (iii. 411). Most of the details are given in a note in Mr. Henry Morley's edition of *The Spectator*.

No. 482. PAGE 33. *Motto.* Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, iii. 11.

— *Bracton.* See No. 479, *supra*.

No. 483. PAGE 36. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 191-2. This is also the motto of No. 315.

PAGE 38. *Diagoras.* The story will be found in Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, iii. 37.

PAGE 39. *Clitobus.* A slip for Cleobis. The story is told in Herodotus, I. xxxi.

No. 484. PAGE 40. *Motto.* Pliny, *Epist.* VI. 23-5.

PAGE 41. *Abest virtute*, etc. Horace, *Ars Poet.* 370-1.

— *Multum sanguinis*, etc. Pliny, *Epist.* V. 17.

PAGE 42. *In the Modesty*, etc. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i. 101-3.

No. 485. PAGE 44. *Motto. Quintus Curtius*, vii. 8-15.

PAGE 47. *Mr. Short's.* See vol. vi. p. 283.

PAGE 48. *A young Woman on Horseback.* See note, vol. vi. p. 293.

No. 486. — *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* I. ii. 37-8.

No. 487. PAGE 51. *Motto.* Petronius Arbiter, *Satyricon*, civ.

PAGE 52. *Religio Medici.* ii. 11.

PAGE 54. *Virgil. Æn.* iv. 466-8.

— *Plutarch. Essay on Superstition*, iii.

— *Tertullian. De Anima*, cap. 45-9.

No. 488. PAGE 55. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* II. iii. 156.

— See No. 145 and note (vol. vi. p. 294).

— *T. W.* Dr. Thomas Walker, headmaster of the Charterhouse when Steele and Addison were schoolboys there.

— *Better than Lace. Cf.* Laced Coffee. See note, vol. iv. p. 299.

PAGE 57. *Visiting Days.* See note, vol. i. p. 324.

PAGE 58. *Tate.* Nahum Tate, Poet Laureate. See *B. I.*

No. 489. — *Motto.* Homer, *Iliad*, xxi. 195.

PAGE 59. *Longinus. On the Sublime*, 10.

— Psalm cvii. 23-30.

PAGE 60. The 'gentleman' is Addison.

PAGE 61. In *A* the following 'Advertisement' is appended:—

"The Author of the *Spectator* having received the Pastoral Hymn in his 441st Paper, set to Musick by one of the most Eminent Composers of our own Country, and by a Foreigner, who has not put his Name to his ingenious Letter, thinks himself obliged to return his Thanks to those Gentlemen for the Honour they have done him." No. 489.

PAGE 61. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, II. xiv. 21-2. No. 490.

PAGE 63. *Epigram of Martial.* IV. xxii.

PAGE 64. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, IV. ix. st. 1 and 2.

PAGE 65. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* III. 318. No. 491.

— *The following Narration.* Taken from Bayle's *Dictionary*, art. 'Burgundy (Charles, Duke of),' note N.

PAGE 69. *Motto.* Seneca, ? No. 492.

PAGE 72. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* I. xviii. 76-7. No. 493.

PAGE 75. *I have translated.* Horace, *Epist.* I ix.

PAGE 76. *Motto.* Cicero, ? No. 494.

— *Lately a great ornament.* Identified as the dandy and littérateur, Anthony Henley (son of Sir Robert Henley). He is frequently mentioned by Swift; Garth dedicated the *Dispensary* to him; he contributed the "Life of the Music Master (Tom D'Urfey)" to the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, and wrote some pieces for the *Tatler*. See *B. I.*

— *Who was head of a College.* Dr Thomas Goodwin, President of Magdalen College, Oxford. See *B. I.*

— *With half-a-dozen Night-Caps.* According to Anthony à Wood, Goodwin was called "Nine-caps" by the irreverent undergraduates because of the elaborate precautions he took against cold in the head.

— *In former Papers. Cf.* Nos. 381, 387.

PAGE 78. *An eminent Pagan Writer.* See Plutarch, Περὶ Δεισιδαιμονίας, 10.

PAGE 79. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, IV. iv. 57-60. No. 495.

PAGE 82. *Motto.* Terence, *Heauton.* I. i. 131-3. No. 496.

PAGE 85. *Motto.* Menander, Εὐν. 3. No. 497.

PAGE 87. *Leo the Tenth.* See Bayle, art. Leo X., note F.

PAGE 89. *Motto.* Virgil, *Georg.* i. 513-4. No. 498.

PAGE 92. *Motto.* Persius, *Sat.* i. 40-1. No. 499.

PAGE 96. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* vi. 182-4. No. 500.

PAGE 99. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, I. xxiv. 19-20. No. 501.

PAGE 103. *Motto.* Terence, *Heauton.* IV. i 30. No. 502.

— *The Self-Tormentor*, i.e. *Heautontimorumenos.* Dryden calls it the *Self-Punisher* (*Essay of Dram. Poesy*).

PAGE 104 *I am a man*, etc. A transcript of the familiar

Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto
—(*Heauton.* I. i. 25.)

— *I have heard.* Editors have referred, rather vaguely, to the well-known passage from Fletcher of Saltoun, "I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." The sentiment recalls some passages in Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie.*

— *When I came to the house*, etc. Terence, *Heauton.* II. iii. 275, etc.

No. 502. PAGE 106. *The Country-Wake*, by Dogget (see *B. I.*), was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1696, with the author in the part of Young Hob. It was revived, in altered form, as a farce at Drury Lane, on Oct. 6, 1711 (Genest, ii. 487-8). It had been acted at Drury Lane a few days (Sept. 23) before the appearance of this paper. The farce was printed in 1715, with Dogget's name on the title-page; yet it has been ascribed to Colley Cibber.

—*Penkethman.* See note, vol. i. p. 326.

—*Bullock.* See note, vol. i. p. 328.

—*Dicky.* Henry Norris, the actor. See *B. I.* In the cast for Steele's *Funeral, or Grief à la Mode* at Drury Lane (1702) Penkethman played Trim; Bullock, Kate Matchlock; and Norris, Mrs. Fardingale.

No. 503. PAGE 107. *Motto.* Terence, *Eunuchus*, II. iii. 5.

—*The Misbehaviour of People at Church.* *Cf.* Nos. 50, 53, 129, 134, 158, 270, 272, 282, 284, 344, 460, etc. Mr. Dobson recalls the fact that "in St James's Chapel the ogling and sighing rose at one time to such a height that Bishop Burnet petitioned the Princess Anne to be allowed to raise the pews" (*Selections from Steele*, p. 478).

PAGE 109. *Charles Mather.* See No. 328 and *B. I.*

No. 504. PAGE 111. *Motto.* Terence, *Eunuchus*, III. i. 36.

—*Questions and Commands.* See vol. iii. p. 283. "Many a time have I missed a ball, . . . and chose to wander in unfrequented Solitudes, when I might have been a King at Questions and Commands." Steele's *Lover*, No. 13. The game is described in W. C. Sydney's *Social Life in England*, p. 392.

—*A Shape.* *Cf.* No. 58 (vol. i. p. 216, and note, p. 339).

PAGE 112. *Your biters.* See note, vol. i. p. 335.

No. 505. PAGE 114. *Motto.* Ennius, quoted in Cicero, *De Divinatione*, i. 58, 132. The seventh line (*Qui sui*, etc.), also by Ennius, is an interpolation. It, too, is quoted in the *De Divinatione* (i. 40, 88).

PAGE 116. *A Scotch Highlander.* A hit at Duncan Campbell, the fortune-teller (see note, *supra*, p. 311). So, too, is the concluding '*N. B.*'—"I am not dumb." The *nom-de-guerre* 'Trophonius' is the name of the builder of the first temple of Apollo at Delphi and himself the possessor of an oracle. See Fontenelle's *Dialogues des Morts* (1683) and *Histoire des Oracles* (1687); and Hughes's note to Dialogue xi. in his translation of the former.

No. 506. PAGE 118. *Motto.* Martial, *Epigr.* IV. xiii. 7-10.

—*In one of our modern Comedies.* Steele's *Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, iii., where Mademoiselle d'Epingle shocks Lady Harriot by offering to undress before her and Mr. Campley.

No. 507. PAGE 121. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* ii. 46.

No. 508. PAGE 124. *Pompey.* See Plutarch's Life.

—*Motto.* Cornelius Nepos, i. 8.

No. 509. PAGE 127. Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 659-662.

PAGE 128. *Motto.* Terence, *Heauton.* III. iii. 19.

—*Keep your Shop.* "I garnished my shop, for want of plate, with wholesome thriftie sentences; as 'Touchstone, keepe thy shoppe, and thy shoppe will keepe thee'" *Eastward Ho* (1605), I. i.

PAGE 131. *Duke of Buckingham . . Manufacture of Glass.* In

1670 a number of Venetian glass-blowers settled in Lambeth, and, with the aid of the Duke of Buckingham, established a lucrative business in the making of plate-glass. *Cf.* Steele's *Lover*, No. 34: "It is a modest computation, that England gains fifty thousand pounds a year by exporting this commodity for the service of foreign nations: the whole owing to the inquisitive and mechanic as well as liberal genius of the late Duke of Buckingham." See the references to an earlier venture in Pepys's *Diary* (Globe edition, p. 10, note). No. 509.

PAGE 131. *Mr. Gumley.* Earlier in the paper in the *Lover* (quoted *supra*), Steele writes: "The place I am going to mention is Mr. Gumley's glass-gallery over the New Exchange. I little thought I should ever in the LOVER have occasion to talk of such a thing as trade; but when a man walks in that illustrious room, and reflects what incredible improvement our artificers of England have made in the manufacture of glass in *thirty* years time, and can suppose such an alteration of our affairs in other parts of commerce, it is demonstrable that the nations, who are possessed of mines of gold, are but drudges to a people, whose arts and industry, with other advantages natural to us, may make itself the shop of the world."

PAGE 132. *Motto.* Terence, *Eunuchus*, I. i. No. 510.

—*Hack*, i.e. hackney-coach (as on p. 291). This usage, now found only in the United States, seems to be an earlier one. See *A New Eng. Dict.*, where the earliest example is from Steele's *Lying Lover*, III. ii.

PAGE 133. *Sir Walter Rawleigh.* See *History of the World*, I. iv. § 4.

PAGE 136. *Motto. Ars Amat.* i. 175. *Cf.* this paper with *Tatler*, No. 75. No. 511.

—*Friend Dapperwit. Cf.* No. 530, p. 210.

PAGE 137. *Farmers' Daughters.* A premonition of the fastidious Will's own fate. *Cf.* his letter in No. 530.

PAGE 139. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 344. No. 512.

PAGE 140. *The Absalon and Achitophel.* By Dryden.

—*Turkish Tale.* See note, vol. i. p. 328.

PAGE 142. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 50-1. No. 513.

—*Dr. Sherlock.* See note, vol. i. p. 329.

PAGE 146. *Monsieur Des Barreaux* (Jacques Vallée, Seigneur des B. —1602-1673). See Bayle's *Dictionary*, art. 'Des Barreaux,' note.

—*Motto.* Virgil, *Georg.* iii. 291-3. No. 514.

PAGE 150. *The Country Clown.* See vol. v. p. 78, line 17.

PAGE 151. *Laplanders.* A reference to Scheffer's Odes, translated in Nos. 366 and 406.

—*Boccalini . . . Parnassus.* See note, vol. iv. p. 296.

PAGE 152. *Motto.* Terence, *Heauton.* II. iii. 19-20. No. 515.

—*Account of a Coquet. Ante*, p. 107.

PAGE 155. *Gatty.* See vi. 293. *Cf.* Steele's *Lover* (No. 3). "I must desire Aronces to give an exact relation of the airs and glances of the whole company, and particularly how Mrs Gatty sits, when it happens that she is to pass by the Lover Vagabond, who, I find, is got into that company by the favour of his cousin Jenny."

PAGE 156. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* xv. 34. 36-8. No. 516.

PAGE 157. *There were not ever*, etc. From this point to the close of

No. 516. the paper Steele reprints, with a few omissions, the concluding portion of his *Christian Hero*.

PAGE 157. *Machiavilian Scheme.* *A.* and the Octavo (1712) read 'Machiavilian Scene.'

PAGE 160. *Fuit Ilium*, etc. *Æn.* ii. 325-6.

No. 517. —*Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 879.

—Eustace Budgell referred to the death of Sir Roger in the first number of his *Bee*—"Mr. Addison was so fond of this character that a little before he laid down the *Spectator* (foreseeing that some nimble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it) he said to an intimate friend, with a certain warmth in his expression which he was not often guilty of, 'By God, I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him.'" This would seem to have suggested Johnson's statement that "the reason which induced Cervantes to bring his hero to the grave, *para mi sola nacio Don Quixote, y yo para el*, made Addison declare, with undue vehemence of expression, that he would kill Sir Roger; being of opinion that they were born for one another, and that any other hand would do him wrong." This account has been transformed by later editors, and by Mr. Thomas Arnold in particular, who says that Addison, being very angry at the Sukey episode (No. 410), "had a sharp altercation with Steele, and resolved to send the darling of his imagination to the land where the 'wicked cease from troubling.'" The story is hardly worth credence, and implies a slight to Steele, who, as Tickell admitted, drew the first sketch of the character. The fact to be remembered is that the 'death' of the *Spectator* had been resolved on, and that the gradual elimination of the characters was an obvious editorial method of farewell. The Clergyman's serious illness is announced in No. 513; the next sad item of news after the death of Sir Roger is the unexpected marriage of the cynical Will. Honeycomb; and other intimations follow. To speak of the artistic merits of the sketch of Sir Roger, and of the charm of this paper in particular, is now superfluous. We may remember that Bentley, who had the *Spectator* read to him by his children, "took Sir Roger's literary decease most seriously to heart."

No. 518. PAGE 163. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* viii. 76-7.

PAGE 165. *Hic jacet.* We are referred for the complete epitaph on Thomas Crouch to the *European Magazine*. July 1787.

PAGE 166. *Pulvil.* See note, vol. i p. 341.

—*Tom Tweer*, John Henley. See note, vol vi. p. 287.

No. 519. —*Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 728-9.

PAGE 167. *The Plurality of Worlds*, by Fontenelle (iii.).

PAGE 169. *That there should be more Species*, etc. Locke's *Human Understanding*, III. vi. 12.

PAGE 170. *Brethren, and may.* The 'and' is interpolated to complete the sense. Chalmers reads 'being' for 'is,' three lines above.

PAGE 171. *Corruption thou art.* Job xvii. 14.

No. 520. —*Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, I. xxiv. 1 2.

PAGE 174. *F I.* (*F.J.* in other editions) has been identified as Mr. Francham, of Norwich.

—*Motto.* Petronius Arbiter, *Satyricon*, lxxx.

No. 521. —*Prince Eugene his Height or Figure. Cf* vol. v. p. 78 and note.

PAGE 175. *A late Act of Parliament.* 7 Anne, cap. 17. No. 521.

PAGE 176. *Will's, Child's, Jonathan's.* See the account of these in the note, vol. i. pp. 309-10.

PAGE 177. *The Self-Tormentor.* See No. 502, *supra.*

—*Motto.* Terence, *Andria*, iv. 2, 11-14. No. 522.

PAGE 181. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 376-9. No. 523.

—*The late Miscellany published by Mr. Pope.* The *Pastorals* and the *Episode of Sarpedon* had appeared in Tonson's Sixth Miscellany, May 1709, but the reference is to Lintot's Miscellany of 1713, which contained, among the pieces by Pope, the first sketch of *The Rape of the Lock.*

PAGE 182. *The Prospect of Peace.* By Tickell. The *Spectator's* praise (which must have been the cause of its rapid sale) was seconded by Pope, who, flattered by the lines

> "Like the young spreading laurel, Pope! thy name
> Shoots up with strength and rises into fame,"

spoke well of it to Caryll, and invited a comparison between a passage in it and one in his *Windsor Forest* (29th Nov. 1712), See also No. 532, note, and vol. viii. No. 620. The *fourth* edition is advertised in No. 552 (*A*).

PAGE 183. *The Pastorals of Mr. Philips.* Steele had already praised these poems in No. 400.

PAGE 184. *Motto.* Seneca, ? . No. 524.

PAGE 185. *From Scotland Second-sighted.* A gentle hit at the Duncan Campbell craze. See note on p. 314.

PAGE 189. *Glascow.* "This paper has been ascribed to Professor Simpson of Glasgow. It seems to rest on better authority that it was the joint composition of Mr. Dunlop, then Greek professor of that University, and a Mr. Montgomery, a gentleman in the mercantile line, of an amiable character, an enterprising spirit, and great abilities. He traded to Sweden, and his business carrying him there, it is said that, in consequence of something between him and Queen Christina, he was obliged to leave that kingdom abruptly. This event was supposed to have affected his intellect, much in the same manner as Sir Roger de Coverley is represented in these papers to have been injured by his passion for a beautiful widow" (*Note in Chalmers's edition*).

PAGE 190. *Motto.* Euripides, *Œdipus, Frag.* xv. No. 525.

PAGE 193. *Pliny to Hispulla.* Pliny's *Letters*, IV. xix.

PAGE 194. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* ii. 127. No. 526.

—*Dear Dumb Cf.* note, vol. i. p. 309

PAGE 196. *John Sly.* See vol. iii. p. 73, and iv. p 53.

PAGE 197. *Ornament of a Leather Garter.* Some have found in this an allusion to one Richard Warner of Lincoln's-Inn. (*See Chalmers's note.*)

PAGE 198. *Motto.* Plautus, *Stichus*, I. ii. 52-3. No. 527.

—"The last letter and verses are by Pope" say the editors; but no evidence has been given.

PAGE 202. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* ix. 163. No. 528.

—*Catalogue of a Lady's Library, as you promised* See No. 37 and note, vol. i. pp. 330-1.

PAGE 205. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 92. No. 529.

No. 529. PAGE 206. *Those two first volumes.* Vols. i. and ii. of the edition (1711-12) of which the present is a reprint.

PAGE 207. *Mr. Bullock.* See *B. I.*

—*But Mr. Dryden.* Aristotle's reasons for the superiority of Tragedy will be found in the *Poetics*, xxvi. Dryden's position is stated in the *Apology for Heroic Poetry*, prefixed to the *State of Innocence* (Scott and Saintsbury, v. 114), and the *Dedication of the Æneis* (*ib.* xiv. 129, 134); yet in the former Dryden says: "Heroic poetry, which they condemn, has ever been esteemed, and ever will be, the greatest work of human nature: In that rank has Aristotle placed it." Among the "many others" is Sidney, in his *Apologie for Poetrie.*

No. 530. PAGE 208. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, I. xxxiii. 10-12.

—With this letter compare Will Honeycomb's in No. 511 and notes, *supra.*

PAGE 209. *Grogram.* See note, vol. iv. p. 290.

PAGE 210. *Homme de ruelle. Cf.* vol. i. p. 334. See the frontispiece of *La Prétieuse ou Le Mystère des Ruelles*, reproduced in Petit de Julleville's *Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature française* (1897) vol. iv. p. 128.

—*Tom Dapperwitt.* See *ante*, p. 136.

No. 531. —*Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, I. xii. 15-18.

—*Simonides.* The anecdote is from Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, i. 22, 60.

PAGE 211. *If we examine.* Locke's *Human Understanding*, Book ii.

PAGE 212. *By his Word. Ecclesiasticus* xliii.

PAGE 213. *An excellent Sermon.* By Bishop Burnet on the death of the Hon. Robert Boyle. *Cf.* p. 299 of this volume.

No. 532. PAGE 214. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 304-5.

—*A Person of the greatest Abilities.* Addison.

PAGE 215. *An admirable Poem. The Temple of Fame.* It was written in 1711, but it was not published till 1715. Two days later (Nov. 12), Steele wrote to Pope,—"I have read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find anything amiss of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand, thousand beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to-morrow. After his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts." Pope's reply will be found in Elwin and Courthope's edition, vi. pp. 395-6.

—*I was the other day.* The publication of this letter prompted Pope to write to Steele (Nov. 29): "I am sorry you published that notion about Adrian's verses as mine. Had I imagined you would use my name, I should have expressed my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrusted." After a reference to Steele's remark about the "diminutive epithets," he concludes: "Perhaps I should be much better pleased if I were told you called me your little friend than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob [Tonson] does all his authors." Steele replied, on Dec. 4, requesting Pope "to make an Ode as of a cheerful dying spirit,—that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's *Animula vagula* put into two or three stanzas

for music." The result was Pope's three stanzas (really a transcription from Thomas Flatman) entitled *The Dying Christian to his Soul* (see the correspondence, Elwin and Courthope, vi. p. 397). A translation of the verses in the *Spectator*, also by Pope, was published anonymously in Lewis's *Miscellany* 1730. See the note in Elwin and Courthope, vi. p. 394. No. 532.

PAGE 216. Tickell had already anticipated these lines of admiration in his *Prospect of Peace* (*supra*, No. 523)—

> "Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine
> To mend our morals and our taste refine."

— *Her rescued oaks*. *Cf.* Will. Trusty's letter in the *Tatler*, No. 73, to which, and to others on like topics, Tickell seems to refer—"Besides, *Partridge* has cast me his Nativity, and I find by certain Destiny his *oaks must be fell'd*."

PAGE 217. *Gems*, buds. Chalmers alters it to *germs!*

PAGE 218. *Mr. John Sly*. See No. 526 and No. 534.

— *Motto*. Plautus, *Stichus*, iv. i. 34-5. No. 533.

PAGE 219. *Mr. Pert*. So in the duodecimo. But in *A* and the Octavo *Tert*.

PAGE 221. *Dragoons*. See the companion sketch in No. 132 (ii. p. 181); also No. 242 (iii. p. 273).

— *Lords Hallifax* etc. The text reads 'Lord Hallifax, Anglisey Shaftsbury.'

PAGE 222. *Motto*. Juvenal, *Sat.* viii. 73-4. No. 534.

— *Fine Mrs. Such-a-one*, etc. Chalmers reads—"Oh! to be sure, fine. Mrs. Such-a-one," etc.! *Fine* is ordinary 'eighteenth-century' for our 'pretty' or 'handsome.'

PAGE 224. *Dapperwit* (*supra* p. 318) follows the lead of Bob Short (vi. p. 283) and Robin Shorter (vii. p. 47).

PAGE 225. *The Idol*. See vol. ii. p. 25.

— *Bouchain*. See note vol. ii. p. 335.

PAGE 226. *A Minuit from Mr. John Sly*. See Nos. 526 and 532.

— *Motto*. Horace, *Odes*, I. ix. 7. No. 535.

PAGE 228. Antoine Galland's translation of the *Thousand and One Nights* appeared in twelve volumes, Paris 1704-1717.

PAGE 230. *Motto*. Virgil, *Æn.* ix. 617. No. 536.

—*A pretty young Thing*. *Cf.* i. p. 18 and note of reading.

PAGE 231. *Knotting*. Dorset has some verses on this fashionable amusement, entitled *Knotting*, beginning—

> "At noon in a sunshiny day,
> The brighter lady of the May,
> Young Chloris, innocent and gay,
> Sat knotting in a shade."

Cf. also Sedley—

> "But here's a queen when she rides abroad
> Is always knotting threads";

and *The Examiner* (No. 37)—"Lady Char—te is taken knotting in Saint James's Chapel during Divine Service, in the immediate presence both of God and Her Majesty, who were affronted together."

PAGE 232. *Whiffers*. Technically, the men who preceded a procession, supernumeraries (*cf.* Shakes. *Hen. V.* v. Chor. 12); other-

No. 536. wise, in Johnson's definition, men of no consequence. *Cf.* the letter from 'Tom Whiffle' in Steele's *Lover* (No. 7); and Swift, "Every whiffler in a laced coat, who frequents the chocolate house, shall talk of the constitution."

—*Shoeing-horns.* Johnson quotes from this Essay, and defines the word, "Any thing by which a transaction is facilitated: any thing used as a medium: in contempt."

No. 537. PAGE 233. *Motto.* From the Φαινόμενα of Aratus of Soli, as quoted in the *New Testament* (Acts xvi. 28).

PAGE 234. *Pascal. Pensées*, I. iv. 7.

PAGE 235. *Cicero. De Senectute*, 21, 78.

PAGE 237. *An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the fragments of Orpheus.* The author is John Hughes (See *B. I.*). The words '*the 375th on Virtue in Distress*' do not appear in *A*. The *Ode* is announced in No. 540 (*A*). It was published on 26th November (No. 546, *A*).

No. 538. PAGE 238 *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* II. i. 1-2. Addison printed '*Finem*' for '*Legem.*' In *A* the motto is '*Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge.* Hor.'

No. 539. PAGE 244. *Eustace.* Hence probably the ascription of this letter to Budgell. The next has been given to John Hughes.

— *To the Town and a Scarf.* So all the texts: but some editors (quite unnecessarily) read *Gown* for *Town.*

— *So many pretty Additions* etc. . . . *Bullock or Penkethman* etc. *Cf.* The *Tatler*, No. 89. "I was very well pleased this Evening, to hear a Gentleman express a very becoming Indignation against a Practice which I my self have been very much offended at. There is nothing (said he) more ridiculous, than for an Actor to insert Words of his own in the Part he is to act, so that it is impossible to see the Poet for the Player: You'l have *Pinkethman* and *Bullock* helping out *Beaumont* and *Fletcher.* It puts me in Mind (continued he) of a Collection of antique Statues which I once saw in a Gentleman's Possession, who employ'd a neighbouring Stone-Cutter to add Noses, Ears, Arms, or Legs to the maimed Works of *Phidias* or *Praxiteles.* . . . I remember a *Venus*, that by the Nose he had given her, looked like Mother Shipton; and a *Mercury*, with a Pair of Legs that seemed very much swelled with a Dropsy."

— *Bullock* or *Penkethman.* See notes, *ante*, p. 314.

No. 540. PAGE 245. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 143.

— *Your criticism on Milton.* Vol. v. *passim.* There are several indications in the *Tatler* of Steele's appreciation of Spenser (*e.g.* No. 194).

PAGE 247, line 3. '*Love's Fit*,' ed. Collier

— *Care and his House.* Steele's reference should be iv 5, 32, 34, 35.

— *Who was so weel.* '*Sa weel*,' ed. Collier.

— *Nails prepared.* 'Unpared,' ed. Collier.

No. 541. PAGE 248. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 108-11.

PAGE 250. *Death! Confusion! King Lear*, II. iv. 93-5, 101 2.

— *Farewell! A long Farewell. Henry VIII.* III. ii. 351-8.

— *The Distrest Mother.* See note, vol. v. p. 290.

PAGE 251. *Alas! I am afraid. Macbeth*, II. ii. 9-13. No. 541.

—*Here satiate.* Dryden's *Don Sebastian*, I. i.

—*Caius Marius.* By Otway. I. i.

—*Hamlet.* III. i. 56-82.

PAGE 252. *The Orator's Weapon*, etc. This passage and the following are taken from Cicero's *De Oratore*, iii. 59, 220, etc.

PAGE 253. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* ii. 430. No. 542.

—*Writ to himself.* See note, vol. i. p. 310.

PAGE 255. *The wild Boar*, etc. See notes, vol. i. p. 322.

—*I have heard of a Person.* This might well be the 'learned Idiot,' Tom Folio, of the *Tatler* (No. 158), who had "a greater esteem for *Aldus* and *Elzevir* than for *Virgil* and *Horace*." He is said by some to have been a Mr. Thomas Rawlinson.

—*I have been scrupulous perhaps to a Fault.* If this is to be taken seriously, it is disingenuous. See the Notes *passim*, and, in especial, those dealing with Addison's unacknowledged use of Le Bossu's treatise (vol. iv. pp. 292-3, and v. p. 286).

PAGE 256. *Tully's observations.* See the preceding paper.

—*Philo-Spec's* letter is a very definite intimation of the close of the *Spectator*. See note, *supra*, p. 316.

PAGE 257. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* ii. 13-14. No. 543.

PAGE 260. *Poem, Entitled Creation.* By Sir Richard Blackmore. See note, vol. i. p. 315.

PAGE 261. *Motto.* Terence, *Adelphi*, v. 1-4. No. 544.

—*That passage in your writings.* Sir Roger's meeting with Sukey (No. 410), ascribed by some to Tickell.

PAGE 263. *Camperfelt*, or Kempenfelt. *Cf.* note, vol. i. p. 311.

PAGE 264. *Though I am become a Country Gentleman. Cf.* No. 474, *supra.*

—*In the same Tully. Tusc. Quaest.* v. 35, 100.

—*Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 99-100. No. 545.

PAGE 265. Steele (if he was the author of this satirical letter from the Emperor of China) may have been familiar with Father Charles le Gobien's History of the Edict of Toleration granted by the Emperor, published in 1698.

PAGE 268. *John Sly. Ante*, p. 319.

PAGE 269. *Motto.* Cicero, *De Officiis*, iii. 12, 51. No. 546.

—*Mr. Cibber was introducing a French Play.* This was *Ximena, or the Heroic Daughter*, founded on Corneille's *Cid.* It was first acted at Drury Lane on 28th Nov., and ran for a few nights. It was revived on Nov. 1. 1718, when it was altered in some parts.

Mrs. Oldfield. See *B. I.*

He expected I would do him Justice. Cf. Cibber's *Apology.* "We knew too the Obligations the Stage had to his Writings; there being scarce a Comedian of Merit, in our whole Company, whom his Tatlers had not made better, by his publick Recommendation of them. And many Days had our House been particularly fill'd, by the Influence, and Credit of his Pen" (p. 289, ed. 1740). The same sentiment occurs in his *Dedication* of the *Heroic Daughter*; where, too, will be found the passage in which, in a metaphor borrowed from Dryden's *Don Sebastian*, Cibber likens Addison to

No. 546. a wren borne aloft on the wings of the eagle Steele, and finally mounting above his helpmate. (*Theatre*, ed. Nichols, II. 330.) Steele gave a kindly snub to Cibber's extravagant zeal in No. 12 of the *Theatre* (*ib.* I. p. 101, etc.).

PAGE 270. *The Honesty of an Author.* *Cf.* note, *supra*, p. 321.

— *Mr. John Moreton.* See note, vol. iii. p. 323

No. 547. PAGE 272. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* II. ii. 149-151.

PAGE 273. *Sir William Read.* See No. 472 (vol. vi.) and *B. I.* In No. 502 (*A*) he 'publishes his cures' from his house in Durham-yard in the Strand—"The Lady Yollop, aged 70, Couch'd of a Cataract, and restor'd to sight," etc.

— *Dr. Grant.* See *ib.*, and *B. I.* Also *Tatler*, No. 55.

— *Mr. Moore.* See *B. I.*

PAGE 274. *Mrs. Baldwin.* The *Spectator* was sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick Lane, who also took in advertisements.

— *Delightful Blushing Colour.* A hit at a familiar advertisement, in the daily issue, of the 'Red Bavarian Liquor.'

No. 548. PAGE 275. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* I. iii. 68-9.

PAGE 276. *Poetical Justice.* Mr. Spectator is poking fun at Dennis. See note, vol. i. p. 331.

— *Winding up your Bottoms.* Bottom, a skein or ball of thread: *Cf.* Prior, *An Epitaph*, 47-48—

> "Each Christmas they accompts did clear
> And wound their bottom round the year."

— *Boileau. Satires*, iv. 39-40.

PAGE 278. Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 426-8 and 429-30.

PAGE 279. The last paragraph is added in the octavo reprint.

No. 549. — *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. 1-2.

— *An old Usurer.* Horace, *Epod.* ii. 67-70.

PAGE 280. *Lucky Hits . . . Favours of Providence.* *Cf.* Pope *Moral Essays*, *Epist.* iii. 375.

> "Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
> Ascribes his gettings to his part and merit;
> What late he called a blessing, now was wit,
> And God's good Providence, a lucky hit."

No. 550. PAGE 282. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 138.

PAGE 283. *Jenny Man's.* See vol. vi. p. 288.

— *A Coffee House in Paul's.* Probably Child's. See note, vol. i. p. 310.

No. 551. PAGE 284. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 400-1.

PAGE 288. *That excellent Epitaph* (p. 289). Taken from Cowley's *Essay* 'Of Myself.'

No. 552. PAGE 291. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* II. i. 13-14.

— *Peter Motteux.* See Motteux's letter in No. 288 (vol. iv. p. 288, and note). See *B. I.*

— *Poem upon Tea.* Advertised in No. 475 (*A*) as just published, 'price 6d.'

No. 553. PAGE 294. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* I. xiv. 36.

PAGE 296. *Dextro tempore.* Horace, *Sat.* II. i. 18.

— *Si validus.* Horace, *Epist.* I. xiii. 3.

PAGE 297. *Cook*, i.e. Coke. *Cf.* vol. i. p. 8.

PAGE 298. *Ugly Faces.* See No. 17 (vol. i. p. 66), etc. No. 553.

— *Phaedria.* A reference to the quotation from Terence's *Eunuchus* in No. 170 (vol. iii. p. 4).

— *Motto.* Virgil, *Georg.* iii. 8-9. No. 554.

— *The Author of a Poem just Published.* John Hughes. See note, *supra*, p. 320.

— *A celebrated French Author.* ? Fontenelle.

PAGE 299. *Mr. Boyle.* See note, *supra*, p. 318; and *B. I.*

— *To a Third.* Sir Isaac Newton. *Cf.* No. 543.

PAGE 302. *Presses Lucceius.* Cicero, *Epist. ad Diversos*, V. xii.

— *I must confess.* Pliny's Letter to Capito (*Epist.* V. viii.).

PAGE 303. *Motto.* Persius, *Sat.* iv. 51. No. 555.

— *CLIO.* Chalmers pertinently remarks, "The letters C, L, I, O, seem to have suggested the name of the Muse to Steele *currente calamo*; but it does not appear that he had either the least intention or authority to explain the meaning of Addison's signatures." He is rather doubtful (as he might well be) of the value of Calder's interpretation that C stood for Chelsea, L for London, I for Ireland, and O for Office, the places at which Addison is alleged to have written his papers. See the *Spectator's* humorous account, No. 221 (vol. iii.).

PAGE 304. *The Tender Husband* was produced at Drury Lane on April 23, 1705. In a Dedicatory Letter to Addison, which was prefixed to the printed copy, Steele wrote: "My purpose, in this application, is only to shew the esteem I have for you, and that I look upon my intimacy with you as one of the most valuable enjoyments of my life. At the same time, I hope I make the Town no ill compliment for their kind acceptance of this Comedy, in acknowledging that it has so far raised my opinion of it, as to make me think it no improper memorial of an inviolable friendship" (*Epist. Correspond.* i. p. 88). Addison wrote the Prologue.

— *Epilogue to the Distressed Mother.* See notes, vols. iv. p. 296, v. 290.

PAGE 305. *Tax on each half Sheet.* See note, vol. vi. p. 294.

— *The following Letter*—'Give me leave before I conclude to insert a Letter which.' *A.*

PAGE 308. *Sir Godfrey Kneller.* See No. 33 (vol. i.) and *B. I.*

— For the contributors named in this paper see *B. I.*

— The *Postscript* is added in the octavo. In *A* '*vos valete*' etc. is placed after the letter of Dec. 4, 1712.

NOTES TO VOL. VIII

THE *Spectator* proper concluded with No. 555 in the seventh volume, in which Steele bade farewell to his readers. After an interval of eighteen months, Addison 'opened' Mr. Spectator's mouth, and addressed his old public in the following papers. These supplementary essays appeared on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The series ran to but eighty numbers, and Addison and his bookseller were careful to inform the public that it, with the earlier "constellation" of "seven stars," completed the tale of the gossip of the Spectator Club. In the present volume there are not a few examples of the happy humour which characterizes the previous volumes, but the general tone is too didactic. It proved too dull for the tea-tables which had been taught to enjoy the "janty Air and easy Motion" of the earlier numbers. The dedication of this volume to the imaginary William Honeycomb, Esq., instead of to a real patron, as in all the other volumes, is at once Addison's compliment to his happy collaboration with Steele, and a proclamation of the true kinship of this posthumous child. **Dedication.**

PAGE 5. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 471-5. **No. 556.**

— *Opening my mouth.* In the preceding volumes Mr. Spectator is drawn as possessed of a remarkable "taciturnity." See note, vol. i. p. 309.

— *Croesus.* Herodotus, I. lxxxv.

PAGE 6. *Button's.* The famous Covent Garden Coffee-house established by Addison's old servant Daniel Button was much frequented by the contributors to the *Spectator*, notably Philips, Tickell, Budgell, and Carey. It was the receiving-office for papers intended for the *Guardian*, and it was there that Ambrose Philips (according to a lively tradition) affixed the rod which was to chastise Pope for his unfriendly article in that paper.

— *Child's.* See note, vol. i. p. 310.

— *The Englishman* was Steele's Whig continuation of the *Guardian*.

— *The Examiner* was the Tory organ to which Swift contributed.

PAGE 7. *Nil fuit*, etc. Horace, *Sat.* I. iii. 18. The text reads 'Sic impar.'

— *Jew at Jonathan's.* See note, vol. i. p. 310.

PAGE 8. *A most unnatural ferment.* An allusion to the excited political condition during this month, caused by the fears of the Queen's early death. Thomas Harley writes next day to Swift:—"But, seriously, you never heard such bellowing about the town of the state of the nation, especially among the sharpers, sellers of bear-skins [stock-jobbers], and the rest of that kind, not such crying

No. 556. and squalling among the ladies; insomuch that it has at last reached the House of Commons; which I am sorry for, because it is hot and uneasy sitting there in this season of the year." (See Swift's *Correspondence.*)

No. 557. PAGE 8. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* i. 665.

PAGE 9. *British Preacher.* Tillotson, 'Of Sincerity towards God and Man.' The *Spectator* persistently uses the words 'British' and 'Britain,' and this rather extreme application to the great Anglican divine gives point to the protests of Swift and Prior.

PAGE 10. *Ambassador of Bantam. Cf.* the Letter of the Indian King, vol. i. No. 50 (and note).

No. 558. PAGE 12. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* I. i. 1-19.

No. 559. PAGE 15. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* I. i. 20-2.

No. 560. PAGE 18. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* i. 746.

— *The famous Conjuror.* Duncan Campbell, *u.s.* See *B.I.*

PAGE 20. *Hudibras*, I. i. 81-2.

— *Speaking Head.* See Mr. A. W. Ward's Introduction to Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (p. xxv.).

— *Bantamite.* See No. 557, in this volume.

No. 561. PAGE 21. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* i. 724-6.

PAGE 23. *Pictures of their deceased Husbands.* A humorous reference to the portraits of the Kit-Cat Club (see vol. i. p. 317).

PAGE 24. *Irish Gentleman. Cf.* vols. i. p. 173, iv. p. 237.

No. 562. — *Motto.* Terence, *Eunuchus*, I. ii. 112.

— *Cowley.* The opening passage of the essay 'Of Myself.' Cowley's text reads 'for a man to *write* of himself.'

PAGE 25. *The Gentlemen of Port Royal. . . . Egotism.* This would seem to be the first example of the word 'egotism.' See the *New English Dictionary*, where Addison's statement as to its origin is accepted with hesitation. In Hatzfeld and Darmesteter's French Dictionary the word is said to be derived from the English. The word does not appear to be used in either the Port-Royal Logic or Rhetoric.

PAGE 26. *Scaliger.* "*Monsieur de Montagnes.* Son Père estoit vendeur de harenc. La grande fadaise de Montagne, qui a escrit qu'il aymoit mieux le vin blanc, que diable a t'on à faire de sçavoir ce qu'il ayme? Ceux de Génève ont esté bien impudens d'en oster plus d'un tiers" (*Scaligerana, sive excerpta ex ore Josephi Scaligeri. Per F.F. P.P.* Geneva, 1666, page 231).

No. 563. PAGE 28. *Motto.* Lucan, *Pharsalia*, i. 135.

— *John a Styles*, etc. See p. 78.

No. 564. PAGE 31. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* I. iii. 117-9.

No. 565. PAGE 34. *Motto.* Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 221-2.

PAGE 35. *When I still enlarged the Idea. Cf. Tatler*, No. 119 (conclusion).

— *Huygenius.* The Dutch natural philosopher Christian Huygens van Zuylichem.

No. 566. PAGE 38. *Motto.* Ovid, *Ars Amat.* ii. 233.

No. 567. PAGE 42. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 493.

— *An M and an h* etc. 'Marlborough' and 'Treasurer.'

— *Tom Br-wn.* Tom Brown. See *B.I.*

No. 568. PAGE 44. *Motto.* Martial, *Epigr.* I. xxxviii. 2.

PAGE 46. *The Whole Duty of Man.* See vol. i. p. 330. By 'J. F.' (Bishop Fell, *infra*): but the authorship is uncertain. (See Boswell's 'Johnson' (ed. Birkbeck Hill, ii. 239).) No. 568.

PAGE 47. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 434-6. No. 569.

— *Whets.* See note, vol. i. p. 343. Also vol. iii. p. 200.

PAGE 49. 'Publilius Syrus 3.—'Absentem laedit, cum ebrio qui litigat.'

— *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet* 322. No. 570.

— *Cetera de genere*, etc. Horace, *Sat.* I. i. 13-14.

PAGE 50. *Master of the House.* Mr. Daintry. See *B.I.*

PAGE 51. *Charles Mathers.* *Ante*, vols. v. p. 28, vii. p. 109. See *B.I.*

— *Motto.* ? No. 571.

PAGE 52. *A Former Spectator—i.e.* No. 565. *Cf.* also Nos. 580, 590, and 628.

PAGE 55. Seneca, *Epist.* xli. 2.

— *If a man love*, etc. John xiv. 23.

PAGE 56. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* II. i. 115-6. No. 572.

— *Essay against Quacks.* *Cf.* No. 444, vol. vi. p. 170.

PAGE 58. *Fotus*, fomentation.

PAGE 59. *Mr. Dryden's Translation.* *Æneis*, xii. 585-597, 607-633.

— Chalmers repeats an editorial statement that this paper was written by Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, and was altered by Addison. See note to No. 633.

PAGE 60. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* ii. 35. No. 573.

PAGE 66. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, IV. ix. 45-9. No. 574.

PAGE 67. *Aristippus.* Plutarch, 'On Tranquillity,' viii.

PAGE 68. *Life of Dr. Hammond . . . by Bishop Fell.* 1st edit. 1661.

PAGE 69. *Motto.* Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 226. No. 575.

PAGE 72. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* ii. 72-3. No. 576.

PAGE 75. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* vi. 614-5. No. 577.

PAGE 76. *Paradise Lost*, ii. 879-882.

PAGE 78. *John a Nokes . . . Kinsman Blank.* *Ante*, pp. 28-9.

PAGE 79. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* xv. 167-8. No. 578.

— *The Persian Tales.* Another puff of Ambrose Philips, whose *Thousand and One Days' Persian Tales, translated from the French*, is advertised in No. 576 (*A*) as published that day.

PAGE 83. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 132. No. 579.

PAGE 86. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* i. 175-6. No. 580.

— *Two Last Letters.* See Nos. 565 and 571, and note on p. 52.

PAGE 90. *Motto.* Martial, *Epigr.* i. 16. No. 581.

PAGE 92. *Passages in a Lover.* Steele's *Lover, written in imitation of the Tatler, by Marmaduke Myrtle, Gent.*, ran to 40 numbers (25th Feb. to 27th May 1714).

PAGE 93. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* vii. 51-2. No. 582.

PAGE 95. *William Ramsey's Vindication of Astrology.* William Ramsey or Ramesey was the author of several works, including *Lux Veritatis; or Christian Judicial Astrology Vindicated*, 1651.

— *Motto.* Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 112-5. No. 583.

PAGE 99. *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclog.* x. 42-3. No. 584.

PAGE 102. *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclog.* v. 62-4. No. 585.

PAGE 105. *Motto.* Cicero, *De Div.* ? No. 586.

— The letter in this number is ascribed to John Byrom (see *B.I.*).

No. 587. PAGE 108. *Motto.* Persius, *Sat.* iii. 30.
--Fomes Peccati. Cf. Owen, *Temptation* (1658) vii. 126. "Naturall tempers . . . prove a great Fomes of Sinne." See *New Eng. Dict.*

No. 588. PAGE 111. *Motto.* Cicero, *De Nat. Deor.* i. 44 (124).
This paper is by Henry Grove. See *B. I.*

No. 589. PAGE 116. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* viii. 774-6.
PAGE 117. Dryden's *Æneis*, ix. 125-148.
PAGE 118. *Apollonius* (Rhodius), ii.

No. 590. PAGE 119. *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* xv. 179-185.
— Essays upon Infinitude. See note on No. 580 *supra.*
PAGE 121. *Mr. Cowley. Davideis*, i. 361.
PAGE 122. *Embassady.* A unique usage, probably a mistake for 'Embassade.' The form 'Ambassady' is found in Luttrell's *Brief Relation* (iii. 65): on which the editor of the *New Eng. Dict.* remarks, "? mistake for *Ambassadry*, or confusion between it and *Ambassade.*"

No. 591. PAGE 123. *Motto.* Ovid, *Trist.* III. iii. 73.
This paper has been ascribed to Eustace Budgell, and the verses in it to his brother Gilbert (see *B. I.*).

No. 592. PAGE 126. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 409.
The opening paragraph in this paper would seem to have suggested the lines in the *Dunciad* III. (253 etc.).

"In yonder cloud behold,
Whose sars'net skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! His nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls. 256

Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease 261
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of peas;
And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

Pope adds as a note to l. 256, "Like Salmoneus in *Æn.* vi."
—The New Thunder, the invention of 'surly' John Dennis. *Cf.* Pope's note (1729) to the lines in the *Dunciad* (II. 225-6).

"'Tis yours to shake the soul
With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl."

"The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, ''Sdeath! that is *my* Thunder.'" The fuller story runs thus:—"In 1709, Mr. John Dennis's tragedy entitled 'Appius and Virginia' was acted. The author on that occasion introduced a new or an improved method of making thunder. His tragedy did not succeed, but his other invention met with the approbation of the managers, and continues in use upon the stage to this day. Mr. Dennis soon after discovered it in the tragedy of Macbeth: the discovery threw him into a fury, and, being addicted to swearing, he exclaimed: "'Sdeath! that's my

thunder. 'See how the fellows use me; they have silenced my tragedy, and they roar out my thunder.' (The references will be found in Elwin and Courthope's Pope, iv. 332.) No. 592.

PAGE 126. *Salmoneus. Cf. ante*, vol. i. p. 134.

— *Rymer's Edgar.* Thomas Rymer's unfortunate 'heroick Tragedy' *Edgar, or the English Monarch* was licensed on Sept. 13, 1677, and printed in 1678. (See Genest, i. p. 223.) The phrase "at the next acting of *King Lear*" is obviously a reference to Rymer's censure of Shakespeare and his contemporaries in his *Tragedies of the Last Age Considered* and his *Short View of Tragedy*. So, too, are the subsequent paragraphs on the 'rigid criticks.'

PAGE 127. *Run of three Days.* The author's reward for such success was a benefit on the third night.

— *Among the French.* Addison does not name Le Bossu. See notes, vols. iv. pp. 292, 296, v. 286.

PAGE 128. *Terence. Andria.* Prologue, 20-1.

— *Dr. South. Sermons* (ed. 1842), p. 168.

PAGE 129. *Pliny. Nat. Hist.* xxxvii. 3.

— *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 270-1. No. 593.

PAGE 131. *Cato.* By Addison. Act. V. sc. iii. 9-13, and V. iv. 27-34.

Motto. Horace, *Sat.* I. iv. 81-5. No. 594.

— *A little French Book.* André Felibien, *Description de l'Abbaye de la Trape*, Paris, 1689.

PAGE 134. *Motto.* Horace, *Ars Poet.* 12-13. No. 595.

PAGE 136. *Motto.* Ovid, *Heroides*, xv. 79. No. 596.

PAGE 139. *Motto.* Petronius, ? No. 597.

PAGE 140. *New River.* See vol. i. p. 21.

— *Those noisy Slaves. Cf.* No. 251, vol. iii. p. 305.

PAGE 141. *A Small-coal-man.* This has been said to be an allusion to Tom Britton, whose portrait by Woolaston was engraved by Vertue. See Prior's *Lines written under the Print* (Aldine edit. ii. p. 275).

PAGE 142. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* x. 28-30. No. 598.

PAGE 144. *Trophonius's Cave.* See vol. vii. pp. 116, 314.

— *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 368-9. No. 599.

PAGE 145. *Trophonius.* See No. 598 and note.

PAGE 146. *French Protestants. Cf.* vol. v. p. 29. Also note ii. p. 338.

— *Funeral.* Perhaps a reference to Steele's play.

PAGE 148. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 641. No. 600.

— *A learned Person.* Identified as Lancelot Addison, the Essayist's father, author of *West Barbary; or a short Narrative of the Revolutions of the Kingdoms of Fez and Morocco.* Oxford, 1671.

PAGE 149. *Dr. Tillotson somewhere says.* Sermon clxv. (ed. Birch).

PAGE 150. *One of the greatest modern Philosophers.* Locke, in his *Human Understanding* (ii.).

PAGE 153. *Motto.* Marcus Aurelius, ix. 42. No. 601.

— *Once before.* See No. 588 (p. 111).

PAGE 156. *Homo qui*, etc. Ennius, quoted in Cicero, *De Officiis*, i. 16, 51.

No. 602. PAGE 157. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* vi. 110.
PAGE 158. *Emperor of the Mohocks.* See note, vol. v. p. 285.
— *Scowring.* See note, vol. iv. p. 294.
PAGE 159. *Mr. Dryden's Translation.* The first passage is ll. 156-171, and the second ll. 242-260 of his *First Book of Ovid's Art of Love.*

No. 603. PAGE 160. *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclog.* viii. 68.
— These verses have been ascribed to John Byrom, referred to above (see *B.I.*). 'Phebe' is believed to be Joanna ('Jug'), daughter of Richard Bentley, afterwards wife of Denison Cumberland, grandson of the Bishop of Peterborough. It was she who told her son, Richard Cumberland, that her father (to whom the *Spectator* was read daily by his children) "was so particularly amused by the character of Sir Roger de Coverley that he took his literary decease most seriously to heart."

No. 604. PAGE 163. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, I. xi. 1-3.
— *Lapland.* Probably derived from Scheffer's book. See notes, vol. v. p. 295, and vol. vi. p. 288.
— *Scotland . . . Second Sight.* See notes on Duncan Campbell, vol. v. p. 285, and vol. vii. p. 317.
PAGE 164. *Grand Cairo.* See note, vol. i. p. 309.

No. 605. PAGE 165. *Motto.* Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 51-2.
— *Casuist.* See Nos. 591, 602, and Nos. 614, 623, and 625.

No. 606. PAGE 169. *Motto.* Virgil, *Georg.* i. 293-4.
PAGE 170. *As soon as their mourning is over.* Queen Anne died on 1st August 1714.
PAGE 172. *The Story of her Web.* Homer, *Odyssey*, ii.

No. 607. PAGE 173. *Motto.* Ovid, *Ars Amat.* ii. 1-2.
PAGE 174. *Dr. Plott's Natural History of Staffordshire.* See note, vol. vi. p. 295.
PAGE 175. *Pryke*, goad.
— An account of the better-known custom at Dunmow will be found in Leland (ed. Hearne). See also Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 748.

No. 608. PAGE 177. *Motto.* Ovid, *Ars Amat.* i. 633.
— "Lord Macaulay, in a letter published p. 1433 *** of Mr. Bohn's edition of Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual*, calls this paper 'undoubtedly Addison's, and one of his best,' although not claimed, because he could not own it without admitting what Lord Macaulay rightly considered quite as obvious, his authorship of No. 623." (Note in Mr. Morley's edition.)
PAGE 178. *Honey-Money.* So in the early texts; changed, unnecessarily, by later editors, to 'Honeymoon.'

No. 609. PAGE 179. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* i. 86.
— *A Day . . . when . . . you will not have many spare Minutes.* George I. was crowned at Westminster on this day.
PAGE 180. *Child's.* See note, vol. i. p. 310.
PAGE 181. *Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work.* See notes, vol. i. pp. 325, 326.
— *The Hilpas and the Nilpas.* See Nos. 584, 585.
— *Your Histories in Embroidery*, etc. See No. 606.

PAGE 182. *Our own Country.* There was a tapestry factory at Chelsea. No. 609.

— *Motto.* Seneca, *Thyestes*, 398-403. No. 610.

— *Nothing can be great*, etc. Longinus, *On the Sublime*, vii.

PAGE 183. *The Story of Gyges. Cf.* the *Tatler*, No. 138 and 243.

— *Cowley's Relation.* From 'The Country Life (Lib. iv. Plantarum)' in *Essays*, iv. ('Of Agriculture').

PAGE 185. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 366-7. No. 611.

PAGE 186. *Front Box.* See note, vol. ii. p. 323.

PAGE 187. *Last Wednesday in the Abbey.* See note to No. 609.

PAGE 189. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 529-32. No. 612.

PAGE 192. *Motto.* Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 564. No. 613.

— *Visiting-Days.* See note, vol. i. p. 324.

PAGE 193. *What shall I do*, etc. Cowley, *The Motto* ('Miscellanies,' p. 1, edit. 1700).

— *The Melancholy Cowley.*

> "Where reverend Cham cuts out his famous way
> The Melancholy *Cowley* lay."
>
> *The Complaint.* 'Verses written on Several Occasions,' ed. 1700, p. 25.

PAGE 196. *Monimia* is the name of the leading female character in Otway's *Orphan.*

— *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 15-19. No. 614.

PAGE 198. *Andromache . . . Mr Philips.* See note, vol. v. p. 290.

— *Cowell's Interpreter.* The passage is taken from the article on 'Free-bench' in Cowell's *Law Dictionary; or the Interpreter of Words and Terms, used either in the Common or Statute Laws . . . and in Tenures and Jocular Customs. . . . Very much augmented and improved*, London, 1708, fol. It does not occur in the early quarto editions.

PAGE 199. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, IV. ix. 47-52. No. 615.

PAGE 200. *Book of Wisdom*, xvii.

PAGE 201. *Horace. Odes*, III. iii.

PAGE 202. *Motto.* Martial, *Epigr.* I. ix. 2. No. 616.

— *Cicero.* Perhaps *De Officiis*, i. 29.

203. *Past two a clock*, etc. is a formula of the night-watchman. "Two in the Morning is the Word, old Boy" (*A*).

PAGE 204. *Clip'd the King's English.* See references in note to 'Mobile' in No. 617.

— *Sir Richard.* Is this an allusion to Steele's recent Protestant ebullitions?

— *Motto.* Persius, *Sat.* i. 99-102. No. 617.

PAGE 205. *Marrow-bone and Cleaver.* Frequently referred to about this time as the instruments of mob-music. *Cf. Tatler*, No. 153, and see the sixth plate of Hogarth's *Idle and Industrious Apprentices.*

— *The Mobile.* This word (placed in contrast with 'mob' in the letter on p. 203) was hardly an antiquated form at this time. See vol. ii. p. 193 and note; also the quotations in Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary* (art. 'mob').

— *The Cleveland* (*i.e.* the author John Cleveland). Dryden, in the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, uses the word Clevelandism for 'a

No. 617. wresting and torturing a word into another meaning'; and, later, he adds, "to express a thing hard and unnaturally, is his new way of elocution. . . . We cannot read a verse of Cleveland's without making a face at it, as if every word were a pill to swallow: he gives us many times a hard nut to break our teeth, without a kernel for our pains" (ed. Scott and Saintsbury, xv. 287, 311).

PAGE 205. The verses are a translation of a passage in Strada's *Prolusiones Academicae*. (Prolusio Sexta, Academia Secunda, p. 320, ed. Leyden, 1627.) See also note, vol. iii. p. 322.

No. 618. PAGE 207. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* I. iv. 40-2.

PAGE 209. *Mr. Eusden.* In *A* (No. 606) "This day is published a Letter to Mr. Addison, on the King's Accession to the Throne, by Mr Eusden. Printed for J. Tonson."

No. 619. — *Motto.* Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 369-370.

— *If the several letters . . . were published.* Two volumes were published in 1725 by Charles Lillie, the perfumer and news-agent. See note, vol. i. p. 310.

PAGE 210. *An Alderman.* "An allusion to John Barber, who had been a bookseller, was at this time an alderman, and afterwards Lord Mayor of London." (*Note in Chalmers's edit.*)

— *Dumb Man. Ante*, p. 18, note.

— *Love Casuist. Ante*, p. 270 (No. 605).

— *Society of Reformers.* See note, vol. i. p. 316.

— *Nonumque*, etc. Horace, *Ars Poet.* 388.

PAGE 211. *The Upholsterer. Ante*, vol. i. p. 184 and note.

— *Dapperwit. Ante*, vol. vii. pp. 136, 210, 224.

— *Monimia.* See p. 196 and note.

No. 620. — *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 792.

— *The Prospect of Peace* (see vol. vii. pp. 317-319) and *The Royal Progress* were written by Thomas Tickell.

PAGE 214. *That fair Hill.* A note is added in the duodecimo edition of 1715,—"Mr. Flamstead's House."

PAGE 215. *Halifax.* See the Dedication to vol. ii. and note.

No. 621. PAGE 216. *Motto.* Lucan, *Pharsalia*, ix. 11-14.

PAGE 217. *Dryden. The Cock and the Fox*, ll. 455-460.

No. 622. PAGE 218. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* I. xviii. 103.

No. 623. PAGE 220. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 24-29.

— *Love-Casuist.* See p. 270 (No. 605).

— *An ancient Custom.* See p. 198.

PAGE 221. *Barnaby bright.* St. Barnabas' Day, the 'longest day,' 11th June (O. S.). It was also called Long Barnaby, and Barnaby-day.

No. 624. PAGE 223. *Motto.* Horace, *Sat.* II. iii. 77-9.

PAGE 224. *Acted*, actuated. See note, vol. iii. p. 314.

No. 625. PAGE 225. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, III. vi. 23-4.

— *Love Casuist. Ante*, p. 270 (No. 605).

PAGE 228. *Child's.* See note, vol. i. p. 310.

No. 626. — *Motto.* Ovid, *Metam.* iv. 284.

— *A little work of a learned man.* Mr. Morley finds an allusion to the *Meditations* of Robert Boyle.

No. 627. PAGE 233. *Motto.* Virgil, *Eclog.* ii. 3-5.

PAGE 235. *Motto.* Horace, *Epist.* I. ii. 43. No. 628.

— *Those upon Infinitude.* See No. 590 and note.

PAGE 236. The passage from Addison's *Cato* printed in the text is almost the entire first scene of the fifth Act, which is a soliloquy by Cato, described thus in the stage direction: "Cato *solus*, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him." Regarding the Latin translation, Nichols supplies an interesting note. "This beautiful translation, which fame and Dr. Kippis have attributed to Bishop Atterbury (and which on that authority, and on oral tradition in the University of Oxford, I had printed as his in the Select Collection of Poems, vol. v. p. 6), I afterwards found reason (vol. viii. p. 302) to ascribe to Dr. Henry Bland, headmaster of Eton school, provost of the College there, and dean of Durham (to whom it is also without hesitation ascribed by the last and best biographer of Addison); and have since had the honour of being assured by Mr. Walpole that it was the work of Bland; and that he has more than once heard his father, Sir Robert Walpole, say, that it was he himself who gave that translation to Mr. Addison, who was extremely surprised at the fidelity and beauty of it"

PAGE 238. *Motto.* Juvenal, *Sat.* i. 170-1. No. 629.

PAGE 240. *Brawn and Mince Pies.* Boar's-head (or brawner's head), Christmas- or mince- pies, and plum-porridge had come to be, since the days of the Commonwealth, the cherished delights of anti-Puritan households.

> "The high-shoe lords of Cromwell's making
> Were not for dainties—roasting, baking;
> The chiefest food they found most good in
> Was rusty bacon and bag-pudding;
> Plum-broth was popish, and mince-pie—
> O that was flat idolatry."

And *Hudibras* (I. ii. 225)—

> "Rather than fail, they will defy
> That which they love most tenderly;
> Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
> Their best and dearest friend, plumb-porridge"

Cf. vol. iv. p. 71, where Sir Roger de Coverley is hopeful of a Dissenter who ate plentifully of his plum-porridge at Coverley Hall. See the article in Chambers's *Book of Days*, ii. p. 755.

PAGE 241. *Motto.* Horace, *Odes*, III. i. 2. No. 630.

PAGE 243. *Thanksgiving.* This may be, as Chalmers says, a reference to the Proclamation, issued the day before the publication of this paper, for a thanksgiving for King George's accession, to be observed on 20th January.

— *Paradise Lost*, iii. 365-371.

PAGE 244. *Hockley in the Hole.* See note, vol. i. p. 326.

PAGE 245. *Motto* Horace, *Odes*, I. v. 5. No. 631.

— *In a Stage-Coach. Cf.* vol. ii. 181, 230, iii. 273, and vii. 221.

— *His Periwig, which cost no small Sum. Cf. Tatler* (No. 54)—"He answer'd *Phillis* a little abruptly at Supper the same

No. 631. Evening; upon which she threw his Periwig into the Fire. Well, said he, thou art a brave Termagant Jade; Do you know, Hussey, that fair Wig cost Forty Guineas?" *Cf* Pepys's reflections on the cost of periwigs, then coming into fashion. (Globe edition, by index.)

PAGE 245. *Plain Spanish.* Advertisements of 'Plain Spanish Snuff' are frequent in *A.* See also the preliminary announcement of the *Tatler.*

No. 632. PAGE 248. *Motto.* Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 545.

— *Gregorio Leti.* 1630-1701. A full account is given in Bayle's *Dictionary.*

PAGE 249. *You lately recommended. Ante*, p. 169.

— *May possibly ascribe.* An intended parallel to the last paper of the original series (No. 555): but not carried out.

PAGE 250. *The making of Grottos. Cf.* Pope's description of his Grotto at Twickenham (Elwin and Courthope, vi. 385), and his verses on the same (*ib.* iv. 494). See also *Spectator*, vol. i. p. 136.

No. 633. PAGE 251. *Motto.* Cicero, *Orator*, 34, 119.

— This paper has been ascribed to Zachary Pearce, the editor of Longinus. Internal evidence favours the view. See note to No. 572.

PAGE 254. *A Fragment of Longinus.* See the first *Fragment* in Pearce's Longinus (ed. 1762, p. 260).

No. 634. PAGE 256. *Motto.* Xenophon, ? , also *Diogenes Laertius*, ii. 5, 11, 27.

— *Longinus excuses Homer.* § ix. (Pearce, ed. 1762, p. 48.)

No. 635. PAGE 258. *Motto.* Cicero, *Somnium Scipionis*, 6.

— *A late Spectator.* No. 626, *ante*, p. 229. These papers have been ascribed to Henry Grove (see *B. I.*).

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

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OF CONTEMPORARY PERSONS NAMED OR REFERRED TO IN THE *SPECTATOR*.

[This Index includes the names of all contemporary persons referred to, or directly intended, in the text of the Spectator. *The more famous names in the literary, social, and political history of the time which appear in the Essays are entered for the sake of completeness, but are not described. Further information regarding some of the persons described will be found in the Notes.]*

Addison, Joseph (1672-1719).

Addison, Lancelot (1632-1703), Dean of Lichfield, father of Joseph Addison, probably the 'learned Person' of No. 600.

Anne, Queen (1665-1714).

Anthony, 'Trusty.' See *Aston, Anthony.*

Ascham, Mrs. of Conington, Cambridgeshire, grandmother of Lady Hatton, identified by some as the 'Emilia' of No. 302. See note, vol. iv. p. 297.

Aston, Anthony (fl. 1712-1731), actor and dramatist, perhaps 'Trusty Anthony' and 'The Man of the Bumper Tavern.' See iv. 292.

Atterbury, Francis (1662-1732), Bishop of Rochester.

Baldwin, Mrs. See vii. 274.

Barnes, Joshua (1654-1712), Professor of Greek at Cambridge, who, according to Bentley, 'knew as much Greek as a Greek cobbler.' His best literary attempt is *Gerania*, a whimsical voyage of the Lilliput type. See *Tatler*, No. 143.

Barrow, Isaac (1630-1677), mathematician, preacher, and theologian. He resigned his professorship at Cambridge in favour of his pupil Isaac Newton.

Baxter, Richard (1615-1691), author of the *Saints' Everlasting Rest.*

Beasniffe, Francis, the supposed 'F.B.' of No. 443.

Behn, Mrs. Aphra (1640-1689), dramatist and novelist.

Bell, Mr., named in the Essay on Signboards (No. 28).

Bentley, Joanna ('Jug'), daughter of Richard Bentley, married, in 1728, Denison Cumberland. She is the 'Phœbe' of Byrom's verses in No. 603. Her son was Richard Cumberland, Goldsmith's 'Terence of England,' author of the *Observer* and *Anecdotes of Spanish Painters.*

Bentley, Dr. Richard (1662-1742), scholar and [illegible]

Betterton, Thomas (1635?-1710), actor, 'the best in the world,' according to Pepys, and especially renowned in his Shakespearean rôles. The *Tatler* praises his rendering of Mark Antony, Hamlet, Henry VIII., and Othello (Nos. 1, 71, 167, etc.). He adapted seven dramas for the stage.

Beveridge, Dr. (1637-1708), Bishop of St. Asaph.

Bicknell, Mrs. (1695 ?-1723), actress, of Scottish descent, and sister of Mrs. Younger, actress. Steele praises her in the *Tatler* as well as in the *Spectator* (see note, v. 297). Her chief parts were, 'Miss Prue,' in Congreve's *Love for Love*, 'Lady Wrangle,' in Cibber's *Refusal*, and 'Miss Hoyden,' in Vanbrugh's *Relapse*.

Bird, William, servant at the St. James's Coffee-house (No. 24).

Blackmore, Sir Richard (d. 1729), physician-in-ordinary to William III., a voluminous writer in verse and prose. His *Prince Arthur*, a heroic poem, appeared in 1695. His *Satyr on Wit* (1700) was the occasion of a bitter Grub Street feud, in which Tom Brown, Garth, Sedley, Steele, and even Dryden joined. His *Nature of Man* appeared in 1711, and, in 1712, *Creation*, "a philosophical poem," which the *Spectator* praised.

Bland, Dr. Henry, Headmaster and Provost of Eton, Dean of Durham. See note, viii. 273.

Boileau Despréaux, Nicolas (1636-1711), French poet and critic.

Booth, Barton (1681-1733), actor, pupil of Dr. Busby. He was intended for the Church, but began as actor in Dublin. He was associated with Betterton at the New Haymarket (1705). He crowned his reputation in the 'Cato' of Addison's play (April 1713). He wrote a masque, *The Death of Dido* (1716).

Bouhours, Dominique (1628-1702), French littérateur, chiefly interesting for his critical work, *La manière de bien penser dans les ouvrages d'esprit*, Paris, 1687 (often reprinted).

Boul, Mr., auctioneer in Chandos-street. (No. 226).

Boyle, Henry, Lord Carleton (d. 1725), politician and holder of several important Government offices. Vol. iii. is dedicated to him. It was said that he prompted Addison to write his *Blenheim*.

Boyle, Hon. Robert (1627-1691), 14th child of the 'great' Earl of Cork, physicist and chemist, member of the Royal Society. He was also an Oriental student.

Brady, Dr. Nicholas (1659-1726), latterly incumbent of Richmond, Surrey. He was the collaborator with Nahum Tate in the well-known metrical version of the *Psalms*.

Brome, Dr., clergyman. See note, iv. 297-98.

Brook and Hellier. Thomas Brook and John Hellier, the leading wine-merchants of the day, whose advertisements are frequent in the *Spectator* (*A*). See notes, iv. 299, v. 294, and viii. 276.

Brown, Thomas ('Tom') (1663-1704), miscellaneous writer and wit. The most complete edition of his *Works* is the 4 vol. set of 1760.

Buck, Timothy. See vi. 143.

Buckingham, Duke of. See *Sheffield.*

Buckley, Samuel (d. 1741), printer in Amen Corner, the first publisher of the *Spectator.* See *Tatler*, No. 18.

Budgell, Eustace (1686-1737), miscellaneous writer. He was Addison's cousin, and collaborated with him in the *Spectator.* He wrote a translation of Theophrastus, started and carried on *The Bee* (1733-1735), contributed to the *Craftsman*, and issued some family monographs on the Boyle family. His later life was unhappy, and he committed suicide. His style is a poor imitation of the Addisonian.

Budgell, Gilbert, second brother of Eustace Budgell. See note to No. 591.

Bullock, Gabriel, a freeholder in Northamptonshire. See note, v. 287.

Bullock, William (1657?-1740?), actor, praised by Gildon and others, but quizzed in the *Tatler* (No. 188) in a comparison with Pinkethman (*q.v.*). See v. 287.

Burdock, Samuel, servant at the St. James's Coffee-house. See No. 24.

Burnet, Gilbert (1643-1715), Bishop of Salisbury, historian.

Burnet, Dr. Thomas (1635?-1715), philosophical writer, master of the Charterhouse; author of *Telluris Theoria Sacra*, 1681-9 (Englished in 1684 and 1689).

Busby, Richard ('Dr.') (1606-1695), the famous headmaster of Westminster School.

Button, Daniel. Proprietor of the famous Coffee-house (Button's) in Covent Garden. He had been Addison's servant. See vol. viii. p. 265 (note).

Byrom, John (1692-1763), poet. He contributed some pieces to the *Spectator.* His *Remains* were first published in 1773. He invented a system of shorthand.

Campbell, Duncan (1680?-1730), of Scottish origin, a conjuror and fortune-teller, the 'dumb man' of No. 560, and of the 14th *Tatler.* Defoe published an account of him in 1720. Another account, *Secret Memoirs*, appeared in 1732.

Carey, Mr., 'of New College, Oxford,' one of the contributors to the *Spectator* (see vii. 305). He is probably Walter Carey, M.P., afterwards Clerk of the Privy Council, the 'Umbra' of Pope's *4th Satire* and of the *Moral Essays* (*1st Epistle*). See especially Pope's *Three Gentle Shepherds, Umbra*, and *Sandys' Ghost*, where he is associated with Philips and Budgell (Elwin and Courthope, iv. 464, 468, 487). Spence names him as one of Addison's 'chief companions' before Addison married Lady Warwick.

Cassani, Guissepe, opera singer. See i. 22.

Cassini, Giovanni Domenico (1625-1712), astronomer, director of the Observatory at Paris.

Churchill, John, first Duke of Marlborough (1650-1722).

Cibber, Colley (1671-1757), actor and dramatic author, laureate. He wrote, wholly or partly, thirty plays, and he is said to have

collaborated in Steele's *Conscious Lovers*. The story of his theatrical life will be found in his *Apology*, and incidentally in the *Theatre* and *Anti-Theatre*. Steele was a generous admirer in both the *Tatler* and *Spectator*.

Clark, Mrs. Margaret, v. 286 9.

Clay, Stephen, of the Inner Temple, son of Edmund Clay, haberdasher. See note, ii. 133: also *Tatler*, No. 83.

Clayton, Thomas, of the royal orchestra, associated with Dieupart (*q.v.*) and Haym (*q.v.*) in concert schemes at Drury Lane, till the success of Italian opera at the Haymarket forced them to retire to York Buildings. He composed several operas and concert pieces, among them Addison's opera of *Rosamond*, which is said to be the worst of his feeble efforts. See iv. 290.

Cleland, Colonel, an alleged original of Will Honeycomb. (See notes, i. 311, 312.)

Cliff, Nathaniel, at 'The Bible and Three Crowns,' Cheapside. See iii. 85.

Clinch of Barnet, a public entertainer in Bartholomew Lane, behind the New Exchange. He imitated "the Flute, Double Curtel, the Organ with 3 Voices, the Horn, Huntsman, and Pack of Hounds . . . all performed by his natural Voice" (Advt. in 533 *A*).

Cole, Mrs. See note, v. 286.

Collier, Jeremy (1650-1726), essayist. His *Short View of the English Stage* appeared in 1698.

Congreve, William (1670-1729), dramatist.

Courant, Mr. ii. 274.

Coventry, Anne, Countess of. See note, vol. iv. p. 297.

Cowley, Abraham (1618-1667), poet.

Cowper, Baron, the supposed 'Manilius' of No. 467.

Crawley, Sir Ambrose. See note, iv. 297.

Dacier, André (1651-1722), classical scholar. His most important work was the translation of Aristotle's *Poetics* (1692), Englished anonymously in 1705.

Dacier, Madame Anne Tanneguy-Lefèvre (1654-1720), classical scholar, wife of André Dacier. She translated the *Iliad* (1699) and the *Odyssey* (1708).

Daintry, Mr. 'The Master of the House' in No. 570. Known as Captain Daintry, because of his connexion with the Trained Bands. See *Guardian*, No. 84.

Darcey, James, Sedbury, Yorkshire. ii. 274.

Dawks, Ichabod (1661-1730), printer, founder of *Dawks's News-Letter* (4 Aug. 1696). See vi. 296.

Dawson, 'Bully,' the supposed original of Shadwell's 'Captain Hackum,' a notorious ruffian of the neighbourhood of White Friars. He is introduced in Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living*.

Day, Mother. viii. 203.

Denham, Sir John (1615-1669), poet.

Dennis, John (1657-1734), critic. The references in the *Spectator* are, as in most contemporary writings, at the expense of the unpopular critic.

Dieupart, Charles (d. 1740?), a Frenchman, violinist and teacher of the harpsichord. He composed several pieces for the violin and flute. See *Clayton, Thomas.*

Dillon, Mr., optician in Long-Acre. iii. 304.

Dillon, Wentworth, fourth Earl of Roscommon (1633?-1685), poet.

Dogget, Thomas (d. 1721), actor, born in Dublin. In 1709-11 he was partner with Cibber, Wilks, and Swiney in the Haymarket management. His great part was Ben in *Love for Love*, which Congreve is said to have written for him. He wrote one play, *The Country Wake*, and played in it the part of Hob. See Cibber's *Apology, passim.*

Dorigny, Nicholas (1658-1746). He came to England in 1711, and was knighted in 1720, after engraving the Raphael cartoons. See notes, iii. 316, 318.

Dorset. See *Sackville.*

Dryden, John (1631-1700).

Duke, Colonel Robert. A supposed original of Sir Roger de Coverley. See note, iv. 298.

Dunlop, Alexander (1684-1747), professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow.

D'Urfey or **Durfey, Thomas** ('**Tom**') (1653-1723), a popular writer of songs and occasional verse and of a few dramas. His songs are collected in *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy, Songs Compleat*, and other publications. See note, i. 330; also viii. 284.

Dyer, John, publisher of *Dyer's News-letter.* See notes, i. 333, vi. 296.

Estcourt, Richard (1668 1712), actor and dramatist, in much repute as a wit and story-teller. He is the 'Tom Mirror' of the *Tatler* (No. 51). See notes, i. 317, iv. 292. No. 468 contains a panegyric on his death. D'Urfey has a *Prologue for Estcourt's Benefit Day* (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, ii. 346).

Etheredge, Sir George (1635?-1691), author of three comedies, *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub, She Would if she Could*, and *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, all of contemporary interest.

Eugene, Prince (1663-1736).

Eusden, Laurence (1688-1730), poet-laureate, author of occasional verse, including a contribution to Steele's *Miscellanies* of 1714 on the Milton critiques in the *Spectator.* He is satirized in the *Dunciad.*

Eyleses, The. See note, iii. 314.

Farquhar, George (1678-1707), dramatist.

Festeau, M., French surgeon. See v. 189.

Fielding or **Feilding, Robert** ('Handsome' or 'Beau') (1651?-1712), a notorious rake of the Denbigh family. He is the 'Orlando' of the *Tatler* (Nos. 50, 51).

Flamsteed, John (1646-1719), the first astronomer-royal.

Fleetwood, William (1656-1723), Bishop of St. Asaph, and afterwards of Ely.

Francham, Mr., of Norwich. vii. 316.

Fuller, Francis (1670-1706), medical writer, author of the *Medicina Gymnastica*. See ii. 122.

Garth, Sir Samuel (1661-1719), physician and littérateur, author of the *Dispensary*, (1699).

'Gatty,' Mrs. See vi. 150, vii. 155, and note.

George I. (1660-1727).

Golding, Mr. iii. 323.

Goodwin, Thomas, President of Magdalen College, Oxford. See vii. 313.

Graham, J., auctioneer, at the 'Three Chairs' in the Piazza, Covent Garden. i. 256

Grant, 'Dr.' Roger (d. 1724), oculist to Queen Anne and George I., yet known to be a quack. He lived in Mouse Alley, Wapping. See the reference to him in vol. vi. p. 173.

Grimaldi, Nicolino, or **Nicolini, Nicolino Grimaldi,** known as Signor Nicolini (i. 49), or Signor Grimaldi (i. 53), (1673—1726—), a famous Italian singer who came to England in 1708. His first appearance was in Haym's (*q.v.*) arrangement of Scarlatti's *Pyrrhus and Demetrius*. He sang in *Camilla*, *Almahide*, *Hydaspes*, and *Rinaldo*. *Cf.* D'Urfey's verses, entitled *Caponides: or Lyrical Remarks Made on the famous Signior Cavaliero Nico—— Grimaldi, knighted by the Doge of Venice*, etc. (*Pills to Purge Melancholy*, ii. 1).

Grove, Henry (1684-1738), dissenting preacher and tutor, contributor to the *Spectator*, and author of several sermons and essays on ethics and metaphysics.

Gumley, Mr., glass merchant in the New Exchange See vii. 315.

Gwyn, Eleanor ('Nell') (1650-1687), actress, mistress of Charles II.

Halifax. See *Montagu*.

Halley, Dr. Edmund (1656-1742), astronomer.

Handel (correctly **Haendel**), **George Frederick** (1685-1759), the well-known musical composer, of German origin. He arrived in England in 1710.

Hardwicke. See *Yorke*.

Harper, Robert, conveyancer. vii. 312.

Harris, Renatus, organ-builder. vii. 292.

Hart, Nicholas (b. 1698), sailor, 'the annual sleeper,' son of a tutor of William III. "He was a patient at St. Bartholomew's for stone and gravel . . . and, on 3rd August 1711, set his mark to an

account of himself, when he expected to fall asleep on the 5th of August, two days later. His account was signed by William Hill, sen., No. 1. Lincoln's Inn." (*Note in Mr. Morley's edition.*)

Haym, Nicolino Francesco (d. 1730?), musician and numismatist, of German origin, one of the Clayton trio (*q.v.*). He composed the operas of *Camilla* and *Etearco*, adapted many, and wrote some sonatas. He came to England in 1704.

Heidegger, John James (1659?-1749), of Swiss origin, manager of the opera-house and of the masquerades. His portrait is in the clock of the large masquerade ticket by Hogarth (1727), and at the window of Hogarth's 'Taste of the Town' (1724). See note, i. 316.

Hellier, John. See *Brook and Hellier.*

Henley, Anthony (d. 1711), politician and wit. He was a member of the Kit-Cat Club, and is said to have been a contributor to the *Tatler* and to the *Memoirs of Scriblerus.*

Henley, John ('Orator Henley') (1692-1756), a preacher, satirized in the *Dunciad* (ii. and iii.), author of a poem on *Esther* and of a number of pamphlets on oratory.

Heywood, James (1687-1776), linen-draper in Fish Street Hill, the 'Mr. Beaver' of No. 49 and the 'James Easy' of No. 268. He was the author of a volume of *Letters and Poems on Several Subjects* (1722).

Hill, Aaron (1685-1750), poet and letter-writer, author of the opera of *Rinaldo*, for which Handel wrote the score. He wrote seven plays, and his collected *Works* appeared in 4 vols. in 1753.

Hill, William, of Lincoln's Inn. See under *Hart, Nicholas.*

Hirst, James. See i. 343.

Hughes, John (1677-1720), contributor to the *Spectator*, as also to the *Tatler*, in which he is probably the 'Cælicolo' of No. 211. He sent, according to Carruthers, several pieces to the *Poetical Miscellanies* of 1714, but, alarmed by the tone of Pope's *Wife of Bath*, withdrew all but two short anonymous poems. He was the author of a tragedy, *The Siege of Damascus*, and he translated Fontenelle's *Dialogues of the Dead.* See the account of him in Steele's *Theatre*, No. 15.

Ince, Richard, of Gray's Inn, contributor to the *Spectator.*

Johnson, Benjamin (1665?-1742) actor, Dogget's successor in his leading parts. He sustained his reputation during a long life, and was much applauded for his renderings of some of Ben Jonson's characters, notably 'Morose' and 'Corbaccio.'

Jones of Newington, one of Dr. Grant's (*q.v.*) 'cases.' See vi. 298.

Keen, Edward, 'the father of twenty children.' See v. 104.

Kempenfelt, Magnus (1665-1727), father of the famous rear-admiral Richard Kempenfelt, said to have supplied some of the traits of 'Captain Sentry.' He was a native of Sweden; he attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the English army, and was latterly lieutenant governor of Jersey.

Kidney, Mr., head-waiter at the St. James's Coffee-house (No. 24). See *Tatler*, Nos. 1, 69, etc.

Kneller, Sir Godfrey (1646-1723), painter, of German origin (his name was Gottfried Kniller), who came to England in 1675. He was, in 1711, appointed governor of the first academy of painting. He painted the series of Kit-Cat portraits (see i. 317), and many portraits of royal and notable persons, some of which are preserved at Hampton Court. Dryden, whose portrait was painted by him several times, has written his panegyric.

Lacy, John. See note, vi. 287.

Lawrence, ——, actor. i. 115

Le Bossu, René (1631-1680), critic, canon of Sainte-Geneviéve. His *Traité du Poème épique* appeared in 1675, and was Englished by 'W. J.' in 1695.

Lee, Nathaniel (1653-1692), dramatist. His chief play, *The Rival Queens, or the Death of Alexander the Great*, was produced in 1677. He collaborated with Dryden.

L'Estrange, Sir Roger (1616-1704), pamphleteer, and licenser of the Press; translator of Quevedo, *Letters from a Portuguese Nun*, Seneca's *Morals*, and Æsop's *Fables*.

Lillie, Charles, perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-Buildings, Strand. He acted as agent for the sale of the *Spectator*. He had been one of the agents for the *Tatler*.

Lloyd, Edward (fl. 1668-1726), keeper of Lloyd's Coffee-house (see note, i. 335), and founder of *Lloyd's News* (1696, revived 1726), of *Lloyd's Lists*, and of the well-known shipping *Register*.

Locke, John (1632-1704), philosophical writer.

London & Wise. See note, i. 314-5. George London was chief royal gardener (Evelyn's *Quintinye*, 1693). See *Wise*.

Lorrain, Paul (d. 1719), ordinary of Newgate.

Lowndes, William (1652-1724), financier. See note, vi. 296.

Lulli, Giovanni Battista (1633-1687), French composer, and founder of the French Grand Opera. See note, i. 325.

Manley, Mrs. Mary de la Rivière (1672-1724), authoress of the *New Atalantis* (1709).

Mann, Jenny, proprietrix of the Tilt-yard Coffee-house. See ii. 330.

Marlborough, Duke of. See *Churchill*.

Martyn, Henry (d. 1721), lawyer and scholar, contributor to the *Spectator*. Supposed by Chalmers to have been the model of 'Sir Andrew Freeport,' and by some the *Cottilus* of No. 143. He replied to Defoe's *Mercator* in the *British Merchant* (1713).

Mather, Charles, toy-dealer in Fleet Street, near Chancery Lane, the 'Charles Bubbleboy' of the *Tatler* (Nos. 27, 113, etc.) He is referred to in Swift's *Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod* (1710).

Methuen, Sir Paul (1672-1757), diplomatist. See i. 333, vii. 1.

Millar, Sergeant James (later Captain). He fought in 1745 under Cumberland.

Minshul, Mr. See ii. 274.

Montagu, Charles, 1st Earl of Halifax (1661-1715).

Montgomery, Mr., merchant. See vii. 317.

Moore, Mr., quack. He advertised an infallible remedy against worms.

More, Dr. Henry (1614-1687), philosophical and theological writer.

Morecraft, Thomas, said by some to have been the original of 'Will Wimble.' See note, ii. 330.

Moreton, John, linen-merchant. iii. 323, vii. 270.

Motteux, Peter Anthony (1660-1718), dramatist, and translator of Rabelais and *Don Quixote*. See Dryden's verses, *To my friend Mr. Motteux*.

Newton, Sir Isaac (1642-1727).

Nicolini. See *Grimaldi*.

Norris, Henry (1665-1730?), actor. He frequently performed at Bartholomew Fair (i. 166), but his reputation as an actor was made at Drury Lane. After his success as Dicky in Farquhar's *Constant Couple, or A Trip to the Jubilee*, he was known, even in the theatre bills, as 'Jubilee Dicky.'

Oates, Titus (1649-1705).

Ogilby, John (1600-1676), translator, printer, and cosmographer. He translated the *Æneid* in 1649, *Æsop's Fables* in 1651, the *Iliad* in 1660, and the *Odyssey* in 1665. He is satirized in *MacFlecknoe* and the *Dunciad*.

Oldfield, Mrs. Anne (1683-1730), an actress of great beauty and talent. Her chief parts were 'Lady Townley' and 'Cleopatra.'

Oldham, John (1653-1683), writer of satirical verse.

Osborne, Francis (1593-1659), miscellaneous writer. His chief work is *Advice to a Son* (1656, 1658).

Otway, Thomas (1652-1685), dramatist.

Page, Susanna. See vi. 145.

Pakington, Sir John. See note, i. 311.

'Palmquist,' Monsieur. See note, i. 333.

Parker, Richard. See note, vii. 311.

Parkes, John. See *Sparkes, John*.

Parnell, Thomas (1679-1718), poet, contributor to the *Spectator*, author of *The Hermit* and other pieces. He wrote the *Essay on Homer* which was printed with Pope's translation of the *Iliad*. The first collective edition of his poems was published posthumously by Pope in 1721.

Parr, John (1633?-1716?), nonconformist minister. See v. 298.

Pearce, Zachary (1690-1774), Bishop of Rochester. He was known later as the editor of Cicero's *De Oratore* (1716), and, especially, of Longinus *On the Sublime* (1724). See note, viii. 274.

Penkethman. See *Pinkethman.*

Peter, John. See note, iii. 318.

Petty, Sir William (1623-1687), political economist.

Philips, Ambrose (1675?-1749), poet, contributor to the *Spectator*, where, as in the *Tatler*, he received high editorial praise. He was one of Addison's coterie, and one of Pope's enemies after the latter's satirical attack on his *Pastorals*. Henry Carey's sobriquet of 'Namby Pamby' has outlived his *Pastorals*.

Pinkethman, William (1692-1724), actor and showman. His comic vein (which was popular) was rather that of the merry-andrew, and he was appropriately nicknamed 'Pinkey.' See i. 326.

Pope, Alexander (1688-1744).

Powell, George (1658?-1714), actor of some repute (in the manner of Betterton), and dramatist. He acted Portius in Addison's *Cato*. His earlier chief parts were Falstaff, Macbeth, Cortez, and Face (in the *Alchemist*). He wrote *Alphonso, King of Naples*.

Powell, Martin (fl. 1710-1729), puppet-showman, who repeated and satirized the operas at the Haymarket on his marionette stage in the Piazza, Covent Garden. He was a dwarf. See note, i. 320.

Preston, Elizabeth, vi. 144. Her father and grandfather were keepers of the Bear Garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole.

Prince, Mr., stage-dancer. See vi. 255.

Purcell, Henry (1658-1695), musical composer. See note, i. 325.

Rapin, René (1621-1687), scholar and Latin poet. His *Reflexions sur la Poétique d'Aristote* (1674) was translated by Rymer.

Rawlinson, Thomas (1681-1725), book-collector, the supposed original of 'Tom Folio' of the *Tatler*. See vii. 321.

Read, Sir William (d. 1715), originally a tailor, latterly a travelling quack. From 1694 he practised at York Buildings, Strand, and in 1705 he was knighted. See D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. i. p. 35.

Rich, Christopher (d. 1714), manager of Drury Lane Theatre. See note, i. 314.

Robin, the porter at Will's Coffee-house (No. 398).

Rochester. See *Wilmot.*

Roderick, Dr. Charles, of Eton. See note, ii. 339.

Roscommon. See *Dillon.*

Rossi, Italian opera librettist. See note, i. 314.

Rowley, John, maker of mathematical instruments, whose astronomical model (adapted from one by George Graham, clockmaker), made for the 2nd Earl of Orrery, was the first known by the name of 'orrery.' See *The Guardian* (No. 1) and *The Englishman* (No. 11).

Rymer, Thomas (1641-1713), historian and critic. See *Rapin.*

Sacheverell, Henry (1674?-1724), preacher, impeached for seditious libel in 1710. See note, i. 338

Sackville, Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset and Earl of Middlesex (1638-1706), author of a number of short poems, including 'To all you ladies now at land.'

Saint-Evremond, Charles de Saint-Denys de (1613-1703), French exile, who lived in London from 1662. He was an habitué of Will's Coffee-house. His works were published posthumously.

Salmon, Mrs., exhibitor of waxworks. See note, i. 325.

Scarron, Paul (1610-1660), French writer of burlesques, comedies, and the *Roman comique.*

Scawen, Sir William, merchant. See iii. 323.

Scott, John, D.D. (1639-1695?), divine. See note, vi. 295. Wood's statement that he was a Canon of Windsor is examined in the article in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

Scudéri, Madeleine de (1607-1701), French writer of romances, the chief being *Ibrahim*, the *Grand Cyrus*, and *Clélie.*

Sedley, Sir Charles (1639?-1701), dramatist and wit, author of the *Mulberry-Garden* (1668), *Bellamira, or The Mistress* (1687), and other plays.

Sheffield, John, Duke of Buckinghamshire, Earl of Mulgrave (1649-1721), author of the *Essay on Satire* and the *Essay on Poetry.*

Shadwell, Thomas (1642-1692), dramatist and poet-laureate (1688-1692).

Shepheard or **Sheppard, Miss Margaret,** English governess in Stockholm, the supposed 'Leonora' of Nos. 140 and 163, a kinswoman of Sir Fleetwood Sheppard, poet and courtier, who lived 1634-1698.

Sherlock, William (1641?-1707), D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, author of *A Practical Discourse concerning Death* (1689).

Shovel, Sir Cloudesley (1650-1707), admiral.

Simpson, Professor, vii. 317. Perhaps intended for Robert Simson, M.D., elected Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow in 1711.

Sly, John (d. 1729), haberdasher and tobacconist, the "hatter of facetious memory" (Dr. Hoadly), and the "famous haberdasher, so often mentioned in the *Spectator*" (*Evening Post*, 15 April 1729).

Smalridge, Dr. George (1663-1719), Bishop of Bristol, an opponent of Bentley in the dispute about the *Letters of Phalaris.*

Smith, Edmund (1672-1710), poet. See notes, i. 312, 322.

Snape. Dr. Andrew (1675-1742), Provost of King's College, Cambridge. One of Dr. Hoadly's opponents in the Bangorian controversy.

Somers, John, Lord (1651-1716), Lord Chancellor of England (1697) He made his reputation as one of the counsel for the Seven Bishops on June 29, 1688, 'the most dangerous day' of the Dedication to vol. i. of the *Spectator.* He was President of the Royal Society.

South, Dr. Robert (1634-1716), divine.

Southerne, Thomas (1660-1746), dramatist.

Sowton, John, servant at the St. James's Coffee-house. See i. 92.

Sparkes, John (1682-1733), a native of Coventry, "a gladiator by profession" (so runs his epitaph), who "fought 350 battles in the principal parts of Europe with honour and applause."

Spencer, Charles, 3rd Earl of Sunderland (1674-1722). Succeeded 1702. Politician and book-collector.

Sprat, Thomas (1635-1713), divine and littérateur. His *History of the Royal Society of London* appeared in 1667, and his *Life of Cowley* in 1668.

Steele, Richard (1672-1729).

Stratford, Mr., Hamburg merchant. See v. 292.

Sunderland, Earl of. See *Spencer*.

Swan, Mr. See i. 229.

Swift, Jonathan (1667-1745).

Sydenham, Dr. Thomas (1624-1689), physician and medical writer.

Tate, Nahum (1652-1715), poet-laureate. He collaborated with Dryden in *Absalom and Achitophel* (*2nd Part*). See *Brady*.

Temple, Sir William (1628-1699), diplomatist and essayist.

Thomas, Enos. See ii. 275.

Thornhill, Richard (d. 1711). He killed Sir Cholmondeley Dering in a duel on 9th May 1711 (see ii. 324). He was tried on 18th May 1711, and found guilty of manslaughter. Swift says he was murdered on Turnham Green, August 1711 (*Journal to Stella*).

Tickell, Thomas (1686-1740), poet, contributor to the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, and one of Addison's coterie. Author of the *Prospect of Peace*, and translator of the 1st Book of the *Iliad*.

Tillotson, John (1630-1694), Archbishop of Canterbury.

Tofts, Mrs. Katherine (d. 1760?), actress and singer. She sang with her rival Marguerite de l'Épine in the first opera *Arsinoe*; and in the second, *Camilla*, she played the title-rôle to Valentini who took the part of the hero—she in English, he in Italian. See note, i. 322. She retired from the stage in 1709, suffering from mental disease. See *Tatler*, No. 20.

Toland, John (Janus Junius) (1669?-1722), a leading controversialist on the Deistic side.

Tom, 'the Tyrant,' head waiter at White's Coffee-house. See note, i. 336.

Tonson, Jacob (1656?-1736), bookseller. See note, i. 317. See also the Kit-Cat series of portraits referred to, i. 317: also (for a literary depreciation) Dryden's lines on him.

'Upholsterer, The.' See note, i. 336; and art. "Arne, Thomas," in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

Vaillant, Mr, bookseller. See vi. 293.

Villiers, George, Duke of Buckingham (1627-1687), joint author of the *Rehearsal* (1671).

Viner, Sir Robert, Lord Mayor of London. See vi 241.

Walker, Dr. Thomas, headmaster of Charterhouse School.

Waller, Edmund (1605-1687), poet.

Warner, John, goldsmith, near Temple Bar. See vii. 294.

Warner, Richard, of Lincoln's Inn. See note, vii. 197.

Watt. 'Powder-Watt,' iii. 307.

Watts, Isaac (1674-1748), divine and hymn-writer.

Weaver, John (d. 1760), dancing-master. See note, v. 290.

Wharton, Thomas, Earl (and Marquis) of Wharton (1640-1715), the reputed author of *Lillibullero*.

Whiston, William (1667-1752), theologian and mathematician. He succeeded Newton at Cambridge.

Wilks, Robert (1670-1732), actor and theatre-manager.

William III. (1650-1702).

Wilmot, John, 2nd Earl of Rochester (1647-1680), poet.

Winstanley, Henry (fl. 1703), architect. See note, ii. 339.

Winstanley, Mrs., widow of the preceding. She carried on the exhibition of the 'Water-Works,' inaugurated by her husband. See note, ii. 339.

Wise, Henry (1653-1738), partner of George London, landscape gardener. See *London and Wise*.

Woolston, Thomas (1669-1733), metaphysical and theological writer.

Wycherley, William (1640-1715), dramatist.

Yorke, Philip (1690-1764), afterwards Earl of Hardwicke. See v. 294.

GENERAL INDEX

GENERAL INDEX

In the present reprint the eight volumes of the original issue are bound in four. The references in this index remain, however, as for eight volumes, so pages mentioned as in Vols. 2, 4, 6, and 8 are to be found in this edition in the latter half of Vols 1, 2, 3, and 4 respectively. The notes originally at the end of each single volume now follow on together at the end of each double volume.

The Roman letters indicate the volume of the original eight-volume issue. The more important notes are indexed; but the reader is recommended to consult the notes when only the text reference is given. The references to Greek and Latin authors are to the text, not to the mottos.

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